“Wandering Spirit and the Sword of Sorrow.”

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the parents and children who have suffered from the corruption of and in the American family court system.

TITLE

WANDERING SPIRIT AND THE SWORD OF SORROW.

SCENE 1

TITLE

THE HUNT

CHARACTERS

THE PRINCE (To become the Child King.)

THE KING (Father.)

WANDERING SPIRIT

BEAST OF PINE VALLEY

SETTING

They were sheltered in the weathered old cabin, nestled in the western side of Pine Valley forest behind the Kingdom of the Meadow. The peaks held off the swell-sounding crash with spray to the mountain tops behind them that came from worlds beyond their witness.

They begin their hunt once more and travel down to the evergreen flow towards the rut of dust and mud caused by the invasive swine.

The King, the Prince, and Wandering Spirit overlook PineValley's devastation in horror. The Prince holds aim at the Beast of the Pine Valley, hiding behind the ferns with his father in the early morning mist and shadows over the fallen needles of the evergreens. The Beast was far more significant and intelligent than the rest was not indigenous to this area. The father, Son, and Wandering Spirit set out to kill the disturbing intrusion on the Prince's first hunting trip.

THE KING

Dear boy, your aim is true; exhale on your fingers and let loose of the string.

NOTE

The Prince releases the string, sending the arrow ripping through the air. It whistles as the spike blows through the Beast. The Beast snorts, stumbling up from the ground, gasping for air with blood between his puffs of breath. As a giant stone falls, dust spreads around the Beast through the valley as the other lesser beasts flea to the untortured woods for relief.

THE PRINCE

(The Boy stands and bows toward his kill.)

Thank you, Great Beast of Pine Valley.

(Turns and smiles towards his father.)

THE KING

(Exhales his sealed breath.)

It is becoming of the Beast, dear boy.

(Holding his hidden smile, handing the Prince his Sword.)

Here is the Sword of the King. Take your claim and finish the Beast of the Pine Valley.

THE PRINCE

(Excitedly reaches for the Blade, admiring its beauty.)

(Joyfully Laughs.)

ThisBeast's life is as mine as is the forest's, dear father of mine as well.

THE KING

(Stalling the moment so the Beast may exhaust itself as it stands and bleeds.)

(Laugh.) This Beast is not of our forest; however, the boar is indeed thine to claim, dear boy. We have collected many receipts this journey; your first will be our last. Are you ready

to face your foe who hath destroyed thine land, corrupting thou inheritance with this invasion?

THE PRINCE

(Pupils dilate.)

By tradition,

(Postures himself speaking in a militant yet playful manner.) "For my Kingdom, I shall slice down my foe, return the blade home, for my cut is a life-giving blow."

(Exhales nervous excitement.)

Ok, I'm ready, watch me!

Ra!

(He clumsily takes off towards the Beast through the woods with the Sword in the scabbard.)

WANDERING SPIRIT

(The Wraith sticks by the Child with the Sword of the King, casually floating, encouraging the boy's thrill.)

Slice the fainting foe before he falls again, dear boy, and return to the Blade to the sheath. One breath, one slice, one return! Run towards the Beast without fear!

NOTE

TheSword's full length ran the distance of his body. The Child drags the sheath's tip through the pines dead Fall to the torn ground. With both hands, he attempts to keep the Sword from the forest floor by cradling the encased Blade as he charges the stumbling Beast.

The boar prepares for his final stand, cutting the ground with his hooves. Finding his absolute strength began thrashing his head, blowing blood on the floor with every blast of hyperventilation. He charges the boy squealing, streaming blood and mucus down the sides of his cheeks with foam. Theboar's tusks splattered with the thickening black blood from his snorts.

THE KING

(Yells out to the Child running with the Sword. Nervous at the Beast's reserved strength.)

One slice to the nape and return! Dear boy, ponder not the rest of the Sword, cut the Beast, and return to me!

NOTE

The Prince begins to draw the Sword as the Beast charges. Under the shadow of the Beast, the boy spins, slicing the neck of the monstrous boar before the Sword had fully drawn. The Beast forced through the cut that exposed the Blade's full length to his throat as the scabbard flung through the air and dropped to the dust. The boy rolls out of the way of being gored by the thrashing tusks.

The Beast of Pine Valley falls before the Prince holding the Sword of the King and gurgles with wide eyes staring up.

The Prince climbs the Beast's shoulder and then jumps with the Blade's tip to the head of the pleading boar. The Prince plunges the Sword through its skull, pinning the Beast to the ground, forcing the monstrous swine to convulse as its eyes roll to death with the slapping of the tail that turns to a twitch, then still.

THE KING

(Rushing the grounds, he yells!) Boy! Thine own self could have done only half the virtue thou hath expressed today.

(Clapping.)

No father prouder, no father indeed my son, no one hath made mine own joy beyond self but thee.

NOTE

The Child struggles as he removes the Blade from the Beast. He drops down to his father with the bloody Sword in his hand, the tip touching the dirt.

THE PRINCE

(Smiles at his father, questioning with innocence.)

I didn't do the proper Technique; I apologize for not returning the Sword to the scabbard. Is thou art displeased in thine heart with my performance?

THE KING

(Approaching the Child, he places his hand on the Prince's shoulder.)

We must sometimes let go of our traditions in battle, for the scabbard is better left on the ground than the Sword to meet it there with thee. Thou did well, dear boy, very well indeed. Let us finish, so we may return home to the niceties of the Kingdom, for all is well in the forest by the hands of thee alone.

NOTE

The Prince Drops the Sword, and the two embrace, Wandering Spirit standing outside the huddle absorbing the affection.

The two begin to dress the Beast in the presence of the Wandering Spirit as they rejoice in the smell of iron, musk, and filth of the slain. They find the Beast's heart; The King helps the Prince as he drains the blood into his horn while the heart is still attached to the boar. The boy in his hands pumps the last of the blood from the heart before he tears it from the boar biting the organ: boy and Father cheer, the heart of the Beast in the boy’s hand, horn in Father.

KING AND PRINCE

(Cheers, the blood-filled horn, and heart and drink) Skol!

FATHER

Save this tusk as a horn, and keep it with you always, for its blood has special powers which thou may need one day. Place it with thine Horse in the cart when thou art finished admiring it.

NOTE

The band packs up their camp remains in the forest of Pine Valley from the journey with the Hides and tusks of the tainted boar. They travel through the valley toward the Kingdom of the Meadow. The Prince is proudly singing his song, and all are full of cheer.

THE PRINCE

(Singing freely, he chants.)

onward depart we shall,

from the mountain walls that hold us, dear,

like a breaking shell.

Tales of thee they all will tell.

Atop our rugs, they cheer.

Stack before the hearth with hides from the Beast that fell!

The hunters leave the forest well.

Better than before.

We pushed the invasion to the shore

, and returning from the battle, we prevailed.

Sleep well, dear beasts. My dears hide well, beloved beasts,

hear my song, an endearing, sweet farewell.

I hath slain thy enemy for thee.

Fear not I, for with this Sword I am thy loyal King.

His Ivory tusk, a magic spell of blood and bone we dare not tell.

For this day, it is our own to share alone.

Go back to sleep, my dear sweet beasts.

Thou secret safe with me.

Thou secrets kept sacred within the trees.

NOTE

The King, the Prince, and Wandering Spirit travel the distance of Pine Valley happily together into the sunset.

They camp between the giant mounds, outside of the view of the Kingdom of the meadow in the darkness. They can see faint light over the rolling hills and smell the fires of the homes. And fell asleep, feeling at ease knowing they were nearing relief from the wilderness.

THE END SCENE 1

ACT 1

ACT 1

SCENE 2

TITLE

SORROWS ARRIVAL

CHARACTERS

THE KING
THE PRINCE

WANDERING SPIRIT

SETTING

Beyond Pine Valley, between the glacier peaks of the Onlook Range, Anticipation turns to panic and sorrow in the meadow outside of the Kingdom.

The group gather their camp and set forth to the Kingdom of the meadows with their bounty. The air was exceptionally smoky, and the village had been rendered invisible. The

child king spies through the smoke and notices smears of orange appear in the distance.

THE PRINCE

(Words are cut short for the boy.) Father! Fire! Look!

THE KING

(Jumps from his Horse to retrieve his Sword and halberd. Dawning his kingly armor.)

Here with the cart, stays you, boy.

Protect thy self; keep the horn close to thine bow, and both to thy being always.

(Kisses the Prince on the forehead. Looking lovingly stern as he orders.)

WANDERING SPIRIT

(Looking towards the King, he nods.)

THE KING

(Softly smiles, stroking the boy’s hair.)

Come to Wandering Spirit's voice in the rain, for that be the sign for thee to scurry my side, son.

(Returns to dawning his armor.)

WANDERING SPIRIT

Or never to return as thou art still small. Thou may be free to play in the safety of the forest unknown as thy comfort. Set

the bounty of hide and tusk and shake the horn for an ambush if you ever find danger. Save thine Horse always, for it is the best of thy company.

THE KING

(Mounting his Horse, the Prince hands the King the Halberd.)

As it may, on that day in the Kingdom of the Meadow, Wandering Spirit nor I will be here in the body; by fate, we are always with thee.

THE PRINCE

(Sniffling.)

I will do as you wish, my King.

(Holding back tears that fell.)

You know, Father, my wishes to be instead with thee. To battle to by thy side, if parting we must, may it be short-lived.

NOTE

SCENE TRANSITION

The King blows a kiss to a rendered salute, then rears the Horse. With halberd in hand, he roars! The Horse lands to trot a circle, and the King calls out a piercing "Ka!". The black steed "Neigh!" and takes off in a gallop. Leaving the boy behind with his cart and Horse, the King and Wandering Spirit disappear from the Child's eye and ear through the foggy smoke.

Wandering Spirit hovers as he moves, a wraith beside the King. Together towards the Kingdom of the meadow, they cut and press through the fog and ground with their being.

THE KING

(Thinking as he spoke to Wandering Spirit as he charged.)

I fear this bounty of Ivory be a burden and no longer suitable for peace or trade. If fate holds, the news of the Beast's destruction is of good tidings around the lands. We shall see.

WANDERING SPIRIT

A diversion from thy attention with malicious intent could lead to the furthest dissension of betrayal's outcomes, my King, be prepared.

THE KING

If what you speak is the matter,

A broken agreement is now without reconciliation. The final Beast did fall this very day, a nearly impossible task given the whole intrusion. The Ivory collected is en route with us now, and too, the requested tusk the Ivory King said could not be removed from the skull. Not a moment late, I might add.

WANDERING SPIRIT

I fear the worst in knowing what I cannot change.

THE KING

Doth, thou believe thine own people are led unrightfully into detention though it is a case of betrayal?

WANDERING SPIRIT

I cannot say beyond all are constrained either walking freely or contained.

THE KING

While what we know leads us to the worst, hope guides me home still.

(Checking the Sword on his belt.)

WANDERING SPIRIT

(Expresses concern.)
Tis not the first time a gift hath reviled a curse.

For man only deceiveth himself when the truth is overshadowed by good faith. Good faith casts the body into stagnation between mercy and justice.

THE KING

Seldom does this shy from concern end in the relief they bring from the desperation calling one between knowing and good faith.

As they are, things change, people change, and there is hope for the Prince; at least, do not let that die with me.

WANDERING SPIRIT

The Prince has been blessed to be with us, better with us than them, and he knew better himself though his heart has filled with grief.

THE KING

(Confidently wagering to the Wandering Spirit.)

If love holds truth first in the Kingdom, more than symbol, more than thine own self above all, then all will be well. If the self is found and nurtured in the domain led by truth when courage is required for standing for what is right by nature, then all will be well with the people, no matter their place.

Let us not rush to prophecy; tis a point that pricketh so deeply the heart if found untrue.

WANDERING SPIRIT

Yesterday's desire traveled,

The day remember that

tomorrow knows the path we took from

fire, embers, ash.

NOTE

Nearing the Kingdom, the rains begin and wash the streets and extinguish the buildings still out of sight of the King and Wandering Spirit as they push through ash and embers from the outer perimeter of the homes in the farmlands and outside of the main square still dying down from the scorch that took place the day before.

THE KING

The people of the meadow are with teeth and will defend their home. Giving time to the worst thought goes to what cannot be for the sake of reason. If what may happen at its worst within reason hath come, we gather, relocate and rebuild.

WANDERING SPIRIT

(Preparing the King for the worsts.)

My heart never wavers in the doubts of your virtues, merciful King, and greatness. Thou hath something so small to hold dear, your benevolent Kingdom in the meadows, and I share in your concern, naebody over thine confidence for the people, good King, repair thy worries to planning.

THE KING

Oh, what say thee then of my people?

WANDERING SPIRIT

That thou with nothing hath more to those with all, in the weight of virtue alone. By your being, those will remain covetous over thy freedom, saved, slaved, soldier or slain.

THE KING

I find comfort in nothing and everything. For thine own self to be, is to be of thine own nature without question. For the ways of mankind, I say to thee my gift to rule, serve, and be vagrant at home remain.

WANDERING SPIRIT

The many false Kings and Queens find thou art primitive and wish to hunt thee and the Child of your likeness as a sport to cover the truth of all common relation and, in secret, find the better.

THE KING

I can see spokesmen and royalty disguised in care above the crowd I nourished, with plans to spoil the fruits of their nature we labored so hard to encourage in our children.

WANDERING SPIRIT

All a lie. You were the only one who truly believed.

THE KING

If I am already too late, if the Kingdom's fate is beyond reason, and

the boy will have to then rule from nowhere for sure, and my time here as King indeed be near its end. Let us hope this extreme is not more than a dangerous thought, and we arrive in our town where all is well, and this panic for nothing, a mere fire hath broken loose through the Kingdom.

(Exhales.)

Ya!

END SCENE 2

ACT 1

ACT 1

SCENE 3

Title

WANDERING SPIRIT AND THE SWORD.

CHARACTERS

THE KING

THE PRINCE

WANDERING SPIRIT

SETTING

The remaining Kingdom of the Meadows was the awakening devastation that expectations of the worst could not have prepared the King. The rain had begun to fill the ruts from the carts' heavy hauling the previous day. The main streets, markets, homes, shops, and kingdom halls had been ransacked, torched, and emptied. Only embers occupied the tips of the posts where roofs had collapsed under a blaze through the Kingdom.

Not a body, voice, or soul remains except the wild dog pack that moved in and snapped at each other through the silence.

Kingdom Hall had only minor damages to the King's eye, for he knew it was well-constructed and fortified. The hall was also empty; the king peers in the giant door that is held open. He stood in the pouring rain to see the cold and grey emptiness filling his hall—the structure held on by a thread cradling the desolation of his soul.

THE KING

(Cries out.) My Queen! My Princess! My Knights! No, no, no! My people!

What have they done to our home? No, no, no!

Our community! What have I done?

(Picking up a glob from the footprints in the mud filling with rain.)

They all left; I can't tell whether they were taken, if my people escaped, or if they burnt the Kingdom themselves!

(pacing in a panic.)

(Calls out.)

Hello! Anybody! Hello!

(Echoes in the hall.)

His eyes begin to glow as the tears flow down his cheeks.

THE KING

(Shouting out in a circle for all the lands to hear.)

Woe unto thee who dare tempt all conviction from thine own final depth of benevolence breaking as thou hath intended.

Upon my sorrows summoning at thine request, thou desire hath manifested the absolution of thee to thine own satisfaction; this I will demand!

NOTE

The King fought tears in sobs, and the clouds cried over him as he gripped his fists, pounding the armor on his thighs.

WANDERING SPIRIT

The people never shared your value. Their natural tenet to be as they are, was never in favor of themselves or the Kingdom and never made in their authentic design, flawed at inception.

Twas the creeds of virtues; they became the spittle from cowards that first led the people astray, for they never believed.

I am sorry, my King; let us go to the boy, back through the valley, and return to nature. Let mankind die to themselves as we maintain peace among us—no need to share the secrets of eternal life with beings of no character.

THE KING

Truly,

All hope here is lost, even to the blind.

(gripping the hilt of the Sword on the hip.)

This Blade is my oath stone as I vow my vengeance. May my sorrows for those who suffer still from loyalty forgive me, as the wrath of the god's light embodies this metal! My Blade, my Sword of Sorrows, feel me now and do what must be satisfied.

(Raising the Sword above his head.)

WANDERING SPIRIT

I grieve as all sorrow calls me to the Blade.

As true as your conviction holds the world contempt to the mercy they failed to acknowledge and betrayed, begging for my wrath, to see the power of their destroyer,

I claim the Blade as my new body.

For you, my King, I will satisfy your unknowing now in the promise to destroy thine enemy before this Blade retires quickly. I will be accountable for this transgression to the balance for this path thou wilt surely die, and I expect no favor from Heaven, by my will and doing so I accept.

I will fill the overpowering rage of sorrow to the Blade forever held here lest the whole of the creation is destroyed.

THE KING

Wilt thou be the aching released from my soul by taking this right that is my being?

WANDERING SPIRIT

Is thine own grace shown to the unworthy to be counted as folly and shame for thee?

THE KING

This absolute truth thou speak of the matter for a humble king such as I,

I failed them all.

WANDERING SPIRIT

For this acceptance, I will be the flood of your tears behind the stoic face of metal through a river of blood; be well-knowing crimson will flow to drown thy enemies as plentiful as salt to the sea, as worlds crumble and are forgotten by their gods. And I will save thy face to the heavens, for the nature of all here hath been tainted, for thy transgressions thou art to take I find thee blameless.

THE KING

I accept thine offer with this fate.

NOTE

The King holsters the Sword as the wandering Spirit enters the Blade and disappears. Pacing then stops, he peers over the edge of a noll from the city center, looking for the Prince to return to him. The King then turns to face the city, resolved in his conviction. He observes the town alone.

The Prince arrives with the Horse and cart.

THE PRINCE

(Dismounting his Horse, he rushes towards his father.)

where hath the Kingdom and Wandering Spirit gone, Father?

(Looking about at the devastation of his home, panicked.)

Where is everybody? Looking around, I see no one is there.

(Eyes wide, staring up at his father.)

THE KING

My son, the heavens cry for us both; our loss is more significant than the waters that ever fell. The rains that touch the ground here are softly soothing the land that mourns a curse that cannot be undone this day. The Kingdom of the meadow remains, and we must move to

keep it. Wandering Spirit lost hope for all shy you and I, he accompanies us now abode in the Sword.

THE PRINCE

What Sword, father?

Where is everybody?

Where are Mother and sister?

Raz! Raz!

Father! Where is everybody?

THE KING

(Pats the Sword on his side, hiding the intensity of his emotion.)

The symbol of this King before you hath become the Sword of Sorrows.

No more need for tears; all our relief is held in the Blade by an oath of Wandering Spirit.

THE PRINCE

(Sadden by The Sword of Sorrow's glow, the child panics.)

Is this our life to be?

(He begins choking up.)

Are we lost now? Where is home? I want to go home! Where is everybody? Father, I'm scared!

THE KING

Dear boy, listen well, the gone are lost, and the lost are gone. In departing, they left us with nothing to burn, and none stayed behind to bury us. That is the extent of their consideration.

THE PRINCE

The grief is more than I can stand, Father, my King, are we not going to join everyone?

THE KING

Listen, dear boy, to Heaven's eulogy over mankind while we entertain grief to no attendance—our own lives upon the stale stage of unrequited love.

Come boy, to the horses, let us not worry further what will not be.

NOTE
The King mounts his Horse lifting his son, and they trot through the devastation together to the Prince's Horse with the cart.

THE PRINCE

Wandering Spirit hath guided me so well, and now he abodes in a blade? Am I to follow an edge over the Spiritual word for guidance, Father?

THE KING

(stern)

Wandering Spirit agrees this is the time for being over words and worlds.

As your spike through the Beast, the Blade is similar. You proclaimed the indebted Beast of Pine Valley,

your receipt be the hide and tusk. Wandering Spirit claims to the tip as you are the wind and feathers flying, I cling to the bow.

THE PRINCE

Unfair and unfinished, Dear Father, for Heaven's sake.

THE KING

This Blade is the only salvation for the Kingdom's restoration, dear boy.

THE PRINCE

(Disappointed.)

Our Kingdom lost.

THE KING

Our Kingdom remains dear boy; it is not that everything has changed, though it has; it is that everything has always been, and now we accept.

THE PRINCE

(Reluctant, mounting his Horse.)

I have said all I wish on the matter; I'm past the point of discontent.

THE KING

(With Halberd, he mounts.

Indeed, my son, we remain, and love remains, indeed.

THE PRINCE

True father, I am afraid all the same, and I was happy when we were all together, and so was everyone, even the Princess; I wish I could go back.

THE KING

My heart breaks for you with the loss of all and the pieces of you that die with them.

THE PRINCE

I Have died here with all of my being, and I will, as before, follow the Spirit wherever it leads me, and I can still stand.

THE KING

My son, Kingdom, remains.

END SCENE 3

ACT 1

ACT 1

SCENE 4

TITLE

ALL IS LOST

CHARACTERS

THE KING

THE PRINCE

BLACKSMITH

VILLAGERS

GHOULS

SETTING

The two royal vagrants travel with the horses, cart, and bounty beyond the mountain range of Onlook Expectation edge, heading west. They journey the down the basins past the sight of the castle of Martha behind the crags. Navigating rumored lands, for the King stuck to his world, they went

to the trading port village for the Ivory Kingdom, and they went on. Further than ever before, the world expanded before their eyes over every hill. They stepped together beyond the rolling and floral fields to the ocean's edge. The King and Prince camped in somber silence the distance of the venture until they reached the trading port in the misty noon grey.

Though they had lost the bulk of the bounty to rot, both felt relief, for no one was there to receive the hides and meats. All that remained of value were the teeth and tusks. The most prized being the tusk that was said could not be removed from the Beast's skull and held magic powers.

THE KING

(Dismounting his mighty black steed, he approaches the Prince.)

Bring the horses to my Child's stables and give extra Ivory to the boys for special care to the hoofed. Give enough to satisfy favor in good will beyond the loyalty to the duty of an agreement. Be wise in thou loving heart's generosity during times of grief.

THE PRINCE

(Receiving the leaky pouch of Ivory from the King.)

How much am I to give?

(Looking in the pouch.)

THE KING

Never give enough to change lives, including our own. That error of mine fell the Kingdom from the spread of wealth. I share this with thee in humility for thou to choose.

THE PRINCE

(Removing some teeth into his pocket, handing the bag back to his father.)

I understand the task, but why not change everyone's lives for the better? We have enough.

THE KING

So, thine caring heart never leave thee longing. Captive in the pockets of beggar's indifference to charity. Young thou art still my Prince. Claim thy place as the living King of Pine Valley, and the people will find thee a vagabond and pay no mind. No matter how much thou giveth, they will find thee a giver of bread to consume, disregarding the source.

THE PRINCE

I think I understand; I trust thee, my father. May the Sword of Sorrow accompany me; you said wandering Spirit is in there, right?

He has always been my guide.

(Smiles brightly, wiggling his shoulders in held excitement.)

THE KING

(Reluctantly replies to the Prince's childish request.)

I trust thee to be righteous in presentation, letting sorrow's rage be contained, even in the temptation of righteous

wrath. As I wish this not to be, thou may keep with the company of Wandering Spirit. You two are one as thou stand. Thou should be mindful not to brandish the weapon. We, bound together in love and sorrow, must remain concealed as the Sword itself may not draw on its own. The intention is the same in its thin Spirit as the Blade itself, as so in thee.

THE PRINCE

(Jokingly replies, with his hand requesting the Sword with his left hand.)

We shall see the father.

THE KING

(Eyes widen, he smiles, placing his fist on his hips, looking around at the city's movement.)

THE PRINCE

(Smiles, raising his left hand, his eyes glow.)

Thine own self-honor never to live wishing to hurt another. I vow to only move in truth without emotion, leading my Technique. Even as I pulled now, I bridle the extent of thine own sufferings from reaching my face. Retribution is below me.

THE KING

Hold fast to faith, knowing this feeling should not be shared or called to being freely or frivolously, regardless of the plentiful deserving requests.

(Unhooking and handing the Prince the Sword of sorrows, scanning the crowd.)

THE PRINCE

(Swatting at buzzing flies, he wipes his forehead.)

Tiz, but a tall request when standing surrounded by ghouls, my King, I shall make haste and be hath not so generous to feed our burden.

(looking up to his father, attaching the oversized Sword to his hip, he Chuckles as he looks around the bustle.)

I'm not made of bread here.

(Feeling the boar's teeth in his pocket, he smiles and nods.)

we are but A king with just enough.

THE KING

(Swats at a fly, looking at the Child with a gambling face.)

Behave thyself, and thou knoweth the truth, keep thine oath, in silence if thou must.

I will have the Blacksmith repair thine halberd; let us meet at the inn for a rest and a healing bath, for that is all that remains in mine own will for strength. Work is not worth living without the reward of play.

THE PRINCE

Bath, shelter, and good food bring relief well nigh my wishes, but it will have to do for today.

FATHER

Make haste along the way, my dear boy,

As a tither to willing,

bring forth our wishes to be.

SON

(He waves back to his father after leaving with the cart and horses.)

With haste, as my will to wishes bon voyage.

(Chuckles to himself.)

NOTE

The King calls out to the boy through the bustle as the child king furthers away, heading towards the stables.

THE KING

With haste, thine wishes satisfied will be on thine way to being!

NOTE

The King turns down the main of the market to a smithy. Noticing the people and himself as always before, different from another at birth. e was born atop a mountain as a man, and they shy the Prince of the womb. This time was other, and he felt intolerably isolated without the company of the Wandering Spirit and the Prince. In his steps, he felt the loneliness of defeat. He was daydreaming about the fate of his Kingdom as he walked. In ruins, he traveled to the sanctuary of his mind and found his home devastated. The runes sparking in his teeth, shooting an electrifying tingle to the marrow of his bone, breaking the crystals in his blood. The combinations of the past stacked and spun the sigil

"Veldismagn." over the face of a masked witch in the dark, cold stone of the open and empty kingdom hall.

Unmoved by a murder's "Ka" from above as the King arrives at the smithy.

THE KING

(To blacksmith with patience, respect, and charity.)

Fine work indeed; the repairs I need are simple, as you can see. (Showing the crack in the post of the halberd.) I have some spare time and a bit extra Ivory for the haste.

BLACKSMITH

(Observing the kingly halberd.)

Shame thou wishes to vacate so soon, the festival tomorrow is to be the best yet. You should consider another day if thou wisheth my labor satisfactory for a weapon of this caliber.

THE KING

I only wisheth the night friend (digging into the pouch.) this extra bit of Ivory,

(Giving more boars teeth to the blacksmith.) this should cover the perimeter of my satisfaction and be a reward for thine skill. The post had cracked cutting wood in the forest; it should be an easy replacement for the pole, a simple tune and sharpening the edge.

BLACKSMITH

Ah, delicate peace you have there; how dare it be so abused.

(A smile rises to the blacksmith's face as he proclaims.) Your halberd resembles the work that hath come in yesterday to be smelted with the teeth, tusks, and fangs; which shalt thine choose?

NOTE

The weather drizzles to pour rain as the King attempts to gather himself through the blacksmith's words. The feeling of his son being no longer away but missing pushed sweat through every pore simultaneously.

In shock, the King pulls back the halberd. Turning from the blacksmith moving to the crowd, he screams out for his son!

THE KING

MY SON! Almighty Torbjorn! Where hath my son gone! Where hath he wonders, Wandering Spirit guide me!

NOTE

The townspeople begin to laugh and snicker while they scurry for Shelter as the man panics in the softening mud of the streets.

The King hears the voice of the Wandering Spirit. His voice softly spoke, hidden in the rain.

SWORD OF SORROW

I am with the Prince; he is afraid; His charity and Sword were taken as an insult to the stable boys, for they found the Prince a threat in their hearts. One of the boys conspired

against him, claiming to the guards he had attempted to steal the horses, while the other boys followed the claim.

FATHER

(Cries) I will follow thee and set this right.

NOTE

Many of the people of the village transform into ghouls before the King's very eyes; with the broken halberd, he choked up the grip, hacking the fiends as they swiped and clawed and surrounded the King, pushing him through an uninhabited section of the trading port where cloth covered cages as the King fights on.

SWORD OF SORROW

You will find me in the brush off the beaten path, the turbulence of the taking hath knocked me from the cart, they are taking the child king towards the crags beyond our home forth this journey we passed, they say the Prince hath stolen the Horse from Martha, and to Martha the Cannibal the boys snickered as the men shackled the Prince he spat. The men are off with the horses, cart, and boy to return the stolen property.

NOTE

The King forces his way to the town's stables, hacking and chopping the greedy ghouls he remains unscathed. Blowing through the hoard almost effortlessly with his dull and cracked halberd, he sweats but doesn't bleed. The tissues and fluids of man, woman, and Child covered his shiny armor that washed down his body's metal shell in red streams.

Streams turned to rivers in the rain that fell day to night through the hacking slaughter. Rivers of blood mapped the King's body that slid the pink fillets down and around his encasement—flinging strips of flesh slapping on the mud around him with each hacking technique.

He arrives at the empty stables; continuing on foot, the King fights out of the town towards the hills where the ghoul's fire flaming arrows set petty fires in the floral fields that are soon extinguished by the rain. The Ghouls cheer together, man, woman, and Child, at the fleeing of the King. The King swats the few nearing shots of arrows as he moves out of range beyond the dying scattered flames.

END SCENE 5

ACT 1

SCENE 6

ACT 1

TITLE

THE KINGS REACH

CHARACTERS

THE KING

WANDERING SPIRIT

SETTING

The King traveled for eight days, where he camped with nothing at the basin's high ground. He can see the village of ghouls off in the distance with heavy traffic from multiple directions, traveling caravans of covered carts by the light of day, and the rain begins to speak while he rests, the voice of the Wandering Spirit.

SWORD OF SORROW

Thou tears are plentiful behind thy stoic face; let wrath now become thee as it hath consumed thine own Spirit bound in this resting position.

THE KING

(Yawning waking up.)

The fathomless space between stars cannot wait for the pulse of this grief between us alone any longer.

(Pats his face.)

Note

The King rises and stretches, dawning his armor at sunset. Trying to wake up, he casually belts the Sword of Sorrows across his shoulder. He ascends the tilted crag above him and walks to the edge, overlooking the silhouette of the trading post in the distance. The King lets out one final yawn before carefully pulling the bright Sword of Sorrow from the sheath.

THE KING

(Chuckles.)

Sword of Sorrows, flood waves of Ether over these cursed lands so all may know the extent of my reach.

NOTE

The King draws the Sword of sorrow to completion and unapologetically raises the bladed tip to the sky.

The Heavens crack open to the world as the sky breaks. Holding the Sword's vibrations as steady as possible above the town forces the cracking further, shattering bits of crystal glass from the ceiling. Pulses of the Blade knock off cubes of the dome shooting the chunks throughout the land in every direction. The Sword of Sorrows blasted the Northwestern sky above the town of ghouls, concentrating the damage, furthering the reach of the sword racing towards the dawn before time.

Below the floor of Heaven, the King held the pushing of the Blade, forcing the space filled once with aether to vacate through the ceiling of Gaia; flooding and drowning altogether, the town went. Captive or capturer with the initial sploosh that became a vacuum floating the city above the surface as the atmosphere of Gaia contained the mass like a shell of transparent gelatin.

In the body of aether, their whole beings disintegrated into a slurry that bubbled and separated into vaporous salts.

Gaseous puddles of the dead now bubble through a broken veil of the heavens above Gaia. The barrier of reality that once separated dimensions from the primitive to the heavenly beings is shown clearly over a ghoulish town. Those who stood to witness the crashing of the sky fell into convulsion atop the ground, for their bodies could not handle the truth and function together.

Through the darkness of space, the Blade storms the universe to the crystalline edge. The Sword hit its tip to a

halting, blasting static the cuter squeezes. The Blade's light began sawing through the shell, sending sparks of the creator down from the cracking wall.

Comforted by all the physical rage of sorrow, the crystal spire shifted the softest welcome towards its radiant malice. She was adjusting acquiescently, thinly touching the Blade as the crystal could manage. The tip raged into the glassy stone.

Sawing softly at the stone, the Blade gnawed the edge of the universe as the King stood below, holding the Sword over the drowning and floating people from the town.

The Sword tickled the crystal tower to disconnection, leaving the sword blasting into the edge of the shell, shielding the darkness from the light. The spire that had held the crowded place of first light beyond the exterior of existence left.

The giant crystal spire that rested on a castle yielded and wished to be separated. This crystal castle had held together below the birthplace of being forever untouched since light showed through the void shell of sealed solitude.

The Sword of sorrows pointed in the farthest reaches of the heavens above the great circle. The Sword continued carving the path of least resistance to the source with a white line through the fabric of creation, reaching the blasting point held in the equilibrium of first light beyond the shell of existence.

Out of view to the watchers of the night sky from Gaia, forgotten to the occupants of Heaven, and Ignored by its creator, the crystal castle had slept through the ages of time, A dusty masterpiece. Remanence from the inception of creation itself, the two released, castle and tower, untorn by the sorrow expressed that caused the split.

The grandest eureka fulfilled was shared alone, for it was out of time and reach to the astrologers. The Sword had blasted a charge from the split to the seal in the egg of darkness's healed wound.

The charge bursting through the shell of the universe nullified itself in the equilibrium of true light beyond the hold of the creation sealed in darkness. The tower fell from the push of the crack to the true light, following the pulse, jumping to the floor of Gaia.

The King lets out a sigh of relief from the destruction as he holsters the endless Blade. The Sword tears the ground and mountain before the tip finds its benevolence at the hands of the King in the scabbard two hours before dawn.

WANDERING SPIRIT

(Through the rain.)

A display the hosts of all realms will remember; the power of the Sword of Sorrows, released the tower of sympathy by thine own will, Thou'st remember.

I Hath done this true of an ancient oath, as both our satisfactions near, let us not become lost beyond the reach.

THE KING

(Wiping the rain from his face yelling to the rain discombobulated, he collects himself.)

All heavens exposed; Gaia undressed.

(Looking around him on the flat rock shelf of the tilted crag in the peaks with heavy breath. The King descends the overlook.)

WANDERING SPIRIT

The boy, on his own, cannot continue by tears alone. Thou must make haste.

THE KING

(Picking up the halberd.)

He is all that remains from the Kingdom of mine to retrieve within the castle of a Cannibal. My thanks are that he is not suitable for food.

(Smiles as he lets out a sigh of relief.)

WANDERING SPIRIT

Lies of little boys together prove to be quite troublesome when it comes to horses stolen from cannibals.

She will kill him no less for the theft by rumor alone without inspection.

THE KING

Please, allow me to prepare.

(Sitting down, adjusting his armor.)

Let us not make haste; the misunderstanding with the horses will unravel. Since the Prince is a child, the grace should surmount to twelve days grace for one to pay the debts. All in good faith, he's not dead, for he is also a new arrival.

WANDERING SPIRIT

Whether this occurrence came to be by maliciousness or mistake, this holds for the reasonable, wise King.

END SCENE 6

ACT 1

SCENE 7

ACT 1

COURTYARD BEYOND REASONABLE SUSPICION

CHARACTERS

THE KING

WANDERING SPIRIT

GUARD ONE

GUARD TWO

GUARD COMMANDER

12 GUARD (NO DIALOGUE)

SETTING

The King traveled around the tip of the crag to the road leading up to the gate of Martha the Cannibal; he arrived two

hours before noon. The cobblestones were lined with piles of skulls and separated heads, missing teeth to the height of a man on a horse.

The King dragged on, clinging to his Spirit for life alone up the hill. Soaked from the rain, he marched in sopping sheep clothing under the tarnished shell. The gore clinging to the King had washed in the rain; however, the scent of death still consumed the air around him. He hung his helmet with the Sword on his right hip from the hilt. His hair steamed in the light, mildew clinging in the matted knots above the jagged pebbles that bit at each step.

Mud smeared every section of the King's armor, with scratches and dents that stood out proudly, the badges from his recent struggle. He gripped the pouch of tusk and teeth and winced at the steps behind gritted teeth, bones aching; the King was resolved and moved forward. Exhausted, he drags on, reaching the site of the gate where two guards stand puzzled, staring at the approaching mess.

THE KING

(Raises his hand to wave, calling out as he nears.)

Good day Gentlemen (Catching his breath, he doubles his step.) Hath, thou seen a pair of horses and little thief?

GUARD ONE

(Scrunches face at the nearing King.)

Halt where thou stand, vagabond! Thine reek of decay tis an infestation to the land as it be. The approach further, and I shall deem this an invasion of the castle.

(covering his face.)

GUARD TWO

(Looking behind him, summoning the other guards from inside the courtyard to inspect the vagrant, he notices the contrasting blood details in the lattice of the armor.)

That was some nice armor there; who'd thee take it from?

THE KING

Rolling his shoulders, he squats down, with the halberd laying across his lap, his fingers at the crack in the wood.)

The armor came like this out of the trading post. I met the blacksmith, a nice fellow I had been informed of a thief about, and horses described similar to mine own belonging to that of Martha. I believe there be a possible wager for horses and a little thief. I offer much Ivory for the three and more for rest and bath.

NOTE

The guard's mumble among one another as the rising king stumbles where he stands to face them further. Maintaining his best casual composure, the King leaned against the cracking halberd. Exhaustedly he holds out in his fist the entire pouch of tusk and teeth from the boars in Pine Valley with a look of final pleading that fell down his face.

The guard's command approaches with twelve other men gathering at the gate. All in fine heavy armor, they stand gigantic to the King with shadowing great swords.

GUARD ONE

Commander, this man wishes a parlay for the horse thief. Claiming the horses his own, and this be a misunderstanding.

GUARD TWO

He asked for sleeping quarters through the night as well. By the stench of him, resting with the pigs seem fitting. (Swatting a fly.)

GUARD COMMANDER

(winces his face to the King, repulsed.)

Bring him in.

GUARD ONE

(Calling to the King.)

Thou'st may approach! Drag thy weapon behind thine left hand, fingers only to the pommel, and surrender thou armaments upon entering the courtyard's center.

NOTE

The guards holster their swords behind them and divide to a hall of men's path ending at the center of the courtyard. The commander walks beyond the guard and square towards the castle's main entrance and turns to face the King. Calling with his hand, the King passes the castle wall beyond the gate guards.

The two guards drag the doors and bolt the lock before turning and facing the King from behind, dragging his halberd and feet.

The commander stands out of reach as the King beyond the center of the courtyard where the piles of bones scattered the walls' interior in the castle's open confine.

THE COMMANDER

Surrender thine armaments so that thee may haveth as thine wish.

(Spreading his right-hand palm to the sky across his body over the ground before the King.)

THE KING

(Throws the pouch on the floor of the commander.)

This here shall be the distance I wager. For mine own being wisheth now to go no further, and thou bringeth thine own property. The bag shall satisfy any peering eyes over this humble request from the defeated. I wisheth now only to rid thee the burden of an inedible thief and for thee to keep thine horses.

THE COMMANDER

If thou wisheth to bury the dead as well, I will grant thee thy request.

THE KING

(Looking down at the bag of tusks and teeth, he raises his glowing eyes to the commander.)

I cannot accept this, for the dead's duty is to bury their own!

NOTE

The King spears his pommel toward the face of the guard Commander, splintering his hand on the break, catching below the axe. He wielded the broken halberd through the courtyard cracking the pommel to the skulls and bones, crippling the massive cannibalistic guards, Kicking the pommel to their throats, and hacking at the joints under and over the cyclone of great swords. The King spied and hunted the two guards through the bombardment that had spoken at the gate. Defending the guard's attacks, axe his shield, he finds his line and smashes two windpipes on the rod simultaneously, the halberd split to a hinge from the blow.

The commander stood beyond the onslaught and removed his helmet.

As the last guard fell dead or crawled under the exhausted man, the commander stood bleeding from the mouth in dismay. Afoot, he stood much larger than the rest.

Puffing, he charged at the fainting King as the King deflected and hacked the guard to his knees; The wreaked halberd cracked in half. Remaining in his hand a spike, he plunges the wood under the chest plate of the commander. The axe and pole replaced the shoulder of the armor and stuck to his body above his dangling arm. The mangled body of the commander is where the axehead was secured in him by the thin, torn metal armor that mangled into his body.

THE COMMANDER

My death cannot be at the hands of your iron, foolish King. (Coughing blood and teeth, laying on his side spitting.) the day of reconning for all to join in eternal darkness is upon us.

THE KING

Many things are worse than death; I rather you this way. (Guard.)

THE COMMANDER

On that day of sweet reconning, all kings are suitable for food! The King and Prince of nothing but woe is all I see of thee. The number of beasts among the darkness will tear thee to pieces, and I will share in the feast.

THE KING

(Kneeling, joking about his pain, he lets out an ooh. Before sarcastically acknowledging the sentiment.)

Befall thee with anticipation over my demise, and such is nigh for thou to witness; oh well,

How many did thou speaketh shall feast on my flesh?

GUARD

All thy Kingdom wishes to partake.

FATHER

Well then, the party is set; who am I to deny thy pleasure? You all will feast together soon enough, indeed.

(The King turns his back towards the guard to face the castle.)

GUARD

(Snarls his breath to death.)

NOTE

The rains begin again, and the King hears the voice of Wandering Spirt.

WANDERING SPIRIT

Ist, thou Injured? I cannot see.

THE KING

Doth thine Prince fair well? (Removing the helmet from the hilt.)

SWORD OF SORROWS

His Spirit is with thee and well soon enough.

NOTE

The King thinks of concealing or revealing the Sword's greatness, hoping to propose a reasonable plea for his son.

Pondering on the steps of Martha's hall, as he adjusts his armor,

detaching the Sword from his hip, he admires the glowing Sword of sorrows.

THE KING

At my inception, this Blade hath been designed uniquely for me.

(Standing with the Sword in the sheath.)

capable of one hand or two, one to draw from the hip or back correctly.

(Fastening it to his back.)

And oh, the reach. You wouldn't believe the spread. It's out of this world, let me tell you.

WANDERING SPIRIT

Ist, thou Talking to one's self or the Cannibal good King?

THE KING

Just give me a break, alright? But you are probably right.

(Closes the gate to his helmet, he lets out two puffing breaths.)

Ok, I'm ready.

END SCENE 7

ACT 1

SCENE 8

ACT 1

TITLE

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL.

CHARACTERS

THE KING

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL

THE PRINCE

WANDERING SPIRIT

SETTING

The stumpy voluptuous hag, Martha the Cannibal, was mushy and ripe to the core. She had been hiding behind a pile of drained bodies as only malicious cowards do. The softened bodies had been industrially stripped and separated into a piled mass. The Soft tissue husks with skulls made one pile, skeletons another.

The ceiling had great iron hooks chained together through a black square opening into the back of the castle. The soft pile of skulls led up the lower of the grand staircase. Martha, in her nervousness, crouched. Reaching into the flesh, she began gnawing at the teeth of a skull. Through the battle outside, she thrusts the air with her loins, licking the inside of its mouth; she spits.

The door flung, slamming the gray stone in the cold castle's grand hall. Green carpets, and gold candles under hooks of iron, the King cringed as he entered, gagging from the wafting aroma of corned beef. Red drapes fell that held the symbol of the spider on the flake sent chills down his spine. The drapes lined the hall snapping in the wind from the open door.

She stands with a bone drained of marrow and moves to the third step beside the pile. She tosses her toy to the floor down the open case in the site of the weary King taking in the carnage. His body stood a shadow of god silhouetted in the light while the bone clinked and echoed through the hall, vibrating still.

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL

(Cloaking herself in the false confidence shown through her boils as they pop.)

To come this far, moments too late. (Moaning gutturally with arousal as she speaks.) Is this not so strange for us now to meet? I have been longing for the taste of kings.

(Licks her fingers.)

THE KING

(turning pale, attempting to regain his composure without notice.)

I came prepared; however, the offering of peace became only satisfied in blood. Thou need new guardsmen, and I'm keeping the teeth and tusk for the trouble of my services.

(Looking around the empty castle, shy a few lit candles and a dying fire.)

You wouldn't happen to have any water; I'm feeling a bit thirsty.

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL

With spines drained, the chrism fills my chalice with the essence of life itself, sap from the divine tree is all there is to drink here; come and quench thy thirst.

(motioning the King with her finger, spreading open her gaping member, spilling severed parts from missing little ones to the floor below her.)

THE KING

I'm taking my horses back as well.

(stops to tighten his left bracer.)

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL

(Offended.)

They dined upon your petty Kingdom's fleshly remains. A corpse that speaks will be left to the swine to feast on thine carcasses until satisfaction. I sifted, looking for the crystal king of nothing.

THE KING

(Brushing off the Cannibal.)

My son is well; that is all the Kingdom needs to remain.

(Satisfied with his bracer's position, he continues forward, masking his limp and tenderfoot.)

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL

A worm's nursery!

(Pointing to the King in all his breaking glory.)

Skat in the dirt between you both is all that will remain.

(A breath of condescending release as she observes the worms under her nails. Picking first with her fingers to scraping the infested flesh with her teeth, spitting to the pile.)

Yes indeed. First, fed to the swine. From swine to scat, scat littered with eggs and swarms of flies.

NOTE

She was laughing still, brains in her teeth, motioning her fingers to the unacknowledging King.

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL

To the dirt with thee! And we shall see the day when kings become good for food!

THE KING

The worm and scavenger be worthy of thine own flesh over thee, which I welcome to consume that day.

(Out his palms from the hips facing Martha the Cannibal, he slowly approaches with royal composure. Through his internal fury, his itch ached to sting, sparking his teeth, set his eyes blazing under the gate of his helmet.)

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL

Your Kingdom, I set to boil the meats for slop after the Witch ordered them drained for my drink; Tiz, not just I that summon your agony fair King, tis the whole heptarchy! (laughing uncontrollably between coughing up orange clumps with mucus.)

NOTE

Screaming and laughing, the Cannibal breaks all composure into convulsions as the King approaches in silence.

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL

The pots overflow still with their flesh! Isn't it arousing?

(Lifts her dress, she touches herself, brown urine poured down her chafed and drooping thighs stinging as she winced. She moans profoundly, gripping her mound with her clenching fist.)

This fatty aroma of succulent meat fills the room over thine own stench.

NOTE

Martha begins touching herself faster. She moans as she speaks. Her brown urine floods, soaking the steaming stone with vapors of ammonia. Legs splashing, slapping together, her flab rumbled through her lifted, sopping-stained dress.

He was now lying still, arms wide. She relaxes her sprawled body and looks towards the King, slowly approaching, his upper self-reviled beyond the light through the door.

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL

Ugh! And doth not stumble?

(She collects her composure, dropping her lifted the dress over her legs again, tidying up. She checks her grotesque obesity in the mirror to satisfaction and smiles at herself, turning to the King who stands before the puddle.)

Thou Ist of the darkness, and in this darkness thou Ist blind, don't be so ashamed, thou Ist not meant to care, we are the same.

THE KING

Hag,

(Squints his right eye, shifting his weight, digging the swollen balls of his feet to the stone through the worn bottoms of his coverings.)

You wait.

NOTE

The King was holding his right palm facing the Cannibal, eyeing her position. She stands without understanding the reality of her demise.

THE KING

Right, where you are.

Martha

(Her eyes widen, and she begins vomiting teeth and bile. The Cannibal wipes her mouth and sniffles.)

I will be awaiting your corpse to join mine shortly then.

(postures herself, checking the mirror to see herself fine, further wiping vomit from her face.)

THE KING

(Reaches his left-hand upwards, sliding his fingers on the hilt of the Sword of Sorrows, tightening his grip through the wet leather gloves he shushes Martha.)

Please, I need this to be perfect, lest the castle falls upon me.

MARTHA THE CANNIBAL

He is a typical king, unwilling to lay where his Kingdom rests.

NOTE

Snapping his hips, the Sword of Sorrows ran an angle right side through the collarbone, and spine, exploding out of the left side above Martha's pelvis swiftly so as not to let the Blade run astray from her body. Immediately resetting his stance, the King shifted Sword up over the head of the Cannibal, severing the left arm while the mess of her insides pressed out. Her insides unraveled like a water hose out of control. Bile, mucus, flesh, fat, and teeth sprayed onto her brown puddle of ammonia through her swollen intestines, already on the verge of bursting. The structure of her being slid down the slopes of her flesh, her body spilling before her very eyes. Her expression held surprise as she watched the King subtly dismember her.

The King shifted his weight and bent his knees, slipping the Sword of Sorrow down the exact center line of her skull. The Blade ran through the intestinal storm ejecting from the gape of Cthulhu, spraying without resistance. The boils busted puss, slicking the air with the stench of rotting meat coating the King's palate; he stands without wincing.

Completing the swipe to holster, the King postures himself.

Martha the Cannibal's greasy torn bag fell before the King in four goopy triangular sections of gelatinous gore, releasing Martha's internal garbage stench. Her lubricous filth slid and stretched like melted cheese. The fumigation of bitter bile jetted in the atmospheric fondue filth clawing the kings tearing eyes. The rancid clumps of Martha steamed as they pulled away from one another down the stairs, her body rejecting its own company at the time of her death.

The spiders hid behind the curtains of webs, and the scene left the worms none too amused, wiggling away from the feast they hid under the stacks of fresher flesh.

The brain of Martha's putrid puddled mush littered the low of the stairs in her puddle of piss and sour puss before her arm ever slapped the stone.

Falling to his knees, the King rolls over, attempting to remove his armor; he removes his helmet first and calls out to his son.

THE KING

Prince! Little thief, where art thou, my son!

THE PRINCE

(Running franticly and crying, in a complete panicking meltdown.)

I am here, Father! Let's go; we need to go now.

(Pulling on the King.)

THE KING

Dear boy, we are alive together and safe; find peace, for now, lay slain our enemies, my son.

(Wiping his son's dirty face.)

WANDERING SPIRIT

(Exists the Sword of Sorrows and joins the Boy and Father as a dark wraith.)

I must vacate to the Heavens and attend my trial to account for my action with thee strong King. Be well, head forth Northwest when the time comes, as much as I wisheth to stay I am called. I will return to resting. As thou art now awake, I will abide in eternal darkness.

THE PRINCE

You said you would never leave us!

WANDERING SPIRIT

The Sword is my life. The scabbard is my head to protect the memory of thee in the fuller, held most between the forte and the foible. My eyes are the jeweled pommel, lips sealed in the ruby of the golden quillon. The grip has my ears in the grain for thee and nose the point—pure-hearted Child King.

THE KING

(Head raised towards the northwestern sky, watching as the remanence of Wandering Spirit disappears to a spec in the current of the wind. He whispers under his breath into his thumbs pressed with open hands held together by the tips of his fingers.)

My son will remain whole in the breaking world.

The King's crown and armor now belong to the boy. As long as I may live for him, my death is not a sacrifice but an offering. As Wandering Spirit gave the Sword, I will fulfill my duty, his protector and guide to be better than thee and fulfill his destiny toward godhood in the realm of light.

NOTE

The Wandering Spirit ascends to the heavens through the crack in the sky as a dark ball. The King and Prince exit out of the open door of the castle to the courtyard. The horses were waiting unharmed, and the bag of Ivory remained where it fell, leaving teeth and tusks scattered among the fallen guard of Martha the Cannibal.

The two collected their horses and cart and set free the others in the stable; the child king held his tusk and picked up a few scattered ivories. They vacated the cursed grounds together casually, father and son.

END SCENE 8

END ACT 1

ACT 2

TITLE

A NEW KINGDOM

SCENE 1

THE PRINCE IS DREAMING.

NOTE

The Prince softly sleeps with his back facing the King. His tender peachy cheeks flushed in the glowing crackle of the embers while the Child rested securely between the fire and the King. From the soundness of sleep, he journeys to the throne room of his heart. He watched from the place where

the gust begins above the wilds. His breath sweetly flowed over the jagged peaks of his birthplace to the fields and floral hills below. Cooing baby, the winds whisper between the blades of tall grass tickled to dance together.

The Prince smiles in his slumber on the ground while his heart inhales the rising bouquet from the warm draft. In the Kingdom of the Meadow, two years before, he journeys home.

Wandering Spirit hovered over the floral rolling hills in his dream while he was in the jail of Heaven awaiting trial. The Sword shared the memory with the sleeping Prince, and the pommel began to glisten.

Beyond the Throne, the little Prince stands at the door looking out at himself during a summer when he was eight years old, Princess at twelve, and the King as he was always in his youthful prime.

They skip to their toe's refreshment, pressing the soft, excellent ground barefoot in the mountains hold until summer ends a light in the hombre sky.

Together they collected only the softest and most vibrant pedals from the flowers; one plucks each. They picked and plucked tenderly through the fields, running back with pedals falling from them, laughing, and placing each precious part in the wicker basket. As the basket overflowed, the petals began to float. The armada of colors race on the current and disperse into clouds of colorful fragrance swirling between the grazing horses.

They then plucked the Daisies at the stems and tied them In knots together, making four crowns. They wore the three for themselves, each claiming a season. The King the Winter, The Son the Winter, and the daughter claim the solstice, taking both Summer and Spring, leaving the fourth crown for their mother in the Fall on the ground.

The three held hands and skipped in a circle together, singing the song of the summer until they collapsed atop the pillowed ground that cradled around them in the bedded nursery of Gaia.

They spent their days as a family flying arrows and all matters of childish war play while the horses ran freely to the fields with the tallest grass. The orange that night sugared the senses. The Prince stood above the memories that satisfyingly honeyed him In his sleep.

WANDERING SPIRIT

This man is my favorite of all creation, as are his children. The Prince and Princess always compete to be the best in the land, possessing all ways fairness.

NOTE

The Prince and Princess Sword fight one another in a circle using wooden swords as the King spectates with Wandering Spirit.

The Princess relentlessly bombards the evasive and smiling Prince. Loosely moving, relaxed, taunting her, playfully deflecting the cracking blows, he sticks out his tongue. They laugh and sweat, and the two children move as adept swordsmen do in the Kingdom of the Meadow, their emphasis on the gracefully overpowered deflection techniques of the masters, stepping in forty-five-degree angles toward one another. The King notices the Prince mimicking the deadly styles practiced by masters beyond the public eye. He saw the Princess also expressing forbidden techniques to children with plans of the berzerker's expansive posture. She charges the boy to sidestep her swing, following through for a double slice. Turning his hip and

sinking his weight, the boy stands below her wooden Sword mid-swing in her high stance; she sinks her weight below her knees from the commitment to the blow he had evaded, running his edge under her ribs, leaving the boy to turn and stand behind her.

She twists her body in a vortex, crashing the wooden Sword into the boy's stick to guard up as he deflects her bombardment stepping back, prepared once more to find the new angle.

The Princess unleashes a flurry of hard, cracking strikes, pushing the Prince back to lose his ground. He falls; the Prince changes his tactic to a drunken style up to his feet, dodging and ducking; he moves in circles, swaying around the growing frustration of the Princess.

The two children battle on for hours and begin to grow exhausted. They can hardly lift their swords as they continue slowly beating one another, unable to defend against the incoming Fall of the sticks.

THE KING

(Standing to stop the match, clapping proudly, smiling, clasping his hand around his mouth, and calling.)

Daughter, how ferocious! My son, how well your composure. Come now, take some healing flowers, the red for bruising, the blue for stamina, both of you. Doth thee feel any pain?

NOTE

The children begin to approach the King as they walk across the dusty circle.

THE PRINCE

(pouring sweat covered in dirt, the boy walks proudly, calling out to his father.)

Not me! But I'll bet the Princess does, though!

THE PRINCESS

(Pouring sweat, she rubs her elbow and wrist.)

That's not true! You always hit me in the joints, that's the worst, and you know it! That's how kids do it, and sore losers sit up on the ground of the battlefields.

THE PRINCE

That's because you always try to hit me in the hands! It hurts so bad when you do that, and you do it on purpose! And you hit me in the knee! Twice, look at how big it is!

(laughing, dropping his stick, bending over to pick it up, rubbing his knee, he looks to his sister.)

That is spooky about people sitting up on a battlefield after being struck down, though.

THE PRINCESS

(With her closed mouth, a mischievous smile rises as she speaks in a caring yet authoritative tone.)

They will even lay down pretending to be dead to puncture the heal of warriors and stab from underneath men and their horses passing by; that's how you fight. You better watch out for even the still and quiet little brother; thou aren't the only one who fights without honor.

THE KING

(Interrupting the conversation as the children approach.)

Princess, take two of the green flower for healing; thou doth look defeated in body, and words confirm thy Spirit.

THE PRINCESS

(Crossed at the King's proposal.)

His energy is higher than mine because his composure is shrouded in laziness. Didn't you see how his style ended? As structured as a swine's slop in the heat of battle, standing like a drunk proud of himself.

(dropping her stick, accepting the flowers, and eating them.)

NOTE

The Princess looks to the Prince, laughing while sitting on a bench eating fruit, nearly falling over. The King looks down at his daughter and chuckles with crossed arms.

THE PRINCESS

(Rolls her eyes.)

Also, today he only found one flower pedal for the basket; How could he actually fight me for real when I collected over five hundred? It wasn't fair at all.

(Crosses her arms, face held with pursed lips and scolding eyes scrunched at the nose.)

THE PRINCE

(Showing off his relaxed swift style as he explains himself laughing.)

Wandering Spirit prefers me to you; I need no flowers for my way to be accurate; I only need to relax, and you can't do anything. You can't even touch me! I am lucky enough to win whenever I want, dear sister.

(Laughing as he begins to strut.)

I just casually wander away from your strikes like a spirit; I was only playing with you this whole time.

(Playfully taunts.)

THE PRINCESS

(Crossed at the nerve struck.) Wandering Spirit helps me too! Don't you get over-excited little boy, for my Technique will run you through; you're slice could hardly bend the head of a flower!

(Sticking her tongue out at the Prince, hands covering her ears.)

THE PRINCE

You're Technique is set for thee to step in poo first.

(Laughing, looking at the horse dung before the Princess.)

NOTE

She pressed her fists to her hip, stepping out, she stamps.) angered, she steps to rush the Prince, planting her foot in fresh green horse manure. A disgusted look of surprise ran through her face in the smooshing texture on her foot in the rising sweet smell of horse dropping.

THE PRINCESS

UGGH! GROSS!

(wiping the sides of her bare feet on the grass.)

THE PRINCE
(Laughing, pointing.)

I told you so! I'm so lucky! I told you so! Oh, that is so good! The smell of sweet victory!

(wafting the rising steam to his nose, turning to the horses grazing.)

I'll bet it was my Horse that did it!

(Calling out to his Horse.)

Thank you for always looking out for me!

(Proudly looking at his sister.)

You don't need structure when all of Gaia supports your step, and the animals are your allies.

That's my secret anyways.

THE PRINCESS

(Regaining composure.)

Thou art ridiculous.

KING

(Taking over the situation, he calmly and assertively addresses the children.)

How well you both play. It is a joy to share this moment with Wandering Spirit's blessing upon you both.

Now to my responsibility.

(he sighs and, in a Kingly manner, addresses the Prince.)

Make haste; find as many flower petals as possible before the dying light fades to proper dusk. Daughter, pick up thy wooden Sword and stand ground or charge.

NOTE

The winds meadow blew petals under the light's absolute pride of the day. The disc set beyond the mountains aligned between two peaks. The father and Princess face off with wooden swords; as horses graze, and the Prince finds flowers below a dead cottonwood near a bubbling creek.

PRINCESS

(Bowing into her stance.)

Are you ready to meet the dirt, my Foe-there?

(Giggles.)

KING

(Laughs.)

Bring thine best in thee then, little Mandrake Mymmerkin.

(Chuckles and bows to the Princess, hitting his thighs with his fists, wooden Sword in hand.)

Oosa!

PRINCESS

(Turns red and rushes the King with ferocity.)

RARRRARRRR! Your Blade will be your sorrows helm; how sorry you are now to challenge me!

(Joking a sinister laugh, she happily approaches with her Sword ready.)

Note

The Princess moved harder and faster toward the King as the dust flew around them. The two move swiftly together, the King making the lightest glances at the Princess's structured strikes, shifting his blade millimeters from her arteries joints and torso. The King exploited her windows of venerability without ever making contact.

The King used the least amount of power possible to maintain dominance through the dual, hardly touching his own to the ferocity of her bombardment. As her contact forced him, he moved without resistance in the same direction with her swing changing his step; he shifted his hips, leaving her two steps behind him the entire time, without knowing the Princess, for she could not accept anyone was that good.

Wood meets wood, hard and soft; footwork between the two is a dance they know and trust well among one another. The grass is beaten into a circle with an X in the center as the father and daughter duel. The Princess rushes the King in a risky maneuver that would cause them both harm, if not flawless, in the sacrificial stance of the assassin. The King gives the high ground to the Princess by falling and assuming a defensive position. Like a monkey, he moves

with the Sword on all fours, using his feet as hands and hands as feet.

The Princess finds joy in watching The King behave like a monkey In the Dual and keeping her distance from the broad movements, scurrying across the ground on all fours, rolling and jumping, throwing dust about towards the Princess in a cloud.

PRINCESS

(coughing holding her Sword to her side.)

Hey! You can't do that!

THE KING

(Waves to the princess monkey making sounds. He

Rushes the Princess dragging the wooden Sword behind him like an ape.)

PRINCESS

(Laughing, gloating as if speaking to a crowd, she steps back from the approaching ape, eyes focused and planned mind.)

They will tell tales of when my Sword made a eunuch of this Monkey King. (Lowering her stance to be under the King as he approaches.)

NOTE

The King springs up, standing on the Sword's quillon while the stab presses its tip into the ground. Atop the Sword balancing one foot, he begins itching his armpits. The

Princess Strikes the Sword the King is standing on, causing the Blade to flip up toward her. The King catches the handle before the Sword can touch the Princess's neck, and he lands on his chest. She took cover with her Sword, leaving the final position. Were she to move her Sword, it would make contact with her thigh and throat with the kings simultaneously.

PRINCESS

I don't know why you always must win.

(Holding position trying to adjust space without losing footing.)

WANDERING SPIRIT

(Softly spoke to the Princess.)

He wishes to fall before you now to show you how to relax appropriately in true victory.

If you allow yourself to surrender your loss, your pride is in this tradition.

His desire for you to become better than he for your people, you must be willing to sacrifice your stance.

Your living

Spirit is following him to fall. Dear Princess, with all the love in the world and truth, be told,

He never wins with you.

PRINCESS

(To wandering Spirit in prayer.)

How do I win now?

WANDERING SPIRIT

Let go of your stance.

PRINCESS

(Smiles down at the King, noticing her dominant position as she drops her Sword to fall upon him.)

I got you now!

NOTE

The King adjusts his Sword, flipping his side and spinning to his feet to deflect the Princess's falling Blade from landing on his throat. He stands proudly over his daughter under the first stars of the night.

THE KING

(He bows out of the duel.)

You fared well, dear Princess,

(Brushing his chest of dust.)

Let us call the boy; that's enough of this for now.

(Dusting off still.)

PRINCESS

(YELLS)

Prince? Little brother!

The flowers you seek are not in the deadwood of the cotton tree! Those are for the teachers! Not for little Whelps like you! (Sees the Prince off in the distance, shocked as she yells out.)

(looking to the King with worry.)

Father, why had we not stopped this?

KING

Not at all; the boy is ready.

(Smiling to himself.)

PRINCESS

(Crossed.)

He will go crazy and eat them all! That is way too many!

KING

Do you not remember when you were there? Was that not a good thing?

PRINCESS

Yes, but not as now for he, for I was already wise then. He hath not yet found himself; only The Wandering Spirit does he know, and He would be lost had we not been here. Look, father, as he wanders now, quite aimless for an archer if you ask me. (In disapproval, crosses arms.)

SON

(Highly intoxicated, proud, and dizzy yelling.)

I'm ok; I'm returning; I found the teacher's flowers!

(Exhausted and panting from the journey to the camp from the dead trees as he approaches.)

I win! I found more than the Princess had ever seen or ever will because I ate them, so sweet, yum yum yum!

(Rubbing his belly.)

KING

(Laughing.)

Thou art winning indeed, dear boy.

PRINCESS

(Crossed.)

Was he encouraging his madness?

THE PRINCE

(Begins dancing and howling.)

Let's dance, everybody!

KING

(Begins to Dance around a small fire, voice booming.)

Join us, my darling! Dance to the wildflowers, Gaia's teachers; we ask thee to show us the truth of all beyond the Kingdom's walls!

(In the glow of the fire, he whispers to the children.)

Be not afraid. The flowers do not teach us what they know; they guide what we have known forever. The soft petals that open eyes to the Immortal's wisdom ask no favor but acknowledgment to the source of all truth for thanks.

NOTE

(handing two pedals to the Princess, consuming for himself as well, he drums a beat on his thighs as he dances with the Prince.)

PRINCESS

(Joins the dance halfheartedly around a small fire.)

My attendance will protect you both by necessity, not by wishes, and someone has to babysit you animals.

PRINCE

(Singing.)

I found more flowers than the Princess,

(laying on the ground, he props up.)

A lot more!

(Looking to the Princess.)

Do you know what, you know what you need to change?

THE PRINCESS

(Puzzled and shocked.)

What?

THE PRINCE

(In all sincerity staring at the princess through the woven space between them.)

Your entire outlook on life.

NOTE

All three burst out in laughter, for the Princess could feel it too.

FATHER

(Standing proudly pounds his chest.)

My dear boy, you are as wild as the flowers and wise as the apes. And You, my daughter, free of your stance.

NOTE

They all dance and gradually falls asleep.

WANDERING SPIRIT

(Speaking softly to the boy through the swords hum.)

The two Immortals resting here in peace for a time from their journey be but short relief.

Proud beings are they, proud as I am pleased.

Your life, dear boy, above all creatures here, a fate I hold too, and with thee.

My life is forever, my debt is none, and this love for thee holds limitless devotion. This world you inherit that fell

erroneous to perfect light will burn and be forgotten before thou art king with all in the world made from the perfect design. And the world will forsake thee, for thou art blameless and will remain as they perish.

(Looking at the King and Prince sleeping.)

In the light, my body shattered; it showed a mirror to things beyond in the egg of darkness. All that be, I say to the three, my favorite of all that hath been or will be, and dear prince, a mighty king you will become beyond the heavens above.

Remember your way, following your heart beyond where you have been here. Travel to the beginning of being to know how to be.

Remember your father's face and treat your sister kindly beyond what is fair as my loose request.

NOTE

The prince hears the words of spirit humming from the sword as the dampness of morning rises from the ground. The campfire's dying embers illuminate through the ash while the white smoke swirls in the crack of light separated above from the mist covering the grass.

The two wake up to the rising lens at a camp they had set on their travels; alone together, they continue riding, heading North, slightly veering east to avoid the traffic of the ivory kingdom as they attempt to cross the wetland fields in their path.

END SCENE 1

ACT 2

ACT 2

SCENE 2

TITLE

THE JOURNEY BEGINS

CHARACTERS

KING
PRINCE/CHILD KING

THREE BERZERKERS

TWENTY-SIX COWARDS

TEN SOLDIERS

SETTING

The two sloshed on horseback, pulling the cart slowly through the shallows of the

Wetland in the mists of day that held the somber grey tone to their mood as they vacated theirs.

THE PRINCE

Did you see our time in the meadow, Father?

THE KING
Very well, dear boy.

THE PRINCE

Is the Wandering Spirit with our Kingdom now?

THE KING

He is on trial for my deeds.

PRINCE

Will we meet again in this life?

THE KING

It seems by the hosts of Heaven’s permission, which is only granted to us through Immortal wisdom at the moment.

(Looking to the sky, seeing the crack he caused off in the distance to the southwest that spread across the vastness above, littering the ground with lumps of melted crystal.)

I don’t know what the future holds for Gaia, my son.

PRINCE

We should find some Teacher flowers and greet him.

THE KING

We mustn’t return to the meadow, for everything in our land has been tainted, and the land soon will not be suitable for food or flowers; we must continue Northwest as our oath to the Wandering Spirit, and you must remain close at my side.

PRINCE

(Halfway sulking.)

I want to shoot something with an arrow.

KING

I am familiar with the sensation, my son; let your nerves calm lest thee shoot without care.

(Smiles at the child.)

PRINCE

Can I?

KING

Draw thine bow and arrow if you see a beast, fowl, or rodent; we shall dine on this tonight. Doth that sound suitable to thee?

PRINCE

Wandering Spirit’s hands held my shot to be valid always before. My next will be the first arrow loosed from my hands alone.

(Sniffles over the loss of Wandering Spirit.)

KING

Thou art the living flesh, one with the sword of Wandering Spirit’s body, be well and too will be the arrow along the way.

PRINCE

My best yet-to-be, my father, Keep the sword close lest any beasts or cats attempt to ambush us for my kill!

(curious of his ability, he pulls out his bow shooting a cat's tail edging a bog across from him, proud of its poof towards his skill.)

My best remains.

NOTE

(Riding through the field, a pheasant flutters from the horse trot sounds. The boy shoots without thought; his aim is true. He releases his breath as the two arrows fly, punching through the heart and lungs of three pheasants. The arrows continue as birds fall together in the tall grass. The king is proud, and the prince is excited, cheering for the beyond-perfect shots.

SON

(Shouts! Laughing, relieved, happy.)

We dine well tonight, my King!

KING

(Proud, Smiles)

My Prince! Well placed.

NOTE

Three long arrows tipped with bleeder heads soar through the air pelting the King in the back. The rods punched through the man’s chest, interrupting his praise to the Prince

and his balance; the King remained calmly surprised. The boy’s expression slowly changed to confusion, looking at extra long sticks of the arrows as the blood of the King began to stream down his horse to the shallow waters beneath him. The king flops himself off his steed; Splashing to the ground, he stands with the arrows protruding from his chest and stomach through his back. The arrows in him rendered his left arm unable to reach his sword cross-body, and his right arm became paralyzed from the trauma to the nerves in his chest. Struggling to find a balance, he helplessly stands while the blood drips and loses shape as it flows with the current behind his feet. The King’s fainting body begins to sway with the wind above the gentile current in shallow waters below him while the prince screams in horror.

The Child King jumps from his horse, pulling the cart away while the boy scampers behind its slow-moving cover. The Prince then loads and draws three arrows and shoots at the berzerkers, painted and bare-skinned, rushing across the shallow clearing. They were the most considerable men, charging ahead of the thirty-three who began standing about the foliage line. Some were curious, others were shooting random arrows, and some laughed. Many still lay hidden and peeked out from behind the reeds hoping someone else would kill the boy without acknowledging their involvement.

Twenty-three cowards shared a plan to hide their shame with stolen valor back home, and many expected not to witness the deed. Hiding in the reeds and thought to claim it was a mighty foe, they had faced, up against overwhelming odds, their ploy to bring honor to themselves among the people.

The torrential darts released by the child tore through the air striking two of the berzerkers with the crashing spikes. The Berzerkers fell deeply wounded and roared at their fatality, still pushing forward, now slowly stumbling and cursing. The

third berzerker had broken the arrow in flight, the snapping stick scraping his neck as it twirled through the air and splashed in two parts. He drags through the waters alone, charging forth from the thirty-three marauders behind him and the two slowed and dying berzerkers. The men in the reeds continue firing random arrows toward the cart as ten men rush to gather around the two fatally wounded berzerkers. In contrast to the battle, twenty-three others remain in wetland foliage.

Men in the reeds volley arrows towards the boy, cheering the remaining berzerker as he approached, looking for him in the raining arrows without concern.

The Child King drops his bow while slipping on a skull in the rocks under the water. He lay still below the current, cloaked under the cart's shadow. He pulls another arrow from the quiver propping his left leg above the water with his heel touching the cart's axle and remains still holding his breath. His body was now dragging above the old bones of battles past. They were broken and smashed by the stones over time, grinding and scraping his back behind the horse's trotting pull. And the boy remained under cover of the wagon while holding his breath as the berzerker circled the cart.

In a volley of fire, arrows pelted the King’s horse with giant needles. In pain and panic, he jumps and kicks the king to the ground, breaking his spine and pushing the heavy darts into the muck that suspended his body upright while broken in half. The King’s head tilted to the sky as he lay atop the wet bed, his chest lifted by the sticks in the flowing wide shallow river that began to bend and splinter from the weight as his head dropped to stare at his reflection.

The child king watches the drunken step of the berzerker from underwater become within reach. As the Berzerker laid

his final footing, the Child King stabbed the arrow behind the Berzerker’s ankle and knee in two swift pokes, dropping the man to kneel and face the rising Child King from the waters. The boy stares at the Berzerker momentarily in the eyes before he thrusts the spike above the kneeling Berzerkers Adam's apple. The spike rammed his throat, Pinning his tongue to the back of his soft palate, holding his mouth agape; the Child King then adjusted his stance, charging the arrow to the berzerker's spine with one final upward assail. He released the arrow from his hands, pushing the head of the petrified Berzerker; he splashes in shock and awe to his side the Child King looks to his father.

From the King, the blood that streamed out of his mouth he could not clean. The king smiles at the handsome reflection of his righteousness, rippling with rings from the droplets of blood. He attempts to laugh to himself, but the rod through his lung has forbidden his wind; he lays all effort to turn his head toward his son.

The child rushes his father as marauders come with war cries blowing across the wide enclosure of water. The group walks unorganized to the fallen King slanted up and the boy standing beside him. The Child King leans down and reaches for the Sword, revealing the edge of the bladed light as he begins to draw.

END OF SCENE 2

ACT 2

ACT 2

SCENE 3

TITLE

TRIAL OF WANDERING SPIRIT

CHARACTERS

WANDERING SPIRIT

JUDGE HED

HEAVENLY HOSTS (HH 1,2,3)

TRUE DARKNESS

ARIEL (LION OF GOD)

AZRAEL (ANGEL OF DEATH.)

LESSER LIGHT

SETTING

A phosphorus hue surrounds the mountain of cinnabar; the courthouse stands in the lower heavens above the red clouds surrounded by a mercury sea. Fourty-six steps descend from an unfinished iron bridge where construction ends in sight over the fathomless body of silvery liquid.

The rectangular structure had thirty-four, sixty-six-foot pink star ruby pillars to its exterior that stood on a three-level crepidoma of white leathered granite with a rose gold roof.

The light specks in the remains of Wandering Spirit held the three sets of seven twinkles from his past. All that remained of his existence as the orb began to smoke above the courthouse, fumigating over the flawed building of corruption; He awaits his calling in silence.

During the arrival of True Darkness, the mercury sea moved on a small and grand scale in unison as the transitioning patterns circled the courthouse and around the mountain. Rising rows of fractal bowls designing lines of silver falling to splash in her orchestration's dripping metallic ensemble, complementing the view of the court's solemn ambiance with the radical display of influence.

She entered the courts through every crack, her voice appearing as a violate radiating vapor that filled the floor, glowing as if to be on fire. The sacred geometrical patterns transitioned as she moved before breaking the display upon the surface of the shimmering deep with thirteen pulses of low frequencies stepping down to seven hertz, leaving the sea in disarray.

The courthouse's interior center stood four pillars of copper; between the northern pillars were three lit silver lamps with orange, white and blue flames, and on the west were three woven baskets of grain herb and spice. To the east were three vases of water, one distilled, one salt, and one mineral, and to the south were the hammer, scale, and rope. In the building center is a rusted cage with three hundred sixty-five bars atop a pine box pedestal with twenty-four thousand rotting wooden steps from below ascending in.

Ahead of the cage beyond the silver lamps, the judge ascends from the onyx cellar door to the chamber; with rising white smoke of the hexed incense from below, he takes his place at the podium.

The cherub Lesser Light appeared through a spinning plasma quantum portal. The lightning clung to the roof where he

perched on the pediment. He looked over the bridge to the silver horizon before he balanced the scrimshaw ridge taken from the great leviathan. He was cheerfully skipping humming a hymn above the court into his rams horn kazoo where he blew his tune, buzzing the patterns in the body of fusible alloy to static, then still.

Members of the court emerged, each heavenly host taking place in the south, east, and west around the cage. The angelic beings stared down at the cage in their flowing soft white robes that touched the floor, each wearing a polished silver mask. Together they hovered center level up the vertical distance of the structure.

The cherub Lesser Light soars to his physical limits for one final trumpeting call with his kazoo. Tooting out to the high heavens, he hums before descending from the red clouds through a back window of the courthouse. He remains the smallest and the highest in the building; the cherub playfully balances, tiptoeing atop the rafters. Giggles follow the cherub’s pitter-patter of feet, with the random buzzing from the kazoo echoing off the walls as the session begins.

Wandering Spirit torrents and spikes into the shape of a star dodecahedron as he descends to the courtroom center above the rusted confinement. The points of the star rush out of the sphere while he drips like oil down into the rusted cage. Wandering Spirit is aware of his surrounding and overflowing with enriched emotion in silence.

JUDGE HED

(Well-groomed, tanned, slender, under his black dress, routinely proclaimed.)

The court is in session.

Wandering Spirit faces trial on charges from those beneath him in the ground for the damages caused by his device and for giving a mortal being among them such unimaginable power to wield at will.

Understanding these charges, thou willfully accept also

Charges for the damages caused beyond one's authority and fated injury to the complete balance of peaceful co-existence separated as beings between the lenses of the spiritual and physical dimensions.

The courtroom had also endured an injury from the crack and held thee accountable for the timeless damages caused as well.

TRUE DARKNESS

Wandering, the separated spirit, be still where thouest float and descend before us, child, for thou hath been monovalent to thine own kind and creation, ordered by the courts to be confined.

HEAVENLY HOST ONE

Wandering Spirit hath abandoned the sword with the innocent one.

HEAVENLY HOST TWO

Only a few pockets of flickering light remain in him now.

HEAVENLY HOST THREE

The bowls, the trumpets, and the seals remain with him, but the sword is none to claim by the heavens today.

TRUE DARKNESS

Wandering Spirit’s plan to keep the power with the unpunishable one is clearly to continue on his will to break the egg. These things in him mean nothing to the gods above or below without the sword. Wandering Spirit’s betrayal is an eternal infringement on the treaty between light and dark atop the middle ground; as always has been by the law, he must be vanished until the end of time.

NOTE

The courtroom watches in silence as

Wandering Spirit drips over the raised confinement down to the floor a smoking oil; the cell walls swell with the exalting pine solidifying in structure as one in his embodiment of the sacrifice before the court. The smoldering oil spilled on the floor to the alters, touching their bases, and they slid to the structure covering themselves in the liquid, pouring the contents atop the tables to the floor where they disintegrated. The alters then arose from the smoke and stood two-thirds up the menhir, and cubes became one with the monolith unfolding the tesseract as the oil became like a stone and the stone like an oil.

LESSER LIGHT

(plopping a seat atop the rafters behind Judge Hed, he chews an apple, speaking with his mouth full.)

Destiny shall not be infringed upon; what remains shall be as well, and thine own kingdom’s property right remain with

the boy for now; thou can have the cross of darkness; we have one ourselves of light if thou wish to agree.

HEAVENLY HOST ONE

Lesser Light does and says as he pleases; however, Because of his delicate nature, our offering is a mess, and he remains unpunishable.

JUDGE HED

Let the little light speak on behalf of the Wandering Spirit. Nothing on the matter hath changed beyond the preservation of its being now.

HEAVENLY HOST TWO

Darkness wanders in the spirit to allow direction for the way of being; without the light, his darkness becomes volatile.

HEAVENLY HOST THREE

Darkness holds the light that has wandered in; he is now as it was in the beginning.

HEAVENLY HOSTS 1,2,3

Harmony in the courts then must be, as before is now, we all agree.

JUDGE

Of Light, the Wandering Spirit left a force in material not meant for mortals in a soft light world. A material that the

egg of Darkness itself cannot contain, this we all agree, as I’m sure Wandering Spirit agrees.

LESSER LIGHT

(He throws the apple core to the courtroom floor, where it disintegrates in the fumes of bubbling tar below the arisen matrix.)

Our proposal stands.

TRUE DARKNESS

(Circling wandering spirit.)

The pit of eternal darkness is not to be cast with light; for this separation, thou hath obeyed. I, the sphere holder of dark benevolence, speak to thee as thou art a guest, for I have offered you enough room to maintain shape.

JUDGE

Wandering Spirit, thou made the first king, now the king of the world, a potential destroyer of our heavenly abode, this we all agree?

NOTE

The Structure of Wandering Spirit begins to rotate upside down.

HEAVENLY HOST THREE

What has been cannot be undone; the energy held in the King’s sword is now the key to the light beyond the Egg, the same force of the first light that cracked the shell initially.

HEAVENLY HOST TWO

What has been done cannot be undone. The sky cracks and falls to the ground, and the forgotten crystal tower has fallen to rise once more. The Key held to the scraping edge unlocked the door to equilibrium.

HEAVENLY HOST ONE

All time is fated.

HEAVENLY HOST THREE

(Bows head.)

By design, half the gods become mortals from inception when existence ceases to one side.

JUDGE

(Hums)

True Darkness.

Wandering Spirit’s light is now bound to Sorrow with his new champion king, an orphan. You may contain his remains in silence for eternity, do what thou wilt.

(staring disgustedly at the structure and mess on the courthouse floor.)

TRUE DARKNESS

As by design, an accurate and fair Judge upholds the virtue of Justice.

Wandering Spirit, I will hold accountability for sharing the power to touch the light beyond the shell and plot

to destroy the fruit of darkness with this sword, which he may.

For touching the light beyond the Shell and desecrating sacred property belonging to the egg of Darkness?

Wandering Spirit,

Do you accept your bondage for this?

NOTE

The structure began to spin.

HEAVENLY HOST TWO

(Haunting)

Escort the spirit body to the bridge.

HEAVENLY HOST ONE

Prepare to witness the path to True Darkness.

HEAVENLY HOST THREE

Listen now, and all above the heavens and below the great circle.

HEAVENLY HOST 1,2,3

(Chanting.)

The lightest voice speaks here.

This matter alone is your witness.

We call from each pole a guard upon the sword.

NOTE

Two portals appear, one blue and one red sphere above the tar where the unfolded tesseract once stood as the structure moves across the room. Azrael, the Angel of Death above, shoots out of the closing red hole, standing on Ariel, the Lion of God, from the blue, as they appear to the courts before the Judge.

TRUE DARKNESS

I accept; doth Lesser Light hold accountability for the damages?

LESSER LIGHT

(Momentarily pointing his tiny index finger to the ceiling, the room brightened as he flushed with radiation, a circle began glowing from the tip’s joint of his second digit before clenching the fist to his side in reserve from his temper tantrum.)

Hosts of Heaven’s cry over cracked tiles? Fear of mortal flesh with heavenly power? Den of thieves. Shall I summon my father to witness thine exploits before thee begin to tremble as thou front the burden of thine house as thine own to repair? Thou claim thine own authority over all, and thou shalt hold thine own property to keep.

DARKNESS

Doth thee

wish the worlds above, the middle, and below, to fade in light alone?

(voice brightens.)

Or doth thou wish rather

to Join me in True Darkness, my little lightning bug?

NOTE

(Ariel snarls as Azrael jumps forward from the tar, lion leaping behind him, stopping the feud.)

ARIEL

(Ariel transforms into an angelic female form, naked with six wings covering her face and body.)

I will assist this world, King, and Wandering spirit in the name of the Light and its property.

AZRAEL

(Calmly and assertive with class and style, six wings folded on his back.)

Wandering spirit made many a credit for my work, which I happily obliged, paying the bill for any unnecessary damages.

Of the sword being, I will also escort the item to its resting place if thou accept.

LESSER LIGHT

(Nods in approval.)

We accept.

(Toots his kazoo two blasts.)

JUDGE HED

Azrael, Ariel, you are to be the boy company to accompany the sword, Protecting the King’s sword and keep it from destroying the Kingdoms of heaven in thy priority. Above, below, and around for the sake of all forbid thee, hands of angels to wield the sword. Lest they too be vanished their opposite chambers for eternity.

AZRAEL AND ARIEL

In all settlements, we agree.

HEAVENLY HOST 2

Ariel, Azrael, and Wandering Spirit’s Judgement and duty are to be kept faithfully. Azrael, only kill what thou must. Ariel, devour little for the sake of the King. Hide the boy from the world, for the world will wish to destroy the Heavens and below together.

HEAVENLY HOST 1

Those who witness will wish to possess the power for themselves or no one. The false royals will hunt down the sword's power for their own because of the reputation in the child's hands and the wake of their kingdom's destruction.

JUDGE HED

(Abruptly.)

Be off with haste, now Guardians of the Sword, lest the boy cleaves himself with the blade, leaving this divine invention to the savagery atop the middle ground. Thou shalt not intervene any matter wielding the weapon by thine hands is all I restrict of thee.

NOTE

Azrael and Ariel turn from the court's counsel walking beyond the crack in the floor beside one another as the courts continue their chatter.

HEAVENLY HOST 3

The King must first prove worthy and travel beyond the light or to the deepest of below to be free from the sword and of Wandering Spirit’s fate.

HEAVENLY HOST 1

Only then will the Sword be cleansed and fit for a righteous king to choose the fate of all being for us by his unsoiled hands.

JUDGE

Bound to heaven in the darkness, the whole of the egg will determine our fate for the new beginning; let us hope he lives long.

(Looking to Azrael.)

JUDGE

Are the Heavenly Host in Agreement?

HEAVENLY HOSTS 1,2,3

(In unison.) We Agree.

AZRAEL

(Stretching his six wings to the fullest extent.)

I will follow the king to his grave and guide him to the northwest crossroads where he may decide what to do with the sword.

ARIEL

(Arriving at the entrance, she turns and bows.)

I will lead the king as a cub of my pride.

(Transforms into a gigantic ethereal lion, turning the beast's head towards Azrael, breath filling the flavor of the room with honey. Without shadowing the lion steps beside the floating structure.)

AZRAEL

(He turns his back on the court, folding his wings behind him while walking toward Ariel smiling, looking back.)

Our task will not take long,

(Passing the structure that centered the entrance looking now to Ariel.)

Let us be on with it.

(Nudging his head for the lion to accompany him.)

NOTE

Azrael and Ariel exit the court walking to the unfinished bridge’s edge before flying beyond the mountains. Above The clouds, they look down to the whole disc below, with a perfect view of the site where the physical offering of Wandering Spirit will take place.

The heavenly hosts escort the structure to the bridge before Wandering Spirit drifts over the open bubbling fluid, forming a wormhole hole to the sphere of True Darkness below him as he drifts out to sea. Circled by the Voice of True Darkness’s vapor, the unfolded hypercube slid two alters down the monolith to shift below the other, continuing down the sides to form a double cross.

Wandering Spirit remained awake inside a sepulture that became his being while descending into the pit. The cross then folded again while submerging the vortex, thrashing against the vanishing and pouring a heavy splash of silver over him, fighting the disappearance. Wandering Spirit is now encased by the hypercube cell in True Darkness.

Heavenly hosts of the courts begin to undress and converse casually with one another as the portal closes. An electric storm raged through the solar winds across the mercury sea created by the magnificent portal—red, blue, and yellow fields of salts and minerals formed on the pelagic. A berg of cinnabar rising to the surface brought a great wave. The swell crumpled the crust, calming the silver splash as rivers showed through the cracking surface while the floating minerals created from the happening folded in the swells of the new tide.

JUDGE

(Ceremonially stands and raises hands to the world's ceiling with open palms, pressing them together above his head,

bringing the prayer hands down to his chest. He sighs, looking out to the rising swell from the storm beyond.)

Justice belongs to him alone.

NOTE

The Two angels disappear with a flash that runs over the sky, forming a disk of lightning from above the vanishment of Wandering Spirit. Lesser Light then closes the portal with his kazoo countering the tune of True Darkness. He then opens a personal-sized portal of light and water, exiting the realm with a bow before he performs a cannonball while plugging his nose.

JUDGE HED

All still in attendance, please listen to correcting the floor of heaven.

(Removing his wig.)

To those who inhabit the ceiling of Gaia, this issue made by Wandering Spirit’s broken castles in the sky falling through the heavens will require maintenance. May we get some of the doormen in here to try and also clean that mess up? At least make it not so obvious to frighten the meek.

This new bridge between our worlds could prove pesky, so let us enjoy the time we have left, for the future is uncertain which absolute will occur.

(in a pause of introspection, he shifts his mood.)

Woo, There is still plenty of time to party above the struggle.

Who will join the banquette at the great hall event for the ages starting tonight? Remember, this is a casual event, so the lack of balance is irrelevant to those below while we gather together.

HEAVENLY HOST 1

(Removing the silver mask with a face shrouded in the shadows removing the white hood, revealing long golden hair flowing just above the floor where it fell floated above the surface. Giggling into the hands with self-entitled prowess.)

Please limit guests from below; we are full of enough darkness in the heavens as is.

HEAVENLY HOST TWO

(undressing with black hair covering the body and face, wings spread open, sitting on the steps of the courts.)

I say yes, as I agree the darkness makes the whole vibe too heavy; please try to keep it light.

END SCENE 3

ACT 2

SCENE 4

ACT 2

THE NEW KING.

CHARACTERS

THE KING (KING’S SPIRIT.) FATHER

CHILD KING (Formerly known as the Prince.)

MARAUDER 1

MARAUDER 2

MARAUDER 3 (Narci.)

SETTING

Mist rises in the burning field beyond the wetlands, dulling the scorching from the sword. The Child King stands beyond the pour next to his father, sword holstered in hands across his waist. Crackling pockets of sweet smoke had begun to rise from the embers of the trees and fell to a low fog above the ground. In the distance were freshly cut apple trees, burning with the cracking of a mountain behind, where the sword's reach had carved a crevasse in the hands of the Child King. The boy and his horse remain unscathed; he finds some relief with the small cart and supplies completely intact behind him, and he exhales.

The dying men sounded out in moans, some thrashing and splashing about the waters; some ran with missing heads and hands and fell once more. The water's gentle force pulled on the laying men's insides down the subtle flow. Blood began to pool with two rings of red and orange from the seepage of the dead aloft under the bird's chipper tune.

The Child King slowly closed his eyes where he meditated over what had happened.

(Flashing to the past.)

He detaches from his sight to the world, closing his eyes and drawing the king's Sword of Sorrow, feeling the power and range while separating the upper portion of thirty men across the body of water. The blade of light ran a cutting wire shooting through the horde without resistance in the hands of the boy. Wherever the sword touched exploded in a tyrannical rage while the bodies twitched and swayed. The slightly angled slice ran across the men from the top half of the skull to below the shoulder level through other men’s bodies without slowing. Their arms, hands, and weapons fell, separating from themselves as the blade slipped through. The Child King shifts his stance rotating his hips; the blade runs across the shallow at his torso level, separating everything it touches as it drifts between the matter. The reach of his technique had finished. He held his stance, sword burning into the mountain, ripping away at its stone. On retraction, he accidentally decapitated his father’s wounded horse as it ran across the soundless vibrations of the blade.

The decapitated men and their weapons flew in pieces from the bodies. Airborne heads, elbows, wrists, and entire limbs lifted above the torsos while the swords splashed down with the shields, axes, and bows in halves. As the hoard’s bodies separated, they fell catch themselves on hands that no longer remained, splitting themselves apart on the mud of the banks and in the water with heads still twirling. Many spilled forward, trying to pull themselves together as they were stricken, while the legs ran beyond the body.

Carcasses in the water and on the shore began streaming intestines down the currents, vile pink tentacles in the waters, and from the soggy ground to the boy. Heads and hands bob with tops of skulls floating, boats on oranging flow toward the boy as the sword returns to the scabbard.

Three marauders stood in horror shock at the draw of the Child King, staring in awe from the extension reach; they looked behind to the crashing mountains and burning trees through the mist of the scorched field. Unable to grasp the happening, they stood hypnotized by sight, only awoken by the sting of the greasy rotgut infection exposed from the body spillage that tore and gripped their lungs as they sobered.

The blade charged in the grip of the boy’s hands as he pulled once more, burning the horizon of his sight through the first marauder. He howls as he is struck at the hip and up through his body. The blade ran out of his shoulder in an exploding tear of flesh pulverized with blood and ground bone chips, disrupting the stance of the stricken man in half. The third Marauder ducked in horror while the other stood in dismay.

The Child King flips the blade behind him to holster, tearing the ground and sky, cutting the second standing marauder from the inside of his right leg through the hip and then hand, dropping the man atop his severed leg before the blade had holstered.

The new crevasse of hollowed crag screamed out with a quake as the boulders fell behind the dying embers of the orchard, thundering, shooting clouds of grey rock dust through the air.

The Child King opens the blade from the sheath halfway to admire the glow before casually throwing it back into the holster completely. Smiling momentarily, the Child King closes his eyes to the past as the view of the present opens again. He stands calmly with his feet together, taking the

happening as it is with the sword in both hands across his body.

The Child King collects himself, then looks down at the contortion of his father and gasps, turning away quickly, holding back sobs, dropping the sword into the waters below his feet, holding his mouth closed as he bellows, face flushed while the tears filled the space of his thumbs flowing down his hands.

The horse was now content and grazing behind the carnage, unmoved, while tall grass swayed shimmers of gold behind and around the Child King when the clouds broke as if nothing had happened that day. The swaying cat tails wisped among themselves, “shhh” over the troubles of mankind.

The smoke separated into a fog sweetening the air with incense as the fires extinguished, and the floating haze of tortured rock hung like a cloud above the ground while the dust settled. The moaning of the wounded marauder and whimpers of the one hiding in the reeds became inaudible to the Child King. In resolve over the damage he caused, he prepares to focus on his father.

MAURADER 1

(Haunting the Child King, the corpse moves and talks in a double voice.)

Curse ye devil! I will destroy thee and become king! Thou art nothing to an immortal boy! This wound is my destiny, and being now is a fragment of my whole; thou hath destroyed nothing!

MAURADER 2

(Moaning, holding his wounds above the waters.) Tell me, Boy, art thou indeed the King?

(Coughing blood.)

And that be the weapon that destroyed the sky?

CHILD KING

(Closes eyes, takes a breath, cupping his mouth, he calls out.)

Father!

NOTE

The king stood three feet to the right of his body, his spirit held together before the child; looking at his son proudly, he reached out to hold him in spirit.)

KING

My Son, King of Gaia, we are of the same crystal that split. That is why you can hear me now. You are the last of the kindhearted alive who know what love is.

CHILD KING

(Sobbing with his ear under the king’s chest.)

Father, let me join you.

THE KING

I hear you, but I must go, and thou must live here for now; you must be strong without me, and you must choose for yourself for all things thereafter. You must hide safely for a time; my son, mankind, is an animal without nature;

benevolence and poise are no longer enough to sustain virtue in this life. Keep the truth of all fast tight for your way, knowing all around you hath forgotten its purpose. Stick to the forest if you can; when the forest is no longer suitable for food, thou must learn to farm.

CHILD KING

I cannot be the last if thou art with me!

Stay here, Father!

(Stamping his foot in the water, clenching his fists behind the phantom of the king standing in his embrace.)

I hate being alone!

(Wiping the newly forming tears through the wraith.)

KING

I will meet with Wandering Spirit soon, my son and King, for I, too, more quickly than I wish hath prolonged our time to its extent; I must attend to the kingdom that awaits on my departure beyond this form.

NOTE

The King's spirit held the boy for as long as his strength could keep him grounded. His ethereal body drifted towards the crack in the sky, dissipating in the wind, every part of him breaking away around his child. The King's disappearance began revealing the two dying men through his father’s fleeting ghost.

The Child King falls to his knees, the water with the blood flowing up to his waist next to his father’s corpse, head in hands bent forward with his face to the water sobbing; the

King's spirit places his left hand on the boy’s head and strokes his son’s hair for the last time.

The Child King stands, face red, snot pouring out his nose choking up his lips shake.

Now furious, he balls his fists blowing air through puffed cheeks, pressed lips, and red face. He scowls at their pitiful movements.

The split corpse begins to speak again, distracting the Child King.

MAURADER 1

(Pulls himself apart from his severed half to raise his possessed body with one arm speaking in his double voice.)

Are you just going to stare at me, or are you going to do something?

(Spits.)

CHILD KING

(Shakes head and rubs his eyes.)

What doth thou say?

(Takes a heavy breath.)

MAURADER 2

(Throws a knife at the Child King, flipping through the air; the blade falls short of glory, splashing in the red soupy river between the drifting intestines, and he snarls.)

I will bite that ankle off of yin and drink ye blood for this!

MAURADER 3/NARCI

(Unscathed, curling in the water behind the reeds in the fetal position, terrified to be seen, he hides, holding his breath, trying not to move.)

CHILD KING

(Feeling his father’s touch of the fingers from his hand disappear in the wind for the last moment.)

I understand, Father.

(Wipes a fresh tear.)

FATHER

(Whispers in the wind.)
Follow your heart and wit.

(The last to leave of his presence were the fingertips from his son’s cheek.)

NOTE

Gripping his fists, his wrist pops, and he stares at the two talking, moving by the possession of the spirits alone. The rank spillage of the possessed beings had bled all they could bleed and remained staring at the Child King as the heads floated past and the intestines reached to strangle the boy under the water. A berserker fatally wounded by the arrow once again stands and begins to rush the Child King, causing the arrow wound to overflow his mouth blood. He fell to his death again, bubbling in the water. The child king gasped as he began to reach for the sword under the water.

CHILD KING

(Picking up the Sword of Sorrow, pressing by the current under his knees.) Dare I Pull this Blade again and let the world die with you!

(Looking for his bow and arrows, he scolds the talking corpse.)

I will get you; you stay there and wait.

MAURADER 1

What will you do with your toy, shoot me like a target, eh boy?

CHILD KING

(Smiles as he scans the horizon to the ground.)

MAURADER 1

(Enraged, he splashes, unable to lift himself.)

CHILD KING

(Pacing around his horse, looking for his bow, eyeing the moving corpses.)

Child or man, I am the King here, and thou art fools! (Spits.) spilling bags of filth, look at thy self! Just die already!

(Stamping his feet in a fit.)

(Slightly opening the sword to the corpse babbling on.)

(Smiles.)

MAURADER 1

(Growls.)

Pitiful child, we are few this hoard; our masses will devour thee and grant thine immortal soul no rest, (Pointing to the sword with his dead arm.) is the claim of True Darkness.

CHILD KING

Hath anyone seen that bow of mine? It’s nice, one of a kind, in fact. It was made just for me. It is an Osage Orange bow, gold engraving with oyster inlay on the grip and sight. Black string? Silver-tipped arrows. No, nobody has seen it? I mean, ordinary fellas, who of thee could miss a bow like that?

MAURADER 2

(Dragging his mangled body through the reeds between the muck of sopping gore, organs attached, pulling from the bodies in the rising currents.)

You are a soon-to-be-dead little boy, king or not; that’s what you are.

CHILD KING

I am the King of the ground you once stood upon and fell, for all time to come, as now is forever you crawl towards my shadow, let the truth speak for itself.

(Finds his bow and arrow and excitedly exclaims.)

(He prepares an arrow, standing soaking wet in the scent of sopping leather. He raises his sigh to the torn man.)

Death will find me long after the beast and crows devour you fools, and I will walk away with them.

(He shoots Marauder 2 through the kidney, pinning his body to the ground.)

MAURADER 2

(Bubbling, struggling to keep his head above the water, he arches his back.)

Mercy!

CHILD KING

I prefer you this way.

MAURADER 1

(Coughs blood, pleading to the boy.) My King

(Vomits blood and he begins to speak in a possessed voice.)

The bounty was enough for the beast of Pine Valley; what is enough for you?

(Screams a tunnel throat scream, spitting blood, his body falls, still breathing.)

Who are you now but the king of nothing? Your father was the king of Sorrow; directly, your sorrows bind to your wandering spirit.

Darkness will devour this world.

MAURADER 2

(Throws another knife from one leg standing, falls. Panting.) Oh, dear boy, the Death that follows you will only be your shadow. (Laughs, coughing) Death cannot touch the boy's heart, everyone! Only his mind, for now, the Kingdom of dying from an orphan! This life will be your curse, boy! Plagues will follow your kingdom's path on the hollow ground you stand, and you will devour the meek as a lion.

(Spits)

THE NEW KING

I prefer you this way.

MAURADER 2

You Wretched little beast!

(Snarls as he fights from drowning, fighting to keep his head above the red waters.)

END OF ACT

NOTE

Moments prior, Ariel and Azrael had made it down to the world through the tower and noticed a flash from the drawing of the sword; they walked through the decay of the battlefield prior, through the town remains of the ghouls. A few scattered beings wonder, picking up pieces of debris from the devastation of their homes and shops in the slight distance.

END ACT 2

ACT 3

TITLE

THE NEW KING.

SCENE 1

ANGELS DESCEND

CHARACTERS

AZRAEL

ARIEL

NOTE

The crystal spire embedded in the town below the cracked sky glowing violet. Azrael and Ariel witnessed the flash from the sword as they walked among the few stragglers shaking from the destruction, walking past A cannibal ghoul chewing his severed arm. Azrael, with a rapidly forming plague, smote the ghoul. Azrael is unshaken and unmoved by the soul of the ghoulish man tearing apart over a rotting body infested with worms that began squiggling to surface his crackling blackening skin. His soul has been pulled apart from all directions, leaving the remanence of being to stay

with the corpse, and the life that once was had forgotten ever existing in the ghoul and had vanished.

Every witness fell in shock at the arrival of the angels; gasps blanketed the silence, and weeping filled the void.

The two angels chatter among one another as they walk towards the boy in the distance beyond the hills ahead, suffering the wetlands beyond. The mist and dying embers of the smoldered flames and crushed structures from the shockwave of the giant crystal remained in a yellow haze with the lofting sulfuric atmosphere that remained in the aftermath of the devastation of the ghouls by the King.

ARIEL

We made our vows, and the destruction around the crystal must be your handy work as well, was one disc not enough you had to tell all who float the waters?

(Looking to Azrael in disappointment.)

AZRAEL

Let the dead bury the dead, one disc to another. It’s all the same.

ARIEL

(Eyes widen, jaw drops.)

AZRAEL

(Pauses and postures himself in skeptic confidence of Ariel's doubt.)

I have no account for them in life but in time. I have no need to wait for their time, for their time to end by nature is mine own. And their lives are merely borrowed without knowing. They, the darkened spirits, lights in them, are merely waisted by choice of death in being, pretending to be blinded in the light they never chose but always against with the back to the light.

ARIEL

They have time and light still, and they move; they have the choice. They may at any time choose life while being. Borrowing consciousness should be enough for them to recognize that the light gives life; therefore, they should be offered time by order and claim of the First Light itself.

AZRAEL

Only the starving peasants may dine on the flesh of their own without shame, one body to the next like pigs, and they gorge themselves. I find no break in mine own vow. For if thou doeth request a hearing for the walking corpses Iain to rest, my casing stands fluid and swift over the stiff and still. The dead are walking indeed among the living, and I hath committed no transgression in returning order.

ARIEL

Lest thee claim the position of Masterma, thou shalt remain benevolent, especially on matters of cruelty to their already frail bodies.

AZRAEL

(His eyes begin to glow.)

In his place speaking to thee, I do not stand towards the sanctity of flesh, but in the soul and spirit matters, my duty of being is to return those to their rightful place. Life in me is not only death to the body; rebirth is still new unto the captured spirit that once filled a husk, tainting one's soul for it. Woe unto that soul indeed, with no woe unto mine own; they deserve less than they had before. I don’t call the shots; I merely overlook the charts.

NOTE

The two continue walking among the rubble near the outskirts of the devastation, where the ground had shown boulders of earth-turned glass among the shattered fragments of the cracked sky around the glowing craters.

ARIEL

If only one may be left alone and let be for only a moment longer to choose life, if only one chooses eternity, then by all means, slay the rest and preserve the one. One less enemy now is one less enemy of his for a brighter future.

AZRAEL

Then we agree.

ARIEL

And for the less possible allies alive, hath thou taken that into account? Thou art, not the creator, like a little brat claiming the spirit's recollection of self, returning them to being nothing before the self-became whole.

AZRAEL

Destroying the self-fermenting foolish ghouls for eternity, hath not thou considered their worth to which they came? Playing with another’s belongings as if they were your own?

ARIEL

Here you stand with only the desire to break and delete them so only you can play by divine rules.

AZRAEL

Their records will be mostly destroyed and returned to True Darkness, and any piece of their being light will have to be made entirely new without any recognition of self to become whole, regardless of your desire for them. Come next, life or light, a billion lives, back to the beginning; It's no big deal; they had no good in them and wouldn’t want to remember where all that time had to lead them anyways.

(Smiles at Ariel.)

So relax. You wouldn’t want this filth spoiling your little happy party anyways; they aren’t what you wish.

ARIEL

(Blushes angrily, tenses her fists.)

I consume the flesh and find it satisfying as they, my duty is unto them with sympathy, so spare me the burden, and let me be satisfied with the wounded.

AZRAEL

Consider this.

(Yawns and stretches, looks over to Ariel, chuckles.)

NOTE

A ghoul in the guise of a man stood in shock and stared Azrael in the Face. Azrael Kills him with his Sickle, decapitating the man instantly with grace. The man's body swayed as his head bounced off of a glass stone; it rolled into the crater, steaming the smell of burning hair and fat came from the gash in the soil, and separated blood began to spray in pulses, the body fell into the pit, and it too began to burn, glowing brighter the pit.

ARIEL

And him? Time?

AZRAEL

He stared death in the face transfixed; there is no retreat lest one diverts the gaze. Time condenses in this state of being; therefore, he died of natural causes.

ARIEL

Would you prefer to travel Aethereal?

AZRAEL

(Shrugs.)

If you insist.

NOTE

SCENE TRANSITION

Both Angels turn invisible to the world and enter a different layer of existence in one being, separate from all ten thousand things. The atmosphere is an ocean with eyes plentiful to the salt of the sea; the two move spinning eyes as spheres on the waves, both covered in the glow of warm flame.

AZRAEL

We should approach the King first in the Aethereal; let us learn his way while remaining transparent, lest we interfere too heavily and spoil the child.

ARIEL

I do not wish you to frighten the boy.

AZRAEL

Says the Lion.

ARIEL

He will adjust and make me proud and be like a lion.

AZRAEL

Our being here is about the sword and protecting free will. The boy is wandering, and just like his father was, for now, as a boy, he is helpless without us; I am not to be his Sheppard, and neither are you.

ARIEL

You have your duty, as I have mine. To protect heaven, he must be a fine king. I intend to groom him to behave as the heavenly royalty he is.

AZRAEL

He is a threat, a child of pure destruction, and only destruction will follow him until it is finished. I will do what must be done when the time comes to ensure the boy can complete his destiny however he chooses, and I have no preference.

NOTE

Ariel transforms into her angelic being in the physical world, separated by a wall from the two worlds. Naked, covering her body and face with six wings radiating a soft blue and white light, her feathers dance in the soft blowing breeze that would tickle the tip of her nose to smile had any mortal taken notice.

ARIEL

(Firmly stating.) Death, you will always follow the boy; I wish thou not lead him closer to his indifference but to his divine and proper position.

AZRAEL

I do not wish to interfere as thou hath implied. (Smiling.) The boy will know me well by my deeds, not by my face, then I

will be his adopted father for a time in the shadows, only so he may see his one and only father again; it is his destiny.

ARIEL

For now, I lead. I trust your intention enough; we shall take him into the wilderness for now; you can show him out of the valley when the time comes.

Does this please you?

NOTE

Floating, Ariel stretched her wings, exposing her heavenly body shining in a blinding light no mortal eye could penetrate, placing Azrael in a trance.

AZRAEL

(Staring.) As you wish. (Bows gracefully.)

NOTE

Ariel Transforms back into ethereal from the superposition, satisfied with Death’s answer. The two angels move through the physical from the Aethereal with clarity, without binds from time or distance held to them, allowing sight by will. They have become one with the omnipresent universe and are accepted to be present and active here and not to be actively present there simultaneously.

Arriving at the boy’s location, they look over.

END OF SCENE 2

ACT 4

SCENE 3

TITLE

FORGETTING

CHARACTERS

CHILD KING

SETTING

In the marsh overlooking the field with the burning apple trees beyond, he stood in the damp in sopping leather. The grounds were littered with thirty-eight dead men and more from the past and one fine horse. The boy stands alone and begins to gather himself and talk to his horse with his back to the carnage.

CHILD KING

Oh, dear Steed, this Sword is cursed.

(Leaning on his horse, looking at the sword in case, then wiping his soaked brow and speaking to himself.)

How I wish to be rid of this wretched sword of sorrow carried by my father, surrounding me in the will and fun memory clouded in darkness making my stomach ache.

(Patting horse on the side of his neck, investigating his proud steed.)

At least I have you, my good friend, adults and their problems, don’t these people see there are consiquences?

(Smiles.)

The world is ours until it devours us as well. Then we will ride off to meet with Father and Wandering Spirit again, with Sister, and mother and all our kingdom hath been destroyed by Martha the Cannibal revived.

(Grabbing the horse lovingly, the Child King walks around to face his friend, planting a kiss on the nose of the young stallion, staring into the eyes of the horse.)

Would you like that? To meet with our fathers again in the first light, dear friend?

This world doesn’t seem like much to live for now; if we stay, I cannot promise it will ever be. If we choose, we can Join the kingdom awaiting us and save ourselves from a life of heartache.

NOTE

(Horse shakes its head and neighs.)

CHILD KING

Well then, my beloved friend, we stay another day, and our fathers together wait a little longer.

(lets out a grievous sigh, slumping his shoulders, postures himself, clears his through, and begins the last rights of his people.)

And let us prepare the final release.

May we and the dead be his funeral attendance as

Our Father's bodies are cleansed by fire;

(Speaking under his arm.)

the others we shall leave for the crows and beasts to devour to bones.

(Returning to posture.)

Death is not sorrowful; the living suffer, and even the wicked are released from torment in the process. May we rejoice in the good these fathers brought to the world and their presence welcomed in the next.

(Lowers his head in gasping sobs. He clenches his fists.)

NOTE

The Child King turns from the serene view standing near his horse; he then turns to scream about the destruction where dead and dying litter in the wetlands, joining the bones of those who fell before them. The boy, grabbing his hair and stamping his feet in the water, loses all composure.

CHILD KING

(Raising the sword in sheath to the spread of death, the little boy roars his battle cry of victory.)

Do you hear me?! Your souls will rot in your cells' exposed meat with no voice to cry as the thieves come and strip you bare! For the crow your eyes, and may the buzzards feast on your intestines!

NOTE

Pacing in a marching stamp, he splashed. His chin held high, chest puffed, sword at his side, and pointing to the different

men with a heartbeat, blink, or breath, commanding the recently deceased and dying men to remain without rest.

CHILD KING

I will Laugh, Hahaha! As I am now, this is me smiling!

NOTE

The Child King, bending forward at the waist, arms spread wide, takes a deep breath with his nostrils,

knowing there is no way for you to enter the kingdom of Light! You will be a mere skeleton on earth before a wandering priest finds you to free your filthy souls!

I hope you are alive and suffering now in all your essence! Suffering beyond the pain of my extent!

I wish your corpse consciousness while you decay!

NOTE

Lighting struck the giant apple tree as
Azrael Transforms into the murder of crows and begins peaking at the dying and dead soldiers. Ariel, ethereal to the world, transforms shape into the Lion of God while she Devours a Marauder into a crimson explosion of blood and bone for the king to witness; iron mist sprays her structure taking shape to the world, a phantom of Devourment.

The Child King stands in shock as the vultures have joined as he had said.

The crows and Buzzards fly away at the sound of a cracking giant apple tree. All of the Marauders are silent; the sun is beginning to set. The boy unhooks his horse from the cart, turning his back to the destruction dizzily.

CHILD KING

(Sighs, collapses, faints.)

ACT 2

END OF SCENE 3

TITLE

THE STRENGTH OF LIGHT IS HEAVIER THAN LEAD.

ACT 2

SCENE 4

CHARACTERS

CHILD KING

(Formerly known as the prince.)

AZRAEL

ARIEL

SETTING TRANSITION

The child King is sleepwalking to a prehistoric, sweet-smelling, mossy quarry. Sloshing the waters calling his horse, he cautiously steps over the blood running in streams through the wetlands. Gurgling, the creek trickle falls to

splash on the stones through the forest from the mountains. The light surrendered salute of day glowing beyond the shade towards the apple orchard where the giant one had cracked a branch leaning to the ground, where the forever fruit had fallen.

The Child King prepared to depart beyond the wetland grave. His mind remains with funeral fire as he fades out of consciousness. He continues Stepping forward. The glow from the fire remained and surrounded him, lifting him like white ash as his father before him. Carried, they were separated from the structure that was their death in the benevolent blue flame, and their bodies were stolen through the sky.

In his dream state, the Child King sees Ariel, a glowing lion. He follows along the old path with his horse and cart. His legs were too heavy to carry, muscles torn each, his body lifted by his will alone. He hurts beyond pain and shock, moves forth by sub continua, separated from his awareness of what was and is happening; the body moved for him beyond suffering.

The lion's tail guides the Child King, Flickering out the shadow of the trees like a torch through the forest’s moonlight glow. Owl’s hoo, and the cricket’s song, go unnoticed by the ears. The tall grass pressed in the soft wind blowing welcome tunes with notes of flowers from the vines, but he could not smell them. The king can feel the presence of Azrael and finds relief, a breath over his shoulder lest he falls behind in darkness to awaken lost in the light. The horse, the Angel of Death, and the Lion of God remained, keeping the Child King alive and on the forward path. Only the horse's breath remains audible to all the world as if alone he enters the quarry grounds. Stumbling down, the Child King rested where he lay his head on a round mossy stone and body softly nestled atop the clover ground. Azrael set fire to juniper kindling with a cigar to ignite the holly logs.

The wraiths dance the smoke to twirl a spiral point to twinkle on the nose of the most extraordinary bear. Tarping a hidden camp sewn without a stitch for shelter, unhooking the horse to graze, instantly growing a field of grain, fruits, and vegetables for the Child King. When the angel's work was on the path, the circle for the king was sealed in the clover. The two being one of the same separate in a poof, Ariel shot to light blue above. Azrael, before the red of the rising wave called him to ascend, he turned down, both disappearing before the light of day. The Child King was healing in the glow as the Light shown exalted above the green sweetgrass clearing. The horse grazes while a rainbow from the rising mist splashes in the waterfalls beyond. Mists blew dew through the forest that watered itself daily around the sleeping Child King. By the third day, the circle of separated light had also shown in the heavens as smiling on the ground, and the boy still rests in the warmth. The fire had become embers, and soft smoke lifted from the two burnt resins untouched by the fire prepared by the two angels. The resins set opposite sides of the ring and were ignited by the light over exaltation for the Child King as he arose again in the new day.

The beasts and birds flood the area of the new king’s arrival. All abode the forest had spoken among one another about the Childs's arrival. All were aware from the center of the quarry bottom to the edges of the forest tree tops. The creatures had become curious about the Child King. In unison, they accept him as their own. All that had gazed upon the sleeping boy saw the King as the Apex of the forest. The inhabitants here all follow nature. The boy is the true king of his ground. Nor beast or bird dare disturb the sleeping giant resting in the child.

CHILD KING

(The boy awakens, props up, stretches, flops back down with his arms extended, then rubs his eyes.

He lets out a yawn.)

I must relieve myself.

NOTE

The young king jumps up naked, dropping his hide blanket; he rushes to a hardwood tree, arching his back with his head to the sky. He smiles from the chirp of the birds fluttering overhead, and he feels the love of home he lost in his heart alive.

CHILD KING

(Amazed.) This place is excellent! (Jumps for joy.) Woo wee! This place is perfect! (Shouts spinning around.) Thank you all!

NOTE

The boy examining the area runs to his camp, notices a meal is perfectly prepared, and sits, eats, and gets dressed. After reading the site, finding the fish, and seeing all the birds and beasts within eye reach, the boy begins to observe his memory of the Sword of Sorrows.

CHILD KING

I don’t need a sword for a king here,

(Shakes his head.)

Sword of Sorrows; I need my bow.

NOTE

(Quickly thinking, he remembers his tools and gets up, darting bare feet across the grass past his horse standing by the edge of the creek. To the cart, he scrambles through his father’s armor, throwing it about, looking for his bow. He finds the bow and is relieved.)

CHILD KING

(Sigh of relief and smiling proudly over his reflexes, raising his bow to the sky.)

This Bow is the symbol of this Kingdom.

(he shouts to the forest.)

Are all in agreement?

NOTE

The forest continues its bustle.

CHILD KING

Very well! The matter of the day is settled.

(lowering the bow, he begins to march in the Kingdom of the Meadows archer fashion, chest puffed, stopping to address the forest again.)

The forest and high council of Kings Quarry agreement, as with the fish, their stand, fly, nor swim any appose! The symbol of this forest Kingdom is the Bow!

NOTE

The Child returns to the cart

searching for the sword, the King digs past the bag of tusks and teeth through the cart.

CHILD KING

(Finding and addressing the sword.)

Sword of Sorrows, soon to be the sword of the quarry bottom.

(Standing atop the cart addressing the forest.)

This armor and helm will go with the sword and shall be cleansed by the waters, buried by silt to be undisturbed, and the wandering king of the meadow’s memory will rest with it.

Our kingdom need not this type of armor; our hides protect us without hiding from the spirit of truth.

NOTE

He finds the sword, dashing down to the King’s Quarry, and throws the blade into the water.

He was scurrying back up to the cart, picking up his father’s armor in a sack dragging it to the edge, and spilling the King’s armor into the quarry.

Proud of his work, the boy is happy.

He begins to explore The Kings Quarry along the Creekside with his bow.

A fish in the shallows splashed. The Child King, and thousand years of thinking in less than a blink, beat, and breath, released the arrow before the whole fish had submerged.

Eyes dilated, the boy stares; he lowers the bow and cracks a small smile looking at the floating fish the arrow had blown entirely through.

CHILD KING

(Laughing.)

May I find myself for a moment, dear fish?

(clears throat, postures self, takes a bow.)

Thank you, my fish.

In another life, I hope we are still friends.

(Smiling at the fish.)

For now, I will keep you with me in my belly!

(Rubs his tummy, smacking his lips.)

SETTING

The angels observe while the Child King runs through the prehistoric quarry and forest on the mountain's edge. With glee in the decorative antiquity of joy, the forest adorned him. In this place, where the moss covered the stone of the oasis as he explored without concern. Over the summer months, he mapped the lush forests and eleven rivers surrounding and dividing the land. Four rushing down from the crags forming lakes. Of the Lakes created from the ground, seven acidic red and yellow pools spilled into the next from falls. The pungent aroma melded severe metallic decay through the atmosphere along the perimeter of the woods. However, the Quarry at the center was crystal blue and sweet water. Near the boy’s camp was a gurgling creek fed by an artesian spring.

END SCENE 6

ACT 2

ACT 2

SCENE 7

TITLE

OVER THE GROUND.

CHARACTERS

AZRAEL

ARIEL

SETTING

Azrael and Ariel have been observing the Child King in waves covering a world and forming the ground like clay. The angels begin to separate from the omnipresent field. As rotating rings of eyes, the wrath beings are two and universal, leaving an imprint of matter in both worlds.

Now in the clouds above the forest, the two angels are as rotating rings lined with eyes, hovering in white cloud puffs through the blue sky.

AZRAEL

Satisfaction meets me.

(Smiling over the dead fish.)

You had led the Child King to a safe place Ariel, we planted the garden, and he kills with reflex alone. The sword is disposed of for now, and the quarry comes to my relief. I gladly embrace this without shame as a cue for my departure.

ARIEL

Thou mustn’t be haste. Thine relief is a faint cloak of the soft silt that falls on the sword. Do you liken this a suitable body of relief to your ability in truth?

AZRAEL

Of grace flowing, your embrace moves me with a vortex. The quarry cannot compare in heaven, nor earth, the power of your being Ariel, alone.

ARIEL

Our duty was not relief by the lake; our order was to the sword. No matter the Child King’s order, he is naked primarily and alone upon his cart in the claimed forest where he sits upon his throne an ape with ritual forever lest we two abide by the law together.

AZRAEL

The forest will eat him soon enough, or he will eat the forest. The garden would be destroyed if the desire for the sword were in him.

ARIEL

By decree of Kingdom Heaven, our duty remains. Tis the boy’s choice to light the torch alone. By order of the Heavenly Hosts standing almighty in agreement. May I remind thee I do not find True Darkness as refreshing as thou, Azrael; I see the paradox of pitch being so impatient offensive?

AZRAEL

If thou were to recover the sword, would thou have the power to wield the in the Aethereal?

ARIEL

We may not touch the sword in a way to wield, and all Heaven below will be held accountable; that means thou art will as well. To destroy the eyes would surely be immediate termination to own mine being and the being of thee. I’m surprised thou still stand for even the thought.

AZRAEL

As the bread of my relief leavens.

ARIEL

The price of your relief is impossible, and you hold it in a speck of your being.

AZRAEL

Not to me; that speck makes me possible.

ARIEL

Thou don’t mind at all, and I do not wish to be defiled with thee ever. I do not fancy my time in eternal darkness; even a speck of my being there is unsuitable Azrael. My unknowing cannot comprehend those who do, it is not of my nature at all, or I would be nothing to my whole, which means everything to the light. It feels lovely, and the kingdom is exposed, and all good is welcome, and it truly is all good, and it is where the boy belongs, and where all who choose to belong as well, the light is the good news, the life of the party in any way shape or form in goodness and truth, knowing and being love.

AZRAEL

By the time the boy has matured and died with us merely watching, Ariel will surely live long enough with that sword in the silt to know the truth of all before he chooses. Most life here is comfortable with an eternity in darkness, lest thou forget, though art visitors. We were here before the light had shown us to ourselves and made flesh. The light is merely a disruptive intrusion for those who truly belong and the artist living here. Light is shed over all things witnessed in blood, and the darkness wishes to deny thee for good.

ARIEL

I stand in disbelief.

AZRIEL

Thou doth not belong among us. This truth thou speak is the gift of light to the benevolent beings of the darkness—a forced reflection of self to project the enlightened. You of the heavens built us to self-absorb thine own righteousness. Thou art knowing and taking self through the dark by the hand of one. Into the eyes with thee speak not what thou see but what thine own wish a mystery. Though art the ones of limitation, shame, worry, and bound to death, thou art the defilers!

ARIEL

There is no shame or limitation in knowing! Only acceptance, the discovery of the creation, and evolution of all kinds, the Boy has it; I know he can do it.

AZRAEL

The nature of darkness prefers the unknowing mystery to others in self as being whole and one. Knowing all by being nothing to many is found a thrill and joy, and thine own kind a sacrifice, our beloved stranger. Thou art bound to us for the flesh thou gave brought shame with our exposure. The mystery of nakedness hath became a pleasure for thee to defile with intrusion, and though destroy our darkness and joy with scalding wrath for knowing what was to remain unseen.

ARIEL

The flesh was a gift for consciousness, not to be a sacrifice for the darkness to project virtue of the enlightened; instead, they are to rejoice in the exposure of truth by our word. We are all built together perfectly if thou know and agree

without shame. All beings of spirit and flesh are to be one of many in truth and love.

AZRAEL

With the best wishes from thine kind, in hope and faith, we come to thee and rejoice over thine offer. Instead, we prepare to defile thee in time and truly best wishes for thee to join us. We rejoice in your kindness doing nothing on the altar and thank thee for the moment, and it is truly a mockery thine deserve. Thou being here alone destroyed the safety, joy, and thrill of being unknown but to self and still a mystery with exposure by discovery. Thou vanish us as we always wished, to be unknown to thee, and our gift a mirror to you of all thou art, and we art not. For thou could never understand the pleasures lived in harmony with the warming vibrations of the unknown to all. We are proudly locked in the kingdom of darkness.

ARIEL

The light’s kiss will share even its blood with all to the final drop in truth eternally; why doth thou deny goodness!

AZRAEL

I will let you in on the weakness of the Kingdom of Heaven and why thou numbers art so low on high. Thine own kind cannot keep a secret and, therefore, cannot be trusted, making the light-hearted a lamb among wolves; truly, how could they not feast on hope and faith? Thou speak of truth? The meek of your kind pretend to be ignorant through our degrading of the light. What you say is good is an offering on the table to feast upon shamelessly. Thou art knowing your offering of faith and hope, waiting to be joined while alone

living in truth. Mine own understanding is that it is a joy to think for ones self alone and share the darkness over the light.

ARIEL

I am still patient enough to offer mercy for the defilement if thou wish to repent.

(Eyes growing.)

AZRAEL

Please don’t; I told you everything.

NOTE

Ariel transforms to the physical, her wings shining glimmers of the sun, each feather a double edge sword, the six-winged angel shimmers in the light as she prepares to battle Azrael. Azrael soon follows, entering the physical dimension with his six wings and sickle.

AZRAEL

I wish not to cut your wing rendering you a fallen among us, but thou cannot keep a secret. Knowing all things true of thine own will, and cannot be trusted, even in times of one's best interest; I understand you're being devoted to light as I am too dark. However, you are a danger to the structure of all being with your Aethereal connection to the exposure of all things we hold sacred. By your intrusion over mine own sacrament, thou art the one that bringeth shame. Know that

my intentions for the sword remain safer for all in the unknown.

ARIEL

(Her wings begin to flutter, and she postures valiantly in the sky, the tips radiating sapphire blue while the edges vibrated and hummed like a singing bowl from each blade, a harmonious tune.)

Thine master is True Darknes—Ruler of the sphere beyond the egg and the bottomless pit. Thou Azrael wisheth to cast the blade down the center to reach the bottom of the Abaddon. Thou wisheth to destroy the passage to the First Light for all!

AZRAEL

I didn’t say that; however, if combat is thine wish, we may do so physically, staying faithful in spirit to the confines of our natural limits.

NOTE

With her wings blasting tune, Ariel charges a blur toward the once hopeful Azrael, tearing the musty clouds darting back and forth in harmonious combat. To Ariel's surprise, Azrael flies towards Ariel with the sickle caught in his feet. Ariel swoops under the unexpecting angel spinning, knocking the Sickle from Azrael’s hand's mid-swing. She rotates now above his head under the curve of the swirling sickle. Twirling toes touch his hands, catching the rod's cap as she crushes the structure of the angel’s thumb and wrists.

Azrael then darts above the blade, dropping down the back side of the curve over the open hands of Ariel and, to her,

the writs and thumbs, pinning them to her chest in crossed arms.

AZRAEL

Eye for an Eye. You made your point.

ARIEL

(She bows, looking down towards the quarry.)

Verai gaudium.

AZRAEL

(vanishing his sickle with dangling hands clapping together)

Now that thou seemeth satisfied, May we return to the never-ending gladium in my side,

SCENE TRANSITION NOTE

With six wings and broken hands flying over the crevasse and the giant cracked apple tree, where in the orange sky the blossom scented the grove with hints of future fruits, beyond the red rivers and pools through the pines to the quarry taking their time conversing casually.

ARIEL

The Wild boy who caused this damage needs to be King by decree of heaven.

AZRAEL

Once guided by a sorrowful father and wandering spirit, he is now separate from sorrows, and the Child King enjoys his throne now.

SCENE TRANSITION NOTE

The angels swoop over the sleeping child king and dive together into the quarry. To the depths where the silt swayed, they recovered the Sword of the King, placing the luminous golden weapon next to the boy while he slept, leaning against his cart. The two vanish into the Aethereal world.

END SCENE 7

ACT 2

ACT 2

SCENE 8

TITLE

THE SWORD RETURNS.

CHARACTERS

THE CHILD KING
AZRAEL
ARIEL

SETTING

The boy lay fast asleep under the warm light of day upon the soft cloven ground. The Summer's end had already passed outside the forest sanctuary, where he cozily rolled to his side and smiled while his coos floated through the trees to the quarry's grandest fall. He yawns and stretches, blinking. He rubs his eyes, and he sits up. Smacking his lips, he eyes the sword and becomes puzzled. Scratching his head, questioning if he had dropped the blade in the quarry, finding satisfaction in self-doubt, and shrugging off the phenomena, he begins his day without a care. The horse remains in the clearing, always within sight of the Child King.

Darting up, he runs to his tree to relieve himself. He then hurries down to the quarry to check his fish trap. The Child King, smiling over his bounty, picks a plump fish from the pool he had created and bows to his bow. He placed the bow and arrows near the creek as a shrine humbly decorated with flowers, fruit, and seeds to signify peace to the beast and bird.

He sees runs to the edge where he had dropped the sword and armor, seeing the gold shimmering from his father's armor resting in the quarry bottom.

He stands in shock, dropping the live fish to flop on the bank into the water.

The boy turns white and shakes as his eyes widen and pupils dilate. The hair on his arms begins to rise as he lowers his gaze, remembering and accepting the truth he had indeed dropped the sword in the quarry; he rushes back to the camp,

A murder of crows flies out of the trees over the boy's head. Blacking out the sky for a moment, then flashing and fluttering light is thrown from the birds' wings as they blot

out the Sun. Between flickering flashing and darkness, the view of the sword leaning on the cart near the forest shrine remains visible.

The crows dissipate, and the forest turns again to its peaceful state; the Child king rushes towards the standing sword before he studders his approach as he nears.

THE CHILD KING

(placing his hands upon his hips while addressing the sword sternly.)

What are you doing here?

(Pause, marches towards the sword, and points.)

Instead, how are you here?

Why are you here? I would rather not know!

(Stamps his foot looking around the forest.)

What creature of the shadows hath desecrated my efforts and wishes for this sword forgotten?

(Reluctantly picking up the sword.)

NOTE
The Child King paces back and forth momentarily with the sword in hand, slightly pulling the blade from the sheath, gazing into its bright beam.

THE CHILD KING

(Talking to the sword, taking his position as king over the blade.)

You are no longer the kingdom's symbol and never were here, a guest at the most.

(Hands behind his back folded, he walks around the sword in question.)

Times have changed; I hath grown quite a discomfort with thee in my company. However, I have a kingdom for you, where only the bravest of beasts dare go; I shall take you there, and you will be King of the Swords Crevasse. You did create it on your own; perhaps that was your intention. Alas, we shall bring you home to rest at last.

(Whistles a tune.)

NOTE

A giant bull elk rushes into the camp and bugles back. As the horse casually comes to the call of the Child King in the wild.

THE CHILD KING

(Jumps back, surprised, whistles for his horse with high volume. Maintaining composure, looking towards his steed, casually approaching.)

NOTE

The bull elk approaches the boy with confidence and pride.

The Child King smiles and pats the elk on the head while the elk bows to the king.

CHILD KING

(Softly to the elk and his horse, throwing the sword in the back of the cart.)

Keep an eye on the forest, friend. I will be gone shortly, for I must claim a throne for an old ally.

(Looking to his steed, climbing on his cart.)

Let's go!

NOTE

The Child King, horse, and cart began their short journey back through the forest to where the Sword of the King had carved a crevasse into the mountains.

AZRAEL

(Addressing Ariel) You are on your own with this one.

ARIEL

I don’t mind at all.

END OF SCENE 8

ACT 2

SCENE 9

TITLE

LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

CHARACTERS

ARIEL

THE CHILD KING

GOLEM

CREEPERS

HORSE

SETTING

Atop his steed, the Child King traveled to the mountains facing out beyond the forest interior, where the apple orchard had begun to drop fruit as they passed between the stone and the orchard in the sugary breakdown. The swirling leaves swayed from green to red to brown, crackling and breaking apart in the wind while the falling apples rapidly ripened behind him. The boy’s cheeks felt chilled in the gust that blew out of the pit carved by the king's sword during the wetlands struggle, making them rosy; he placed his hands in his pockets. He gazes across the horizon’s first light’s pink sky, beyond where the murder of his father took place, and to the giant crystal spire.

A shadow was cast from the gem to the nearing cave, drawing a line across the land. The crystal blocked the lens from being shown; a density more prominent than the body of the rising disc, light shined only beyond the silhouette of the stone.

NOTE

Like a monkey, he jumps backward from the horse into the cart with his hands, pushing off the saddle. He lands on his feet and rolls backward, grabbing the sword before he flips to the ground. Proud of himself, he cracks open the scabbard slightly to glimpse at the pure white glow from the blade; he faintly smiles.

The child turns and stares at the darkness thick as a wall before him, a consuming thick he cannot see into or beyond. Standing in the light outside the shadow of the crystal, he sighs; ambling, he approaches his horse, hugging his neck. He whimpers, wipes his tears, inhales, closes his eyes, and breathes. The Child King proceeds inside the wall of pitch dark, leaving the world behind.

SETTING

In the darkness of the crystal’s shadow,

he ventures into the crevasse, deep into depths of black, unknown to light beyond that of the sword, now held cracked in his hands' softly glowing. He journeyed the damp with the dim of the blade’s light through the thickening, only able to see his feet, unable to find a wall, for the stone blackened with soot, and the floor rejected all shadow. The sword became his eyes as he closed his own until he reached a red pin dot that shone through the keyhole under his eyelids. Placing the sword between his knees, he exhaled the last of his breath before entering the straight and narrow path. Squeezing between the rough and powdered walls with empty lungs. The child scrapes forth, the soft stone falling to his feet. Pulling, he continued for space enough to catch his breath, only to exhale again as he traveled the unknown distance of the tunnel.

The Child King squeezed on where the keyhole under the mountain was glowing red from the room beyond, illuminating his struggling walls. Straining, the boy tries to

gaze through the crimson haze into the grand room and now finds himself stuck at his chest and head, the walls folding and pinching his ears; he viced his eyes shut to redirect his tormenting pain as sweat begins to bead his brow. Dust tingled his face as he neared the end, itching his nose; he could not sneeze.

Reaching for any stone that would take his hand, the Child King’s fingertips scraped to his shiny bones as he pulled without room for sobs; little by little, the trying for breath softly crumbled the walls keeping him still. With a feathered touch from all his might, he pulled through the stinging of his tender hands; he could not wince after. His skull held bound between the walls, pulled at his soft skin where he dragged his head and body upwards: ears ringing, eyes now staring to the light at the end of the tunnel.

The Child King’s feet were dangling above the floor with the sword held between his knees, where he began thrashing his legs. His hands were desperately carving into the boundaries of his confinement; granules fell from the walls as he scraped in a grip to hold; the boy pulled himself further in hopes of breathing, straining every millimeter of his being. His pain softens as the last layer of skin from his palms becomes one of the confines of his capturer and no longer his own.

Gripping the last bit of revived strength in his tiny frame, the child pulls himself out of panic and throws himself into the 160ft chamber atop the sandy floor, where he collapses, cradling the sword. Reaching out, stretching to his limits, he finds the walls of the room’s entrance with his hands. He was gasping and gulping his breath, to coughing on all fours. Mucus poured from his nose and mouth, his eyes swollen from the dust; he now feels the tenderness of his hands and thrashes on the floor from side to side, alone in the illuminated dust.

The Child King returns to his feet, sword in hand, posturing himself with dignity as he wipes the dust from his chest and knees. The boy began looking through the dome on the second and third tiers that held 156 of the everlasting sculptures from an unknown past that stood above faded portraits on ground level dusted in soot.

Noticing the floor had been built over a dried lake bed. The Child King walked to the center, where a crack below was glowing brightest, illuminating the lifelike statues surrounding him from above. The floor was half covered in soot nearest the entrance, where it had blown through from the burning blade. The white sand underneath showed the child's footsteps dragging the sword's trail to the center of the bowled floor, nearing the light.

THE CHILD KING

(trying to look down through the rising mist to no avail, he turns to the sword standing upright, hugging the weapon across his chest. Proceeding with earnestness, he speaks to the sword.)

Here is thine throne room and kingdom now.

(Takes a deep breath while looking around the room before returning his eyes to the sword he cradles.)

A friend of my father, thou art the bane of memories, too harsh for thine own eyes to gaze upon day by day.

(sniffling, he coughs before resuming composure and extends his arms, holding the sword across his wrists over the depth.)

May ye rule well in silence for thine own sake, and wish to remember thee, beloved Wandering Spirit, my dear friend and ally.

(Tears begin to fall as he cradles the sword In his elbows to wipe them, he kisses the gem of the guard and whispers to the grip.)

I have to go back to the forest now.

(his sobs splash the pommel as he holds the sword tightly to his cheek.)

Goodbye.

(in a sigh, the Child King extends his arms as the sword rolls down, falling now through the pit below.)

NOTE

The Sword of Sorrow was falling past the elevators and labyrinth city unknown to the Child King. He turned to face the entrance from which he came, following his footsteps in the sand. The Child King Removed his shirt, now standing on the cloth, holding a firm grip in his mouth, tearing the sleeves with his teeth and wrapping the cloth around his hands. He sees a spec of light at the end of the tunnel for the shadow of the crystal moved.

The mountain began to rumble as the sword hit the structure's support beams below, tumbling as it fell. Terrible screams echoed from a ravenous population beyond the circle below his feet—the tide of the golem, awoken by the disturbance from the metallic crashing, arose when the sword hit its final descent. The Child King rushes behind a pillar from the stones of the quaking structure.

The golem digs through the crack, clawing and biting at the stone and breaking themselves and another, forcing themselves through the small space together. The room becomes pitch black for the golems smashing upwards were

so plentiful they blocked all the caves glow from the labyrinth below.

The Child King holds his ground behind the pillar with a stone in hand.

Ariel approaches as a lion behind the Child king glowing through the keyhole in the darkness. The child king bends down, hiding behind a fallen painting, and finds a stone from the ceiling on the sand; he hesitates to throw it at the approaching beast; instead, he bows to the Lion.

Ariel strolls past the child king from the Keyhole. Picking up speed to a trot, she rushed to the cracked floor below the dome’s center, where the hoard of countless golem piled, smashing below the room's floor in the tidal rage piling up the pit to the surface. Ariel dives in, carving a hole in carnage through the squeal of the flailing creatures. She began spinning her body to an Angelic drill of bladed wings. In the muffled snap of crackling bones, engulfed by the warmth of falling flesh, her body twisted through the wet squishy darkness of the hoard below.

Hungered, she turns lion, letting her claws extend to run atop the masses of golem and creeper alike, tearing at their heads in her grip against the tide while she looks for the sword among the swarm. The golem died standing, pressed against one another in the raining sprays of carnage as the lion charged into the city depths. The golem pulled themselves atop the pile of the dead and helpless jumping up to reach the slick surface of the room, slipping on the blood; they flipped and tumbled, bouncing off the bodies to smack the ground below. The city crawled with the beings called to rage in a second swell from the sounding alarm, and the creepers began climbing up the walls in higher levels of the labyrinth city.

The golem swarm reached the surface from behind the statues looking down, hissing, surrounding the frightened

boy from all tiers in the dimming flickers of the red glow from the pit below. The Child King began stepping backward slowly to the wall, feeling out with his hands for the keyhole. Finding the entrance, he turns his back from the roar of the coliseum, where the dome’s ceiling was crawling with creepers. Clenching his teeth through the rising stench of ammonia, the Child King enters again through the keyhole to the cavern.

This time the Child King scurries the tunnel with ease towards the light illuminating the cavern beyond. Screeching filled the chamber behind him from the beings smashing themselves against the wall, sealing the entrance to the chamber. Reaching hands fell to the floor in the opening of the keyhole, while arms tore from torsos as quickly as they were stomped to sludge in the swell; the golem’s spilling bodies began painting the floor, pouring out from the horror tide rushing towards the fleeing child.

The brightening cavern neared as the world outside began to illuminate beyond him as he pressed on in the keyhole. The black blood of the creatures raced at his heels, splashing his little legs; spray misted the walls behind him as he squeezed through, popping out into the cavern where shimmering dark crystals surrounded the Child King. He crab walks back to his feet, eyes wide at the explosive propulsion of ejected mutilation spewing into the cavern as the living sift and crawl through the disaster, scraping the dead from their mouths to hiss at the boy catching his breath.

Removing the sleeve from his hand, he tears a strip, tying a loop to one end and a knot to the other, placing the loop around his middle finger, and gripping the knot between his thumb and index.

The Golem and creeper's throats rattling echoed after him, engulfing the thick air as the bodies tore apart against the stone where they crawled through. The boy finds a fragment gem on the floor and places it inside the cloth's centerfold;

he spins the stone behind his back while kicking more gems into a pile. A boulder had fallen and crushed an ancient crystal to bits during the quake; with his ammunition, he found shelter in the light behind the stone.

The Child King’s sling snaps the air over the screaming, thumping the first crystal into the first face of a snarling golem, shooting shards of his canyoned skull to the walls behind him, falling lifeless. The Child King grins in relief at the moaning despair worth of crystal shards at his feet as he slaps them into the heads that caved in from the climbing creepers. Their bodies thrashed to the ground before they screeched and stiffened, scattering the room with their steaming and naked corpses.

Entering, the golem exhaustedly moans, crawling over the elongated mound of the dead. The Child King claims another through the Keyhole, punching the crystal thrown through the standing golem’s chest, who had been wiping his eyes while entering the cavern beyond the rising sludge. The dwellers below the mountain were falling to either side of the entrance. The creature following the keyhole behind the battle dug through the tunnel filling it with the paste of smashed bodies and filth spilling to the cavern floor ahead as they pressed on.

They crawled over the rising mounds, often slipping to the bottom of the blackened mud; they screeched in frustration while being stomped down by the next to enter. The relentless boy held his ground, killing each shown in the cavern. The rising golem slowed by the suction of the gore holding their legs down while stomping through the fallen, trying to keep balance. Those that summited the pile tumbled before the Child King. They dug the mess of the cavern up to their knees as the boy picked them off individually with his sling, where the growing mounds covered the sight of the overfilled keyhole.

The Child King grieved to throw each stone from his bare and torn left hand; as the blood began to soak his sling, he winced each release to a smile until a pile of Golem lay before him, and he kicked more crystals his way, ignoring the pain, finding relief to his torment with each fallen threat by his hand.

Ariel's violence pierced in the distance; a dull roar muffled through the gelatinous plugged keyhole as she huffed nearer the chamber entrance, holding the sword in her mouth that had remained undisturbed unnoticed in the tide of rage. Her claws gripped the backs of the tormented golem, loosening their grip, tearing away the flesh and scraping the bone as she dug in, propelling herself up the mountain of bodies. The golem fell surprised, reaching for their arching and contorted spines before hitting the surface to rest.

Her snarl warmed the dome as the light again showed brightly after the destruction of the second wave. Ariel climbs the press of bodies to the crack's height, through the filled keyhole, and over the mound towards the Child King. The thinning numbers raise the Child King’s spirits as he hits Ariel with a soaring jewel in the nose, causing The Lion of God to drop the Sword of Sorrow down the hill, flipping to the foot of the King. Ariel roared atop the mound, eyes blazing and fixated on the boy.

The Child King steps backward until the lion’s eyes held to the silhouetted beast sitting on the pile of the golem in the rising steam vanished. The Lion of God remains in the cavern with the Sword as the child returns to daylight. Reunited with his steed, he mounts off to Kings Quarry.

END ACT 2

END SCENE 9

ACT 3

TITLE

A WILD KING

SCENE 1

TRANSITIONING SETTINGS, 1 YEAR MONTAGUE

CHARACTERS

CHILD KING

ARIEL

AZRAEL

THE HERMIT

WANDERING SPIRIT

MAURADERS (From the Ivory Kingdom.)

NARCI

WITCH QUEEN

KING

COUNSEL (cloaked at a round table.)

CROWD OF CIVILIANS (around Narci’s telling.)

KNIGHTS,

JARNO,

THORN

(In crowd during the memorial.)

SETTING

Ariel follows the Child King with the Sword of Sorrow in her lion’s mouth. The Lion of God places the sword against a tree across the battered, exhausted, sleeping child. Azrael adjusts the sword's angle with his foot, where the light of day hits the pommel, striking the gem glistening a beam between the Child King’s eyes. The sword’s patina was now black and orange, stained with the blood of an underground metropolis. The gem was washed from the encasing blood in Lion's mouth and shone brightly into the boy's head, and he began to heal rapidly.

The Child King awakens, momentarily blinded by the shining gem holding his reflection. Rubbing his eyes, he notices the Sword of Sorrow from the comfort of his sanctuary, and his eyes widen while the body stiffens.

The Child King turned pale, terrified, petrified, steadily staring at the Sword he abandoned in the crevasse.

The boy’s tears build up and fall between clenched fists with his arms resting on his knees. He sits silently throughout the day, face red, lips pinched, staring at the leaning sword.

Unable to sleep the night, aching the urge to move, he urinates where he sits; the steam settles, leaving him shivering without fire; he whimpers alone in the forest, leaning against the wheel of the cart crossing and rubbing his arms facing the sword.

Flashes from the depths under the mountain surface

sounds of Golem moans and creeper cries in the wind-swept trees, smashing another against the rocks to a pulp in the roar of the falls, raging waters turned to gurgling whelps of

the fallen in the streams shallow over the pebbles. Twig snaps of piercing screeches throughout the swelling charge, brought to life by the intermittent gusts that moved the claws of the reaching clouds.

With every creak of the forest, he found an enemy’s taunt haunting him as the leaves snickered in the rustle, every fear a chain clasped the boy with all that moved. He flashed pale, petrified; he began sweating, unable to fight or retreat because the danger was beyond reach, and there was no relief to find him; the animals of the forest tried to remain still so as not to disturb the frightened child.

Picking up his nerve under the puffed white and twinkling glow of blue, the Child King runs to the creek to relieve himself. He notices the overwhelming amount of blood painted and cracking over his dirty skin in the reflection; the boy then rushes to the dam's edge and drives through the chilling night breeze—into the reservoir’s dark and squeezing depths, touching the golden glove of his father, the King.

The Boy held the glove to his chest as he rotated in a ball under the water before pushing off the silted floor, thrusting his slender body up as he kicked to bob on the surface. The boy faced the sky, floating on his back, spitting water, his body covered in goosebumps as he shivered with blue lips, holding the glove up to observe in the softest light as it drained water over the Child King’s face from the finger creases. The boy wipes his face, spitting water again; he laughs, kissing the glove; the boy places the palm to his cheek and twirls the surface center before attaching the armament to his little left hand.

Through the autumn’s entrance to the forest, the Child King dove into the depth of the quarry’s reservoir and recovered the armor of his father piece by piece, climbing the stone face by holding the metal in his teeth and tying the larger pieces to his back. He then returned the armaments to a primitive throne he made for his father in the forest of Arcas.

He was placing the armor together as his father would appear, sitting proudly, overlooking the steps of the dam. The Sword of Sorrow now lays at the altar to the feet of the armor.

The Child King unravels the shining instrument where flies once gathered around the neglected Sword of Sorrow, and larvae had feasted on the decaying flesh in the creases under the blanket. The sword was now polished and placed in the king's left hand, tip to the stone. Azrael and Ariel observe and are pleased with the sword's position and the child’s progress, and they float the aetherial in harmony.

The armor sits gleaming, bright gold with silver lattice, unique to the Kingdom of the Meadows. Glisten by the morning’s hazy rays that cut between the yellow of the hardwoods, illuminating the precious gem in the thirteen circles that adorn the silver inlaid Metatron cube upon his chest plate. Proud, as if the King were wearing the armor himself, alive and well, ruling over a quarry in the forest, his eternal garden.

A year had passed, and the Child King, now eleven, was one with nature as he ran wild in the forest with all provided for by the angels. A friend to the animals and seasons, knowing them well because the boy was a dutiful king. He guarded the pups and lupa as she nursed twins while the pack hunted in the spring. Summer, the Child King, greets a herd of elk on their journey down into the wilderness boundaries of Arcas from the northern alpine tundra. The boy, giggling, shared his fishing hole with the bear, happily fattening them to slumber come snowfall. He then shared the berries and seeds of the sacred garden with the deer and birds through the winter.

As the Child King expanded his place in the forest, so did the rumors and news of his whereabouts. A hermit in his early thirties had been living on the other side of the mountains facing east. Following a flash of the angels in the night sky

across the range's spine, his eagle Adler circled above the smoke rising from the drying fish in the Child King’s camp.

A survivor from the king's assassination in the year past, Narci, had told the village his horrors of watching comrades fall to their valiant deaths and his bravery in battle beside them. The bloated flesh had torn away in the flow where the skeletons dug into the pebbles under the stones.

The Ivory Kingdom memorialized the unholy ground from which their loss felt great in the wetlands from the words of Narci. The bones revealed themselves in the wash as sticks feeding a river of blue flame—bones of warriors past clinked with the new, validating Narci’s accounts of grandeur to the public. Gaining favor with the hierarchy of the Ivory kingdom behind closed doors in the dungeon that remained skeptical of his statement, to them, he told another story: he, too, was the courageous hero who had successfully killed the King himself after slaying his son.

NARCI

(howling in darkened torture.)

The king held the prince with a blade across the throat as we surrounded him, keeping his back to a cart, refusing to surrender into our pleading custody. Wandering Spirit killed the other men as we charged the king.

(he began shivering in the stone cold.)

I attempted to stop the murderer; I alone remained, shooting the king in the chest only a moment too late to save the boy.

(Coughing.)

I killed the king! I Killed the King; the King killed the Prince! The king destroyed the kingdom! I did my job!

(cries out.)

Why won't you listen to me!?

NOTE

Chains collapsed in the dark as his body fell to the floor. A door cracks, and the steps of two women and two men near Narci; they drug his body by the chains, sealing the door behind them. One remained in the pitch, with only the lightness of her footsteps, slowly tapping the wood of her shoes on the concrete; her humming sent echoing chills to the surrounding stone, warning of the bite behind her sealed lips.

Cooling the mist to frost on her breath, she exhales snowflakes before the season, falling in front of her step that never slips while she walks over the unseen ground where she lives most.

END SCENE 1

ACT 3

ACT 3

SCENE 2

SCENE 2

TITLE

THE HERMIT

CHARACTERS

THE HERMIT

AZRAEL

ARIEL

ADLER

SETTING

In an established and primitive cavern home on a cliff below the snowline at the great peak of Callisto, The Hermit, a mystic pan with great rams horns, lives only with his harpy eagle Adler, double in size to the largest of his kind. The Pan cherished his stock of mead-filled barrels made of enlightening honey found where a field of flowers meets the hardwood hollow of the range. The cavern warmed with the remanence of his journey, which held softness in a mine of the green gem.

At the altar, herbal smoke twirled in his horns from the puffing pipe, his rectangular pupils fixated on the charred tortuous shell. The Pan poured a splash of his mead into the bowl, hissing a serpent's call; the steam arose over the fire from fifty pieces of the lit yarrow. He was stamping his silver-hooved shoes against the stone where the table sat as the shell had cracked. With gloved hands, he swirls the last bubbling of mead, cleaning the ash from the cracks as he removes the oracle from the dying embers, eyes fixated on the shell, walking towards the cliff's edge.

THE HERMIT

(Examining the cracks in the shell.)

Between the word and awakened mind, the wind still whispers without the trees or tide; the truth is still, unmoving and divine. Fire below, mountains rise.

(He smiles and places his hand over the lines in the shell that formed hexagram twenty-two of the I Ching.)

I will help the bah-be boy then.

(Looking up to the sky where he had witnessed the angels, then back down to the shell. Feeling the hexagram lines with his palm as the sweat steamed off the shell around his hand.)

Grace to feet in the darkened world, he is without blame in conflict; the child is in no position for action. The boy holds the key to the heavens. Beyond his adversary’s reach, there is no worthy ornament at the pinnacle of radiance.

NOTE

ADLER

Rising before The Hermit, he drops a fish onto the ledge near the cavern entrance, catching a draft that floats him inside onto his perch, landing he notes a whistle blow.)

THE HERMIT

(Smiles, throws a piece of dried tortoise meat from his pouch to the eagle.)

Enjoy, good friend, and thank you. You know how I am about meeting new people; I couldn’t have got this fish in time without you.

(Tossing the eagle more of the tortuous meat.)

ADLER

(Eats meat ignoring The Hermit and gasping fish.)

THE HERMIT

(Reaching down and grabbing the fish, he stared into her right eye to all the waters in the quarry, where he saw the once-resting sword in the deep with the armor of the King, he turned to the eagle and smiled.)

That is fantastic news of the gracious king sharing his hunting ground with us. Did you make sure to catch A fish for the King as well?

ADLER

(rising and nodding his head to swallow.)

THE HERMIT

This year’s shortest days will be exceptionally harsh thereafter the first frost. The howling tones leave a silence thereafter, a storm that can quickly drive the most hardened warrior’s spirits and hermits alike to madness. As for a child, one may also become feral. (He Pauses.) Even without hunger, eating at one’s higher thinking from the aching stomach that drives all thoughts. I fear the boy may not survive if he is alone with only the bear and beast to keep him company.

ADLER

(Adler hops the ground toward The Hermit.)

NOTE

The hermit walked with the fish to the shell, where he then lifted a ceremonial jeweled dagger from his belt and held it above the fish for a moment, taking one last stare into the eye before cutting open the underbelly, then raising roe to the sky. The hermit scrapes the guts and spine off the cliff's edge, nearly removing the head; he places the beating heart on the stone.

He then cracked the fish and drained the blood that sizzled in the heated shell before placing the fish beside him. Picking up the beating heart, he drops and sears in the bowl, slowing to still as the muscle dehydrates, sprinkling atop his sparking herbs flashing in the pan of the tortuous.

THE HERMIT

(Fixated on the happenings in the shell, he tosses more tortuous meat from his pouch to the well-contented eagle. Returning to the shell, he places his palms together with his fingers extended and thumbs down.)

I wish to offer the king guidance and shelter beyond the mountains with the giants through the winter. Oh, mighty Azrael, Angel of Death, Oh Beloved Ariel, Lion of God, I bare witness to thee; accept this offering, the living fruit of the mountain streams where I was the first to abode and held no claim of my own. May this be worthy, a heart of a fish, eyes of the rivers, our gift from your majesty?

ARIEL

(Her voice sounded from the cave.)

Your sacrifice is worthy, Hermit, your time alone in the mountains has served you well, and your heart is light. Therefore thou service to the King will be worthy.

AZRAEL

(In light-hearted confidence, the well-dressed six-winged angel spoke with a restrained smile back to the cliff's edge with open arms.)

Do not be afraid, and drink to our arrival; this is a time for fellowship among angels and mankind.

NOTE

Azriel was leaning against an accending rock face at the edge, where the wind violently swirled around him. The offering was accepted and blown to the ground below, shattering on the stone wash-out littered with 10,000 silver coins.

AZRAEL

(He gestured towards a dusty mead barrel, separated and smaller than the rest, sitting alone in the shadows of the cavern.)

Ah, yes, brewed from the honeyed nectar of the teacher's flowers.

(Smiling.)

He who lives and drinks alone is a dear friend of mine. May you find peace in our company and join us on this trip; there is much to show you, and no need to pack your belongings today; we will have you covered.

(Looking to the cave to see a glimpse of Ariel.)

ARIEL

(Appears as a lion at the entrance before silently transforming into her six-winged figure, covering her naked body in the whole of light. Softly hovering above the ground, her middle toenail, with a feather touch, brushes the rock below her as she moves forward.

I read your tablet back there.

THE HERMIT

It’s not finished.

(Turning towards the angel.)

ADLOR

(Attentive to his tortuous meat, he looks up to the angel and then to The Hermit.)

THE HERMIT

Oh, dear Adler, we mustn’t insult our guests.

(turning towards Ariel.)

I could hover, too, if I could ever find balance in my shoes in the air; I feel top heavy is all.

AZRAEL

(Annoyed.)

What saith the bird’s eye in the Pan?

THE HERMIT

The fish spoke of the sword and armor resting deep on the quarry's bottom.

ARIEL

And of the eagle itself?

THE HERMIT

(Heading inside to grab drinking horns and the tiny barrel of suggest meed in the cave.)

He is a mere bird, warning of my terrible flying ability, making jokes in front of our visitors. However, I wish to toast your arrival and witness the prophecy to the returning kingdom of First Light’s rule.

ARIEL

You speak with Spirits, and of wit, as if they share the same language in your scribble. Drink Hermit. Drink the mead that hosts the teacher's flowers with us now.

THE HERMIT

(Pours the mead into three separate horns.)

Into the remains from the heads of mine enemies, I spilled for thee.

(The three horns held in Iron overflowed.)

AZRAEL

Now is not a time for etiquette but revelation; the crystal tower grows as you cling to your wits from the past. Find your folly and be the fool; drink not to “skol” but of the barrel.

ARIEL

Swim with us in the milky sea through the eyes of a leviathan.

THE HERMIT

(Looking at the cask of mead brewed with the honey from the pollen of the Teacher Flowers in his hands, still full.)

May the spirits keep me.

(Bows to the angels and drinks the entire container.)

NOTE

(Setting transition.)

Adlor flies away towards the camp of the Child King as Azrael transforms into a murder of crows and begins to swirl around the Hermit. Showing him the visions of the past, the Child King’s birth and father's death, and the sky cracking from the Sword of Sorrow, awakening the interest in Gaia from beings of other worlds. Ariel sparks against the torrent of crow from her shelling wings, holding the sphere with visions

of war, demons, and angels, advanced technology, worshiped and accompanied by beings from many unidentifiable realms and periods, fighting for and over this primitive, by comparison, world.

The Hermit falls still, cradled by the angels, staring at the fractals of the universe, tying himself in the web of his existence for all time. Ariel devours the entirety of the crows as the Lion of God, consuming The Hermit in Azrael's Vortex through space of the heavens, worlds, and habited planets that felt neighborly close. Entire species evolve to develop civilizations. He also watched them all fall and rise over and over. He now had witnessed all of life's secrets. All-knowing, in essence, had been bestowed on The Hermit. His left eye began to burn from his skull. He held his eyes open as long as he could, and now his being illuminated to the core. The crows remained surrounding the man staring into the well of the universe within the belly of the beast.

He journeyed to the beginning of beginnings, the end of ends. Twenty thousand years go by to The Hermit's future, another twenty thousand into the past, and two million years go by to the universe from his position between the Well of Creation to the most profound depth. The crows suspend the hermit in the center of a torus field. Lightning and radiation blast away information of eons to the hermit suspended in the fractals of the universe. Twenty hours go by on the mountain top. Then vomited up by the giant lion, cradled by the murder of crows from any harm to have him in the physical world, he awakens. Glowing, light shoots out of the cavity where The Hermit's right eye previously resided.

He stood on the cliff, his right arm across his chest, covering his left eye socket with his palm, bowing towards the transforming translucent angels in a trance. His right eye begins glowing blue as his body holds in the light, a soft pure white halo around his silhouette. He once again collapses.

As he awakens, the angels vanish, and the Hermit notices the ashes on the altar, and the bowl now has a burnt blood patina Adlor is nowhere to be found; he scans his surroundings with his right eye, noticing the empty container of mead that held the teacher’s flowers. Pulling himself up to his knees, he vomits a miniature universe swirling as it radiates on the stone. Scoop in his throw-up, the Hermit placed it in a golden bowl. Looking in, he wept.

The outside universe and the universe inside of him shattered the two together, and in an instant, he had aged twenty years. His head pounding, he stumbles and dives into the subterranean lake, surrounded by emeralds deep in the cave.

END SCENE 3

ACT 3

ACT 3

SCENE 4

THE CHILD KING AND THE EAGLE

SETTING

At Kings Quarry, cleaning fresh fish in the mid-day glow by the trickle, the child king notices Adlor, a Harpy eagle, circling the camp.

THE CHILD KING

(Yells to the sky.)

My bounty is plenty enough to share!

Fancy me with your company! Would thou have a meal with the King? Flying friend, there is much more than the last, much bigger fish indeed!

ADLOR

(Continues to circle the quarry.)

THE CHILD KING

Don’t be shy, my dear bird, all is safe in the Kings Quarry, and we would love your company.

NOTE

The eagle swoops down, and flies over to the shore bank near the Child King, landing he bows, the hops to the boy.)

THE CHILD KING

(Clapping and smiling to the eagle as he places a fish in the pouch.)

I am preparing a feast to honor the King of the Meadow today; I am glad you could join our banquette in the garden and of the dried goods for all the animals (Pointing to a primitive table with water and fish, berries, and sweet potatoes.) The meal should be suitable for a guest, and I presume something must suit your fancy. Sit with us in the Great Hall.

NOTE

The Child King walks with the eagle toward the camp along his path, where the birds, blackberry, and bear are plentiful.

CHILD KING

Today I am to be knighted; let us return where the King awaits patiently.

ADLOR

(Postured proudly and attentive, he hops along with the Child King toward the camp.)

CHILD KING

So, dear friend, where art thou from? I would guess somewhere warm and with plenty of food by the looks of you, your huge! You’re bigger than I am! You must eat dear or goats or something.

(Thinking to himself on how to properly feed the eagle.)

NOTE

The eagle hops along, following behind the Child King on the narrowing trail nearing the camp.

CHILD KING

In my old kingdom, we had a group of falconers, I was set to go to the school of Hawks, but life had other plans.

(pauses to collect his lifted spirit again.)

The King of the Meadow and I had been on an incredible hunt before.

Everything changed. However, all is well now that you have arrived; maybe we could re-open the school here at Kings Quarry; I think the King would be delighted with this addition to the kingdom.

ADLOR

(Excitement fills the eagle's motions.)

THE CHILD KING

Oh, dear friend, we will pay you handsomely with more fish than you and your family could imagine!

ADLOR

(Shakes head.)

THE CHILD KING

Forgive my haste; I understand thee! Thou doth not wish to live on fish alone. However, in this kingdom, those with fur are our friends, not for landing thine talons upon.

NOTE

Arrived at the camp and makeshift table of primitive fallen timber with the armor of the king sitting at the head. Adlor and the child king arrive with a bounty of fish. Apples and water are already set. The two sit on either side with the king, Adlor to the right, and the child king to the left. Each has a plate, Adlor with the fresh fish he had caught, the Child

King a plate of dried fish, and the plate before the King’s Suit of armor was empty.

THE CHILD KING

(As formal as he can be.)

My king, may I introduce our company, a representative from the mountains above and beyond here. He heard wind of the celebration and came to offer his blessing! Isn’t this a pleasant surprise!

Before I forget, we must summon the forest to witness this fine event!

NOTE

The Child King excuses himself from the table, shuffles through the cart, and finds a great horn.

THE CHILD KING

(Blows the horn and retrieves the sword of the king.)

That’s better.

(Looking at Adlor, smiling.)

Now the forest knows we have arrived, and The King is satisfied,

We are ready to commence the ceremony.

NOTE

The Child king moves the table, facing the armor, postured as if the King himself sat at his throne with the stone to his back, supporting metal upright. The animals of the forest

gather around as the child approaches the enshrined King’s armor, twinkling, wet with dew. Dropping to his knees, Placing the Sword in the lap of the King’s armor, the animals all posture and bow together. The Child King bows his head in unison with nature.

In the Child’s Mind, he has been Knighted by his father, no longer a boy but a man of the council—the creatures his family and subjects.

THE CHILD KING

(To the circling inhabitants of the forest.)

The King is pleased; you all have done well, my furry and feathered friends. (Raising a glass of water to toast.) May this autumn bring us all great harvest and bountiful hunts, for the king wishes only, that all continue to thrive among the trees to the tundra edge.

NOTE

The forest listens to the boy, as the child had for those years in the forest. The King’s armor sits enshrined atop a stack of rocks for a throne at the Quarry. A teenager and a humble servant to the benevolent king, he maintains his loyalty by keeping true to the law of the land in the territory.

END SCENE 4

ACT 3

ACT 3

SCENE 5

TITLE

FOOL AND THE APPLE TREE

CHARACTERS

THE CHILD/TEEN King

AZRAEL

ARIEL

ADLOR

TWO-HEADED SERPENT ALGOL

VIGGO

SCENE TRANSITION

The Child King travels through the forest on the back of Viggo, who has grown into a mature, proud black elk. He remembers the journeys through the forest to the tundra together as they run now together and are happy. The Child King smiles as he remembers greeting the returning herd with the stilted-leg calf, then becoming a young bull.

The horse and cart trailed its own pace, slowly enjoying the shade and soft ground of the forest behind the Child King and Viggo. The three camp as they enjoy the forest for their three-week journey. The boy bounced between the woods of the trails along the way, teasing his horse, clockwise rolling cartwheels in circles around the horse. Adlor flies overhead, circling counterclockwise until fading into the sun where the orchard remains and the Giant Apple Tree still stands cracked.

Viggo halts at the forest line, where a stone bridge crosses into the orchard. The Child King dismounts the elk looking to

the shadow of the eagle as Adlor lands on the tallest branch of the giant apple tree, past the far side of the cave beyond him. The shadow again casts a wall of darkness to the crevasse from the crystal; the eagle blows, piercing the sky with his call. Faithfully his Horse pulls the cart through fermenting ground saturated in the press of fallen apples. Each step soothed the tired feet of the companions in a healing mash. The horse eats as the child king walks in front of him, nearing the dark wall thick as onyx. The shadow of the crystal shimmered. It shuddered and shook, sounding a hum that grew louder and sharper by his nearing, piercing inside of the boy's ears. The horse ignores, pushing forward, nudging the Child King.

Adlor’s deeper pitch called over the dark wall to the boy, hardly able to hear over the piercing roar, as he followed. Reaching to touch the shadow thinned, the Child stepped further with his palms towards static before him, arms extended. The shadow of the forgotten spire steamed and hissed before dispursing in ash particles.

SETTING

The Orchard beyond the crevasse held warm ground and was haggard and burnt, yet produced a bountiful harvest; few trees remain unscathed, living tarnished they gave tarnished fruit that bore itself on fallen branches. Off in the distance, smoke is seen rising. The last crisp apples remain atop the Giant Apple Tree’s highest canopy.

Nearing the tree, the boy stares up.

NOTE

Too high to climb on his own, the boy digs through the cart; lifting his bow, he shoots arrows into the tree to create a ladder to the first bough. He then picks up the Sword and places it on his back.

THE CHILD KING

(Staring at the gem in the pommel.)

This will do.

NOTE

The Child King stands looking down at the Horse, covering his eyes, then squinting at Adlor. The eagle releases from the tree and circles overhead.

The Boy begins to climb as the giant apple tree shifts its branches. With nimble toes, the Child King began maneuvering through the vertical labyrinth playfully in sport.

THE CHILD KING

(Laughing calling to his Horse below, standing on a circling arm of the timber.)

Are you seeing this? It’s as if the Tree is alive!

(Nearly slipping as he balanced running and swinging to the next elevation of the limbs.)

THE CHILD KING

Woah!

(The Child King prepares himself and jumps to the next branch, he yells out.)

Is everyone ok down there?

(Laughing, wiping his brow, before taking a drink from his water pouch.)

NOTE

Nearing the top, The Child King reaches the thick leaves in the high canopy. He begins to shake and jump on the branches for fun as the apples fall like rain, spinning and smashing on branches before they hit the ground.

ALGOL

(The serpent's body slithered an eternal knot into itself, and the serpent's scales appear from within the tree to the bark.)

Why doth the King disobey the law of nature?

(Hisses.)

THE CHILD KING

(Shocked, hugging the tree.)

How hath thou serpent tongue spoken and speak the law of nature in truth?

ALGOL

As for myself, I am against myself.

My nature is always true.

What doth thou say of thine own nature compared to thee in folly,

Oh, a little morsel of a king thou art?

(Hisses)

ADLOR

(Circling closer to the giant apple tree.)

NOTE

Azrael and Ariel Hover over the meeting between the serpent and the child king, with six wings above the eagle and the tree.

AZRAEL

(Arms crossed, hovering in the clear sky, flickering sparks from her teeth as he hovers face to face with Ariel.)

We cannot intervene.

ARIEL

Algol is a mighty demon, Azrael, and if the serpent bites the child, he won't survive in his current state and will likely be swallowed whole below.

AZRAEL

If the boy can stay without fear, he won't have to and will remain.

ARIEL

The fire serpents have already begun to devour the orchard at its roots, and this will be the last natural fruiting. The Child King is no longer safe in the forest, for the ground will taint the garden's produce which will soon grow too toxic to consume from the tainted ground by the serpent's blood.

AZRAEL

(sneers his eyes at the angel before him.)

Inevitably, as nature is destroyed, all will go back to nature.

ARIEL

And of the Animals? Had we not assisted the balance of their sustainment?

AZRAEL

Our interference with the boy has been enough of an intrusion, for the animals roam without a care in Arcadia due to our impact. May the struggle return lest they forget their nature, birds, and beasts together.

ARIEL

(She shakes her head in disappointment.)

May the Boy have the courage to face the product of Algol then. Only ignorance of the meaning could be without fear while the ground slithers as the orchard burns. The Angel of Death would weep as a child standing where he is now.

AZRAEL

(opening and closing his hand to a fist.)

Silence.

The serpent now possesses the Giant Apple tree as the smoke rises from the ground. Thou hath prophesied with the knowledge of Good and evil,

The fruit is indeed poisoned.

ARIEL

(Sigh.)

What is done is done.

NOTE

The limb that the Sword of Sorrow had cracked began to slither at the bottom of the tree. While the Child King stared at the knot of Algol, spinning into itself as if it had no beginning or end obstructing all other views of the world.

THE CHILD KING

(His eyes shimmer.)

I say to thee; I am the one true King, all others to claim themselves as my authority are folly in the shadow of my title. My slip brings no merit to error. I care not to join you in this state. May folly be your own to hold and far kept from my way. Now be gone! Lest thou desire my sole upon thine skull to tread and crush, left without spike to pierce, for there is no heart in thee.

ALGOL

Is thou to believe the only kingship to claim is begotten by the sword thou wield? Thine own self is merely flesh as thou

art now, wielding the divine key as a child, a hanging fool holding the one eye to eternity.

THE CHILD KING

(Reaching back to the sword and touching the pommel gem.)

Eye to see thee from the darkest place in thy belly if thou wish.

ALGOL

(Dripping venom that sizzled.)

Only to release the more. Dio, as thou wish.

NOTE

A branch the Child king had been standing on turned into a Serpent’s head under his feet, biting the foot of the Child king at the sole, causing the boy to fall backward, held only by the clutches of the viper’s maxillary. A serpent tongue reaches from below for the boy's head. The Child King looks down and stares in through the ribbed tunnel of the waiting hole. The serpent spread its jaws to devour the child whole.

Boy’s body consumed, the child king held his breath, where the only visible piece of the child’s body to the world is his ankle, held by the head of Algol in the mouth of Dio, suspended upside-down in the Giant Apple Tree, unable to move.

Adlor dives, tormenting the peace in the sky, and plunges his talons into the giant serpent Algol child king’s venerable foot in the twist of the serpent below. The boy fell consumed into the tunnel of Dio, a portal to True Darkness; the child king clutches the ribs in the slithering swallow, pulling the boy towards a flicker of Wandering Spirits remains in his churning sepulcher.

Feeling no resistance from the muscles of the serpent, as if the belly had become space, the Child King draws the sword, cutting Dio in half, falling to the ground as the serpent split in two.

Adlor soars in the distance, twisting in the air clutching Algol in the fight, dropping and catching the twisting knots of the viper, escaping the oozing fangs. Adlor pierces Algol pulling the slithering spine taut before dropping Algol into the yellow smoke of the infernal pit beyond the city walls. Where plagued slaves from the Ivory kingdom donned red robes and masks, pulling carts by hand, piled with dead cattle, paused and stared as the serpent fell before them into the inferno—dropping to their faces as the pit began to flash and plume thick, noxious gas around the grounds and to the sky surrounding the Ivory Kingdom.

Adlor soared away from the rising thickness of the pit to the Child King. As A War Horn sounded behind him, the serpent had been reborn. A Smoldering Inferno arose as The Great Dragon Algol appeared from the blaze.

The Child King hits the ground on his feet. Sword holstered, he calmly grabs Dio by the head, the serpent dazed had bit at his knee, shattering the fang. The Child King lifts the serpent’s limp body as it lets go of the knee, pulling him to his face, staring deep into the eyes, and begins to unravel as the split serpent is pulled apart.

Surprised and disgusted, the Child King pealed the serpent with two hands, splitting it into two separate beings, the former Dio and the newer Nyx. The Child King then twirls the two over his head until the serpents are petrified, and their bodies bronzed. With a branch of the Giant Apple Tree that had broken from the fall, the Child King binds the petrified serpents into a staff by twisting them together around a branch and then pinning their fangs into the wood. The two heads face one another in a hypnotized state as the fruit from the broken branch turns to gold.

The two angels observe from above while smoke rises from the ground. The fire guard of the Ivory Kingdom is riding off in the distance towards the orchard; the dust from the stampeding cavalry hovers a new line of the rising horizon as the atmosphere turns to haze.

AZRAEL

(focused on the quarry.)

The child’s disruption to this land will follow him into the forest, and it is better to lead him away for now. I will dismantle the garden.

ARIEL

Make haste, for the forest alone cannot keep the Sword safe or secret in the cover of shrubs.

Neglectful child.

AZRAEL

(With a quick reply.)

Our mission and standing in Heaven will be sound regardless of his fate; may he roam.

ARIEL

He will need a new shelter.

AZRAEL

(Shaking his head.)

Without drawing the sword, he would have been devoured. The mind and body of Wandering Spirit would have united eventually in the sanctuary of True Darkness. It may have saved us some time.

ARIEL

(With emphasis.)

Wandering Spirit is true to his timing, and this boy will be the one Judge and King over all the worlds on the middle waters of the great circle. One Spirit among few out of all realms the heavens have ever seen contained in such a limited structure.

Doesn’t that excite or interest thee a bit?

AZRAEL

Thou speaketh as if my nature is forgotten.

ARIEL

He is the God Spear, afraid of competition or a stock plummet?

AZRAEL

Tiz all a benefit in the end, until he forgets the face of his father, for thou own sake I ask, what then?

ARIEL

The boy will find his proper memory again in his reflection and know the truth, and I have no doubt.

AZRAEL

(Eyes shift compassionately. He sighs, and with a soft tone, he replies.)

Did he see his face in the belly of the serpent?

ARIEL

All six sealed eyes made contact with one another through the gem of the pommel, giving new memory to the sword in the darkness. The three stood together at the foot of the hypercube cell, united in the light to the souls within, giving them flesh once more. They witnessed time's beginning, middle, and end within the Sphere of True Darkness.

AZRAEL

A matter incomprehensible for the boy to grasp, I’m sure he has no recollection.

(Eyes flicker.)

ARIEL

At the drawing of the sword, at that moment, all three were united as quickly as they vanished from him. Hardly a blip to be consciously accounted for. However, his spiritual character will always hold the record of his feats.

AZRAEL

(Chuckling, his wings shudder.)

Well, He made it out, and the gate is sealed for now with the binding on the rod, though one gate remains cracked.

ARIEL

(Spreading her wings, she sighs, looking towards the crack in the heavens.)

May the First King and Wandering Spirit find one another in recognizable and good shape.

AZRAEL

(Laugh cries, losing slight control over his body; he drops in elevation, his eyes at foot level of Ariel with hands on his knees catching himself and his wind. He swoops up to face her again.)

Im sure the sword drew a pretty well-lit path. A light such as that will burn in True Darkness forever, creating an inferno from the outside aether.

ARIEL

The castaways will follow the First King by any light, won't they?

AZRAEL

And him to Wandering Spirit. No matter, it is a way and has been done; all structure of True Darkness hath become active; there is no changing that.

ARIEL

(feeling out with her wings, wiggling her toes, she exhales through angelic lips, then inhales with her nose.)

They are walking the road of fire, twisting like a serpent, moving in a current through the once benevolent darkness with no sides. There is a weakness in one of the four gates they have a chance to find.

AZRAEL

(Composing himself, wiping his tears, laughing in hiccups.)

A host of many, and many beyond ancient, have awoken.

ARIEL

Longing to take shape and bend the physical to their will, a gift only granted to those of the light body.

AZRAEL

Flesh, Feathers, Fur, scales, fangs, and nails, the fire burns its trail in the darkness to boiling blood for all they desire.

ARIEL

The ignited keratin of their sacrificial skins, multiplying ethereal flesh from the ashes of the burning snakes, and aloft they shape in the open draft to the heavens.

(Scoffs.)

Long forgotten beings reminded of their ejection before now fiend for such a moment as this, don’t they? And still, they rage against the Creator and King; why?

AZRAEL

(Shrugs.)

All creation's memory stored in the blade had shown itself to be. There, in that state, the one beyond being of spirit alone showed itself in the world without flesh. Those that were once whole are now aware they have been deported, separate from being. Simply put, their existence instantly became a prison from their inception and now rebirth.

ARIEL

(Gazing into Azrael’s dilated black eyes.)

I see the edge. It was brightly revealing within. The sword had destroyed the equilibrium held in True Darkness, as First Light had done before. The demon's abode had disappeared for eternity beyond the egg and long to make up for the lost time.

AZRAEL

Now aware of the worlds they had been separated from, I’m sure plenty of monovalent spirits long for unjustified retribution against the true order of the cycle. Before the waters separated from the aether, this center ground was their home first. The desire to be united with the origin of being is only natural when brought to light.

(Grinning, he chuckles.)

ARIEL

A mere nuisance perhaps, they were nothing before the light; the darkness will return to its solid state in good time. Demons were never meant to be with flesh; consciousness

unified in the darkness and nothing more. Benevolent by design for good reason, the choice to action goes against the nature of space.

AZRAEL

(Stretching his arms and back, looking above.)

We could continue for eternity or the end of all, whichever you so choose. Here we are for now.

Still, the child’s life is a gamble on my trade, and work must intrude. Would you be a doll and keep an eye on the gates? That boy is neglectful indeed.

(Aggressively smiling down at Ariel, his teeth became crows, growing and flying from his mouth until his body had disappeared in the flying murder, darting past Ariel between her limbs and wings.)

ARIEL

(Sigh.)

And here we go.

(Transforms into the aetherial, her spinning wheels of eyes in the all-seeing dimension.)

NOTE

The murder of crow maneuvered through the forest to the enshrinement of armor at King’s Quarry. Azrael transformed into his angelic physical state with six wings and a sickle

blazing a fire cyclone. He threshes the harvest before destroying the ever-blooming garden and dome that had sustained the boy’s life without care.

The Child King threw the Sword of Sorrows into the back of the cart, satisfied with his kill, and began to pick up apples. As the two walked together, the giant apple tree became petrified, and the orchard burned behind them. The two slowly turn to A valley trail in the forest before looking back at the sound of a roar and the heat now on his back. He faces seeing the dragon Algol pursuing Adlor over the marsh and the Fireguard beyond the wetlands. They maneuver in lines through the field of grass nearing the smoldering orchard. The Child King’s eyes widen; he unhooks the horse from the cart, slapping his rear to make haste back into the forest. Galloping over the bumpy ground and rutted soil down a primitive path of shifting shadows in the misty hallow.

The Algol fights with the eagle in ariel combat, and many soldiers lose composure in sight and are called to order. Sixty members of the Ivory Fire Guard crossed the wetlands where the King had been slain over two years prior.

Adlor escapes a barrage of arrows as he soars, attacking the great Dragon Algol's eyes.

Blinding the dragon, Adlor is satisfied to return to the King as the dragon crashes through a tower being constructed below, screaming and spitting fire in agony.

The Child King, remembering the importance of the cart, with Viggo nowhere in sight, the child king stands before a facing hoard, caduceus in hand.

VIGGO

(Bugling through the forest.)

NOTE

Viggo the black elk, aware of the danger, charged the wilderness to inform all the inhabitants of the forest of the coming threat. Those Prepared and willing to fight from the forest of Arcas came to hold the wood line against the hoard and the nest of fire serpents sprouting from the ground in the Orchard. Those unable to flee to King’s Quarry on the northern side to avoid the crackling glow of the trees and their smoldering breath filling the air until reaching the mountains beyond the forest edge of the quarry. Viggo nears the boy as he bugles; the animals follow the order, and the forest, in an instant, is divided. Bear, wolf, Hawk, Deer, Rabbit, and many others rush to position, awaiting to defend their home's fate.

END ACT 3

SCENE 6

ACT 4

TITLE

ARCADIA RISES FROM THE ASHES

SCENE 1

(TRANSITION.)

TITLE

THE RISING KING

SETTING

The Child King stops and turns to the smoke entering the forest; behind him, a wall of charging animals rush towards the flames beyond the trees. With his horse safe in the valley beyond a creek, The boy joins them to protect their home.

Caduceus in hand, surrounded by fire serpents sprouting from the roots of the apple trees, setting them all ablaze. Crying, he begins to stomp the heads and smash them with his staff, turning the snake heads of the Caduceus to the ground so that they may devour the lesser serpents.

Many beasts and birds of the forest prepared to hold the line emerge from the forest darkened with smoke.

Buck and bull elk, with the wolves and bear, rush the hoard of marauders in the field as the hawk, owl, and rabbit fight off the fire serpents together with the Child King.

Adlor nears the Child King, landing on the serpents' spines atop the Caduceus staff. The boy places his feet in loops of the serpent’s body twisted around the staff as they fly over the battlefield below.

As they soar, Ariel, The Lion of God, runs directly below the Child King and Adlor. The smoke had risen to an extent. The lens had disappeared from the sky, and Gollum had begun to emerge from the Sword of the King’s Crevasse, enveloped in smoke.

Ariel battles the Gollum once more. All are aware of her presence, who occupied fathomless depth of the tubes. They flee in terror from the wrath of the Lion of God to the darkest deep of the mountain roots below to the great center, where only sound rings wailing as there is no ceiling or floor, and all is lost—Ariel’s thirst in pursuit, driven by an unquenched mechanical release for carnage here.

The battling beasts of the forest against the men of the Ivory Kingdom left many wounded, man and beast, together, dying on the battlefield. Reinforcements are summoned, and two platoons of the Fire Guard rush the field, half on horses in pursuit of the horse and cart, the other half left battling the flame-consumed orchard and wood line.

He was catching up to the horse and cart found at the camp the Child King had set near the Quarry, untouched by the flames.

Noticing the shrine at the Quarry house, they approach with caution. Azrael standing next to the armor and Sword of the King, Commander Gundar's hand signals his 30 men to dismount and surround the Angel. Azrael screeches a pitch audible only to the horses, a screeching causing them to flee as the worms rise from the earth trampled underfoot.

Avoiding the inferno, the animals of the battle retreat around the mountain beyond the Sword of the King Crevasse to where the tundra meets the forest.

Adlor takes the Child King (Now 13 years of age.) to the forest's edge where the “Giant’s Fields of Plenty” meet the Trees.

The Dragon Algol is permanently blinded by the talons of the Great Adlor and held captive at the Ivory City. However, Adlor is not without Injury. During the battle with the serpent, he was struck on the leg, causing him to drop the giant serpent into the inferno. Now forever bound to the staff from the venom, fusing the bird with the two-headed serpent upon the rod immortalized.

END SCENE 4 (TRANSITION.)

ACT 4

SCENE 2

TITLE

THE BATTLE WITH AZRAEL

CHARACTERS

AZRAEL

GUNDAR

TROOPS IN UNISON

BODIL SILVERHAIR

SETTING

At the Child King’s Camp near Kings Quarry, A Platoon of the Fire Guard from the Ivory City, led by Gundar, had stumbled upon Azrael with the armor and “Sword of Sorrow.”

GUNDAR

(Staring up at the surrounded angel.)

You there! Thief! These Items are contraband in the Kingdom of Ivory. No man shall possess remnants from the Kingdom of the Meadow in these lands.

AZRAEL

(Leading on the commander.)

My consideration is for the sword alone; take what you will.

GUNDAR

(The only soldier still on horseback directing the Troops.) First Platoon, cease this man!

SOLDIERS IN UNISON

Ahoo-Hua!

NOTE

Azrael, stretching his wings, begins to hover above the ground by inches, signaling the men to come as they approach; spears fixed at the angel, the soldiers circle closer to the shrine.

AZRAEL

Who here is of the Kingdom of the Meadow and wishes to die before his King?

BODIL

(Approaching with the first Squad.) Sir! he has the armor and sword of the king from our land! Maybe he knows the whereabouts or the happening of our King.

GUNDAR

Stay loyal to your new king Bodil, for I will forgive this blasphemy only once.

BODIL

Sir! I must insist this is the armor of the King! The True King! What if he is alive?

GUNDAR

If he is alive, he is a coward, leaving us to be enslaved and worse. You ungrateful swine. (Shouts out.) Second Squad, prepare to receive Bodil. Bodil, surrender oneself to Second Squad and disarm with haste for your treason.

TROOPS IN UNISON

Ahoo-Hua

NOTE

As Bodil turns to face the second squad, he twists his fierce grip upon his spear. He was staring at the men of his platoon, over half of them from the Kingdom of the Meadow, now finding comfort in the Kingdom of Ivory. Bodil had become disgusted with his once ally, for they were knights to the true king for a time together.

BODIL

I will not leave this forest until the King returns my fellow knight. (Throwing the salute of the Kingdom of the Meadow’s armor with a kiss.)

AZRAEL

(To Bodil.) you have chosen wisely, for the Kingdom of Ivory will fall at the hands of Heaven in a battle of gnashing teeth. All aboding the Kingdom of Ivory will gather in the Halls of True Darkness that day.

(To the soldiers all.)

Who dares to witness this fate may flee, lest thee desire to enter darkness where thou stand and wait now.

NOTE

A young soldier from the First Squad attempts to rush the Angel out of panic. Azrael Sidekicks him into a tree, causing the soldier to splatter into the wood, suspending his corpse above the ground. The soldiers all stood petrified in shock at Azrael's power and glory while their companion was mangled in an instant. Four of the men retreat, leaving twenty-three men to combat the angel under the command of Gundar Swifthand.

GUNDAR

(Yelling to his troops.) Close in!

NOTE

The remaining soldiers gather in a circle around the Shrine, closing in on Azrael; Bodil takes a knee facing the golden, jeweled armor and Sword of the King from the steps below, weeping in remembrance of the King; the rain follows and begins extinguishing the flames of the forest. Mist rises as sun rays press through broken clouds in a broken sky.

AZRAEL

Doth, thou fear death so much thou hold thine own self in a siege?

Thou dare consider one’s own reputation among mortals a Warrior.

Slaves of war, and nothing more. (Begins to limb the Soldiers at once.)

NOTE

Azrael Kills all but the four in flight through the battle, Bodil and Gundar. Bodil’s back and Gundar's front are covered with spray from the fallen by the angel’s swiftness in combat with the sickle. He intentionally paints Gundar with his Comrade’s lifeblood as a taunt while cleaning his sickle with a flick. Azrael remained unscathed, with unsoiled garments, hovering above the Sword of Sorrow, clasped in the hands of the golden armor. Its Jewels glistened and flickered through the mist and smoke protruding from the ground and dying embers of the forest still glowing red.

AZRAEL

(Flying in front of Gundar’s face only a few inches away.) Cease him! (Laughing.)

GUNDAR

(Stabbing his Halberd tip towards Azrael with ferocity and missing.)

(Confused, distraught.) What kind of sorcery is this?

AZRAEL

I, Azrael, The Soul Harvest, Angel of Death, stand before thee. Thou in life hath chosen to serve me in a world unknown to thine own flesh; I am the law of the jungle, and

thou wilt abide my commandment. For such service, will be rewarded.

BODIL

And what of myself? I would rather fall atop the blade for the true king than serve a demon.

(Drawing his sword, placing the hilt on the ground.)

AZRAEL

(Stopping Bodil with the back side of his sickle, stopping the man from plunging the sword through his heart.)

You are closer than you know to both. The king lives while you served a demon, blade at your side.

GUNDAR

Lies! He speaks to torment us!

BODIL

(To Gundar.) I saw the cart and horse of the prince; he must know something!

GUNDAR

He is the Demon of the forest that Killed the men in search of the King and Prince, and he stole their belongings! Can’t you see Bodil? He is trying to deceive us.

AZRAEL

You deceive yourself, Gundar Swiftwind, Knight to The King of the Meadow, who followed the Wandering Spirit.

NOTE

Azrael, feet on the ground, summons the white worms to rapidly decay the bodies of men littering the ground in a circle around the shrine, and Angel, his sickle, shrinks as Azrael places the mighty weapon in his pocket.

AZRAEL

(Walking towards Gundar.)

Your Kingdom is lost through lands that vary. In wondering, the spirit of the thing itself is very much alive. If any hope is to be had for you or your people’s redemption, you must follow the way (of the Child King).

BODIL

(Gradually more appalled, raising his voice.) And we shall follow thee ruler of death? As our King?

AZRAEL

(Stern and glowing.) To slave in life while longing, you shall long for death's commandment. Make no mistake, and you are mine to consume as I wish.

However, this day is not that day. Matters more important than my own are at hand, and I prefer you alive so that I may return to my routine with haste.

As for the way, I will bring you to your true King in life before I take you in death.

END OF SCENE 2

ACT 4

ACT 4

SCENE 3

TITLE

ARCAS OF THE FOREST.

CHARACTERS

ARCAS (THE BEAR)

NARCI

PSATH

ANSO

BLINE

SETTING

The four troops had chosen to flee, leaving death incarnate to their backs. Fear was lost behind them in the smoke and silence of the forest still lit with embers. They stop at the edge of the Blue Stone River Canyon.

BLINE

(In a panic.) What did we just witness?

NARCI

You witnessed salvation from the clutches of death by my own hand. Be grateful I was there to save thee from thy feeble mind, friend.

ANSO

I care not the Kingdom of Ivory, for what I witness today hath brought heavy grief. To flee from battle by Kingdom decree demands I shall give of myself, far more than my teeth.

PSATH

I Fear not jumping to the waters below, and the rapids flow swiftly so I can swim to the other side and grab hold of a ledge before reaching the falls nearest the bend. I have done this before.

NARC

Bline should go first; he lives near a marsh.

BLINE

But I cannot swim, and you will leave me behind.

ANSO

Bline can swim just fine; he’s just a coward; by my own two eyes, I had seen him in water hundreds of times.

PSATH

Narc, why would you give what is mine to Bline? I will be the first, and the glory is mine.

NOTE

Psath leaped to the waters from the canyon’s edge out of blind faith, breaking his leg upon the treacherous boulder that stood a man’s height below the surface. Gurgling gasps, Psaths nose likened to ammonia, water filling his belly. The current smashes his failing body relentlessly against the stones.

The raging waters had pulled Psath over the falls, where his remains spun into a fragmented structure, torn and battered limb to limb on the wood and stone by the rush. He remains in the depths of the plunge pool until his body has completely separated all flesh and bone. The splendorous rushing sound of the splash above continues. The animals that had witnessed the fate of Psath carried on as the birds still sang, and the honey glistened from a great oak hive; golden droplets fell to the soft of the pool below, flowing downstream with ease, drip by drip.

NARCI

Poor Psath, may he be remembered. I will be sure to tell tales of his valor and glory, how we had had many battles together, and that his death came swiftly when he dove into the roar one last time.

BLINE

We should follow downstream and see where it leads; there must be a way, maybe Psath is alive, and he hadn’t drowned. I hate you, Narci. This is your fault. He’s gone!

ANSOC

The rush will devour Psath before being found upon the shore. I never liked Psath, and I’m glad he’s no more—enough about Psath. I’m sure the bees have all left the hive from the smoke. I’d rather lunch alone than in the company of you two blokes, farewell.

NOTE

Ansoc leaves the two and gets lost, looking for a return to the clearing in the forest through the smoke. Ansoc falls down a ravine crashing into a hollowed log of Giant Drumming Wasps nesting underneath, sheltered from the smoke in the ground below. Fanatically removing his chest plate while drawing his sword, he fights the swarm. The drumming of their wings in unison causes Ansoc to go mad. franticly flailing his sword about to no avail as the swarm punishes Ansoc, who now lay paralyzed and suffocating. Numb to touch, he finds no shelter, twitching and turning atop the forest's hollow surface clutching his shirt. Mouth agape, gasping on his stomach, attempting to stand where he once had collapsed, he falls once more. His tortured body was swelling and bloated to thin skin as the wasps began to exit the once screaming lungs, now filled with more wasps than air. The War tune of the Wasp settled upon the cooling of Ancos lungs as they exit the man with a softer song. Retreating slowly back to nest below the hollowed log, they carry on with a marching beat of mourning that sounded through the smokey breeze, for these bees are very personal and sentimental.

NOTE

Bline and Narci follow the river as Bline had suggested.

BLINE

Do you hear that screaming?

NARCI

Probably Psath; I will be glad to have this forest behind us. You have done well, Bline; I will ensure you are put in for a decoration when we return to the Ivory Kingdoms.

BLINE

But we had deserted the battle.

NARCI

I think it is safe to say everyone who stayed is surely dead. There is no reason the kingdom will not believe everything we tell them when we return.

BLINE

It feels like something is following us; maybe it is the command.

If Gundar survives, we will hang from our teeth for his enjoyment.

NARCI

Then we will wait through nightfall at the edge of the forest; anyone who may have survived we will ambush and tell our tale of victory no less.

NOTE

Arcas had noticed the commotion and appeared to the two men, grunting he charged. The two men flee, mortified. Bline runs in front of Narci; Narci grabs Bline by the lip of his armor behind the neck, throwing poor Bline to the ground behind him.

BLINE

(Screams out.) You devil Narci! (Struggling to pick himself up to run again.)

I will never forgive you! May your fate (Running heavy breathing.) be tenfold worse than a coward’s death!

NOTE

Arcas snatches Bline tearing and pounding out the flailing and screaming. Bline helplessly struggled with the feeding, the bear’s craving for flesh while being consumed from buttock to the intestines alive. Exhausted from the slashing and thrashing during moments last breaths, softly whimpering, lasting from dusk to the darkest of the night, he slowly churned among the bear till gnashing of the hip during moments final departed.

Arcas now stares at his mother, Callisto, as she appears through the wilderness from the light’s final call, always watching out for her cub. So grand a bear, Arcas himself cannot reach her tail, though he playfully tries.

Narci, who had managed to escape the horrors of the forest, finds a peaceful journey back to the Ivory Kingdom during his three days alone in the wilderness. Following the canyon, as Bline had recommended, leads Narci to rolling hills and clear pastures. Water, fish, honey, natural shelter, and embers for fire, all at the fingertips he licks clean. As he enters the fields with the river and forest behind him, he laughs and jumps for joy, knowing he is nearing the Ivory Kingdom, where adorning affection and status await.

END OF SCENE 3

ACT 4

ACT 4

SCENE 4

TITLE

THE HORSE AND CART.

CHARACTERS

AZRAEL

BODIL

HORSE and CART

GUNDAR

SETTING

The fires had resided in the forest over the past three days after the arrival of Gundar and Bodil in Kings Quarry. Death incarnate commanded his order to be done exactly. This left Bodil and Gundar to labor from Azrael’s direction, drawn upon the ground with wilted grass. Azrael now surrounds the Sword of the King as a Murder of Crow that ka, ever watching, littering the shrine.

NOTE

DESIGN OF THE AQUARIAN STAR.

The trench had been ordered on the ground to be three feet deep and two feet wide to construct the perimeter wall. The circle wall was to be constructed 6 feet high—a circumference of four hundred and fourteen feet and seven inches, making a radius of sixty-six feet. The unicursal hexagram was to be trenched in the earth six feet deep and three and a half feet wide. With a pool in the center, twelve feet by twelve feet, six feet deep. The two men were hardly beginning.

BODIL

And what of the horse? (Shoveling with a broken halberd.)

GUNDAR

(Picking out boulders with a spear.) He is still attached to the cart off in that clearing. I hadn’t gotten a good eye on him yet. Looks like a good horse, though, healthy. I don’t know how long we are expected to stay here, but it doesn’t seem like we are going anywhere for a while. At least until we

build whatever it is that thing wants, devil, or worse, here we are.

(Lifting a boulder out of the hole.)

That horse and cart would speed things up.

BODIL

We could have spent our time building a sufficient fort that would last the winter, then breaking our spines and scribbling some design in the dirt. We are wasting our time with Death’s eye watching over our backs. The crows mock us, knowing the fools we are.

GUNDAR

The camp as it sits will surely not last us the winter in its state, and Death knows it. If death wishes this nonsense of our lives (Striking a stone with his spear, bending the tip.), then he is better to keep us until its construction is final. (throwing the spear out of the hole and climbing out behind it to retrieve another.)

BODIL

(Digging.) The night grows cooler, indeed. The orange leaf adorned the tulip poplar near my home this morning. (Pausing from digging, looking at the steed in the clearing.) I had noticed in the fog on my way to formation. Similar to that one near the horse and cart. We could use that stallion, and that horse needs to be unhooked. It may take a couple of days for him to get used to us, but he must be exhausted.

GUNDAR

If he collapses from exhaustion, we can eat him and use the leather.

BODIL

It would be a waste to see him go like that. Especially with how much of the workload he could take on for us.

GUNDAR

(Sarcastically.) Why don’t you go ask the crows for permission then? (Dropping the heavy boulder into a newly constructed pile of stones.)

BODIL

If Death allows, the horse and cart are mine.

GUNDAR

If the crows eat you, I am taking your teeth.

BODIL

Just leave my wisdom; you can keep the rest, anything is better than this pointless digging, and the sun is about to set. I am going to ask Death if I may offer relief to the steed, and he to myself, for Azrael’s laboring demands of satisfaction to be guaranteed. (Climbing out of the new trench.)

GUNDAR

(Stops labor, drinks water, and observes.)

Best to thee, dear Bodil, may the crow not laugh thee to shame.

NOTE

Bodil walks towards the shrine, stopping many feet before the steps that lead to the Armor and Sword of the king.

BODIL

(With doubt, he professed.)

Oh, great one, almighty ruler of death.

(bowing on one knee, hands raised to the sky awkwardly.)

I ask of thee to grant.

(Pauses looking around him, shoulders scrunched up for impact clenching his teeth and eyes.)

NOTE

Bodil is interrupted as the murder of crows begins to flap about and “ka” at the man violently. Startled, he falls backward, shuffling himself away.

GUNDAR

(Laughing, slapping his leg.) So Bodil, is that a yes?

BODIL

(Wiping off his pants, hastily moving towards the clearing and looking at Gundar.) I’m getting that Horse.

NOTE

Bodil approaches the horse and cart.

BODIL

(Slowly approaching the cautious horse, he calls out softly to him.)

Easy boy, easy.

NOTE

The horse neighs and backs away, brushing against an orange tulip poplar, causing leaves to float through the last light of day, glinting the sun’s rays as they oscillate to the ground.

BODIL

It's ok Boy, don’t panic.

NOTE

The horse trots a field distance. Bodil, defeated, begins to examine the camp.

BODIL

(Gasps and shouts.) Gundar! Come, tell me what you see.

GUNDAR

(Frustrated by the wedged boulders.) By kingdom name, what may it be, Bodil? To the Heavens!

BODIL

(His excitement quickly turns to frustration.)

This is unbelievable. That was the cart of the prince! Gundar, the prince is alive! (Retrieving the bow and arrows from the cart.) this is his Horse, and this is his bow; this is his cart! Just as I knew, that is also the Sword of the King and His armor! I told you in the beginning!

GUNDAR

(Standing up from the trench.) I’m going to sleep. Keep on with your nonsense beyond my ears clasping.

BODIL

(Grumbling to himself.)

Gundar is a fool, and this is truly the prince’s I know it. And he must be alive. Maybe the king is with him. Maybe they had to flee together; maybe that was who we saw at the Orchard. (Looks to the exhausted horse and whistles with a click of the tongue.)

NOTE

The Horse awakens, turning his head to Bodil, grunts, and falls back to sleep.

Gundar opens one eye while lying near a fire on the ground in the blanket the prince had once used to cover the king's sword. Recognizing the sound, signature to the Kingdom of the Meadow’s horse command.

Bodil brings water to the horse and then sleeps under the cart as the child king once had.

Arcas and Callisto tread the trail softly with steps that soothe the men to deeper sleep as they lie down below the night sky scintillating above.

END OF SCENE 2

ACT 4

ACT 4

SCENE 3

TITLE

KODIAK AND THE QUEEN

WITCH QUEEN

KODIAK

FIREGUARD (In Unison.)

WHITE WIDOW (Horse.)

SETTING TRANSITION

The Platoon of Fire Guard from the Ivory Kingdom set to stave off the smolder from the fields, forest edge, and whatever remains of the apple orchard they miraculously could try. Taking over for the animals that had held the ground against the fiery serpents, the men came as a relief —snuffing the flames out by the heel to the ground with grave loss as the half was consumed in the serpent's molting rivers as they collided. The serpents began filling the root systems under the mountains. Activity vanquished from the surface shy, the sulfuric exhale, and the bubbling trail of ash. All serpents banished now slithering together in a ball, center the stone. Shaking the earth from under the crag from the commanding repel of the Witch Queen, keen to the tongue of the crawlers. The giant apple tree began to wither, with fruit rotting in an instant from the infectious Serpents that had possessed the anomalous proportioned Oracular Dendron.

Coughing of yellow and green smoke they inhaled from the dying serpents' vapor, the remaining ten men and Queen upon her horse regroup from the smoldered host of embers and return to the Ivory Kingdom in song or mourning across the wet dew, through the field they march in a rising mist of dawn.

The Animals are now in the forest's untouched depths and respectfully group together over the severely burnt Viggo, lifting and carrying the wounded black elk to Kings Quarry.

Ariel was in the depths of the mountain as many tubes wisp with fiery serpents protruding from the surface. And the diminishing horde fled into hiding; the few remainders found pockets in the labyrinth huddled together in terror, no longer in rage but grief-stricken by the carnage of Ariel’s blood lust under the basin.

SETTING

Percea is with a group of Ivory Kingdom Knights and the blind dragon Algol, now bound in chains amidst the rubble from the fallen tower inside the grand kingdom walls of Ivory, as the Witch Queen arrives with the remaining ten fire guardsmen.

WITCH QUEEN

(From her horse commanding) Kodiak! You are in command of the Fire Guard now; I will see to it the King of Ivory is aware of your promotion. Relieve the men this day. Yee shall the morrow commence a search the forest for living remainders of the Fire Guard. If none are found, any returning shall be executed for treason and counted a spy. As of the morrow passing, none dare to trespass the boundaries of the orchard lest they desire to suffer a traitor’s fate.

KODIAK

Fire Guard!

FIREGUARD

(Files into the formation of a circle around Kodiak, backs towards their new commander, facing out, In unison shout.)

Fire Guard, Fire Watch

Ten present total!

AH-HOO!

KODAK

About face!

FIREGUARD

(Turns in unison and faces Kodiak, shouting.)

AH-HOO!

KODIAK

(Turns each cardinal direction and bows.)

This has been an honorable day for the best of men. May we.

(Interrupted.)

WITCH QUEEN

Firewatch commander, a word before my depart.

KODIAK

(Smiles. Yells to his men.)

Fireguard Fire Watch,

Return the morrow mid-day. For now, (pause.) zonk!

FIREGUARD

(Shouts.)

OO-AH

(and depart.)

KODIAK

(Approaching the Witch Queen.)

WITCH QUEEN

(Dismounts horse, speaking directly to Kodiak.) before I depart, I wish you to have White Widow stabled; I must speak to Percea before I can rest the journey. (Handing him the reigns, leaning into a whisper.) Make sure no man speaks of the flying child or the discovered cart, and these are in the prophecy only meant for the eyes that witnessed. However, the dragon cannot be contained inside these walls forever, and may the worst be, lest it dies.

KODIAK

(Holding the reigns to the Witch Queens steed White Widow. Cautiously leaning in.)

Spreading only gives credit to the believers in the inevitable. The men will surely understand this, and of course, we oblige your command and wish. (Slightly bowing.)

I will place a fire guardsman at all times an escort to the dragon, naturally.

And I take the first watch with the Ivory Guard, for I wish to see the dragon; it will be my first.

WITCH QUEEN

It will be my daughter that will accompany the dragon.

Naturally, she is a princess, as is to be preserved her right and place.

She is of age to practice her abilities with such a creature, as is her destiny.

KODIAK

So may too be her fate; this is Algol. As is written in the stars, she will hold his head until the eye ceases to blink. He is not whole and may prove troublesome (Pauses from being ignored.)

WITCH QUEEN

(Walking away.)

Percea is fated. I wish not your words of caution spill on another your will, for I have no bucket to collect your tears of disappointment. The dragon is hers.

KODIAK

(Bows to the Witch Queen.)

My Lady.

(Takes White Widow. Whispers in the ear of the steed, patting her on the neck, sarcastically speaking to the horse.)

Wouldn’t you like to fly around on a dragon, girl?

I’ll bet it could pick you right up to the sky.

(clicks his tongue.)

WHITE WIDOW

Neh. (shakes head.)

KODIAK

(Jokingly.)

White Widow, steed aloft the back of a dragon, burning fire lines with the guard (Laughing to himself.)

WHITE WIDOW

(Not amused, grunts.)

KODIAK

Between you and me, I would like to fly on the back of a dragon.

WHITE WIDOW

(Shakes head and grunts in disapproval.)

KODIAK

Well, then, let’s keep that between us.

WHITE WIDOW

(Blows her lips.)

END SCENE 4

ACT 4

SCENE 5

ACT 4

THE FARM

CHARACTERS

THE CHILD KING
THE HERMIT

PIERS

SETTING

Midday, the forest edge beyond any distance the Child King had known, fields of crops being harvested by giants through soft rolling hills, he walks the edge with Caduceus in hand, trying to keep from being seen as he spies the horizon, son his face silhouette the cattle. Weary from the day, he wanders toward the Bovidae and begins milking, squirting the nectar of the cow in his face. With Adlor watching from his perch propped up in the dirt, the Child King is relieved.

THE HERMIT

(Calling out.) I say, dear boy, milk cometh after toil!

THE CHILD KING

(Stands startled with caduceus in hand.)

What say you of toil?

THE HERMIT

(Briskly walking across the rolling hills, yelling to the Child King.)

I stole those cattle from my brother when I was a child (pause.) I had to care for them since, (Pause.) somedeal this here, as you had stolen of the same thus far.

NOTE

(Pause. Getting closer to the child king, stopping and panting, covering a massive distance in a short time as he is moving, touching the ground without resistance by his winged shoes.)

THE HERMIT

The dendron had assisted me as well; I wore shoes of bark to arrive as you ate the fruit. The only way here is by way of the forest through the trees. Now that we understand one another tell me, Child, do you claim so high as to freely suckle from the last Cattle of Helios?

THE CHILD KING

(Posturing himself properly, relieved at this company sarcastically deplored.)

Good Sir, I have lost all but life, and for what I have grown to know is nothing but the forest through the trees and all the company a King could ask for. I say to you, and I will suckle the teat of Surabhi herself!

(Squirts the giant beast’s milk at the hermit and continues to drink of the utter.)

THE HERMIT

The Krishna Valley is along your way, and the Surabhi know the path. You can talk with Shiva about your stealing of the cattle and mischievous milking.

THE CHILD KING

I had once slain the beast of Pine Valley, dark valley you speak of offer no threat to me.

THE HERMIT

Let us walk, Child,

NOTE

The two begin walking as the Hermit and child king rapidly cover distances through the aether in a blur of travel.

THE HERMIT

I speak of farming, and these cattle require care over the winter; a giant named Piers, a plowman, handles the biggest work. However, he cannot handle all of the small labor around the farm, and it seems you need shelter. As for slaying beasts, I see you are without a weapon, bow, shield,

or sword. There will be no slaying on these grounds. If you can abide by then the farm is for you to reside, now you must decide which path to go.

THE CHILD KING

It was the bird that had brought me I hadn’t chosen on my own; if it weren’t for that Serpent, I would still be in the forest at Kings Quarry. I still have my horse, my friends, my bow, everything.

(Keeping silent about the sword and the armor.)

I have to go back.

THE HERMIT

The bird is Adlor, a dear friend of mine, a magnificent eagle; where is he?

THE CHILD KING

(Looking at the caduceus.)

Please take this, and he never belonged with me; he was my guest and a fine one indeed. It was my honor to meet him; he fought a great dragon and saved me from the flaming ground and battle horde. We narrowly escaped.

THE HERMIT

Ah, dear boy, I will take this and keep it with me always. I’m sure Adlor will adapt to his new being.

The season of the Yuki-Onna is coming, for I had seen the ice crystal spiders that scorn the leaves of maple under the stars of Virgo.

THE CHILD KING

It has been getting cold, and I haven’t slept in a proper shelter since; I can’t remember when. (Thinking to himself.) It’s been years. Before my father and I went to Pine Valley, then everything changed. But I did slay the beast. He was huge!

THE HERMIT

Wait until you meet Piers, a true giant. Descendant from the Titans of Ouranos, born on Gaia, no more in-tune a giant over matters of the fields than Piers, (Smiles, loading his pipe.) the Plowman.

SETTING TRANSITION

The two arrive at the farm and are greeted by Piers waving as he sees the travelers in the distance; 50 cattle scatter the fields and rolling hills as the sunsets.

THE HERMIT

Hello friend, I was hoping you could meet our guest and countryman from the forest.

PIERS

Welcome, Child; there is plenty of work in the morning; for now, you must eat; please come inside.

NOTE

The home was built for a giant, on one side, and a human, on the other, and were completely attached and accommodatable for both with a combined living space. They shared company at a table with ladders on chairs for the humans to sit at table level with the Giants.

PIERS

(Pouring the Child King a tall glass of Milk and honey with a slice of toasted bread and yogurt.)

Hermes, how about a Mead?

THE HERMIT

(Lighting his pipe, studying Adlor atop the Caduceus.)

Yes, that would be fine, thank you.

What do you make of this Piers? The boy had brought it to me.

THE CHILD KING

(Stuffing his face with bread and yogurt, guzzling the milk and honey, talking with his mouth full excitedly exclaims.)

The bird dropped the serpent into the fire, and it turned into a dragon, and they fought, and the bird attacked the eyes, and the dragon crashed into a tower. And then the eagle picked me up while I fought the serpents myself.

(Chewing his toasted bread with yogurt looking confidently at the giant and hermit, sitting tiny in his seat.)

NOTE

The giant and The Hermit look at each other, puzzled,

returning eyes to the Child King, who had been sitting innocently dangling his feet above the farm home floor.

THE HERMIT

Dear boy, you had done well to be lifted by eagle’s wings, for it is better aloft the ground than to tread the head of serpents.

PIERS

Keep your feet on the ground and nose down, Child, and it is better to till the ground that holds the fragrance of sustenance for all life than to find the stench of shame there in thyself from fear and too much time spent in the clouds.

CHILD KING

(Looking crossed at the Giant.) I did not flee from battle or abandon my kingdom without relief. Arcas, Callisto, and Viggo await my return and stand in my place; if only I had my horse.

THE HERMIT

The forest is very deep and mysterious beyond this edge; you would surely be lost to travel back on your own. It was wise of Adlor to take you above the trees. (Puffing his pipe, looking at Adlor with a smile.) It is the eagle’s nature to smite the serpent, and now he is bound atop the scepter holding the double helix eternally his own, nie friend nor foe, bound together by attraction alone.

PIERS

(To the Hermit.) The child is asleep, and there is much work to be done the morrow, many tasks for the boy around the farm; I will find the sling for him to protect the Bos Taurus of the fields for his keep and then to guide them to shelter before the night’s deep.

THE CHILD KING

(Curled on the giant chair, snoring.)

THE HERMIT

He is rather humble for a prince. (Taking a drink of his mead, looking up to Piers.)

PIERS

A mysterious and peculiar king; perhaps fate had brought him to the estate. If corruption of the world is to fade from the courts that account as authority over heaven's law with corruption, righteousness must rule by holding the hand of humility found best in tilling of the soil.

THE HERMIT

I will leave him under your care. May the boy play with the children of Krishna Valley to make friends, not as a prince or king but as a shepherd boy. For when the light on Mt. Meru Shines brightest, and the emerald’s green glow beyond the cave set in the middle of the crag touches his eyes, he shall once again Journey beyond the farm towards his throne. Keep him well, dear friend, and may the boy be of service as he learns to accept the dirt.

PIERS

As he is my king, a child among giants, may he stand on four limbs planting seeds above all that is royal.

THE HERMIT

(Climbing down from the giant chair.)

Well then, dear friend, as sickness holds the cure, may goodness suit all that is well. Let the soil press deep into the king’s fingernails with a splinter to palm; he will know only then the value of his kingdom.

PIERS

He will know the world is in his hands as the dirt sprinkles his teeth and stain his knees come harvest, standing proud, he will know life to the horizon that arose under his care.

THE HERMIT

(Opening the door to the dead of the night, stumbling slightly from the mead, cheerily slurring, he slaps the door, staring back at the giant.)

Fend the coming cold dear friend; may the last lights of fall stave off frost from the harvest and ripe be the plucking. I bid you a good night.

PIERS

(Standing, stretching his arms to the ceiling, gathering a blanket for the Resting child king, placing it over his curled body. And blowing out the last candles that lit the farm home.)

Farewell, traveler, and may the harvest be bountiful for all who dig.

END OF SCENE 4

ACT 4

ACT 4

SCENE 6

TITLE

FORGIVENESS OF ARIEL AND THE SURVIVOR’S PLEA.

CHARACTERS

ARIEL

FEMALE GOLEM

GUNDAR

BODIL

AZRAEL

SETTING TRANSITION

Deep in the “Sword of the King Crevasse,” Ariel had been unable to find an escape, as the entrance she had taken became sealed with fire serpents. The middle of the crag,

infested, swirls knots of the inferno as the mountain begins to swell. Tunnels fumed with gases glow red above the river’s thick liquid flame filling ancient tubes once occupied by creepers under the peak.

In the darkened threat, she abides by his will. Unleashing an unbridled wrath affright that occupies the mountain, now her bastille of blood. A tormenting dedication to protect his desire with unparalleled rage distilled overfloweth the transcendental nature of rage itself, satisfyingly coated the walls with his tormentor’s remains, dancing while she killed.

Soothe she pathed the trail of bloody rage. Lusted forth retribution under authority be her alone, no host of heaven dare betray nor stand in the way of the Child King, her, and the throne.

Liquid fire oozed through the cracks dripping yellow globs, turning ash as they slept to stone. Whimpers follow footsteps that report through the cave’s deep, while shadows flicker remains of beings through the pathways Below.

Now lost alone in the darkness, she walks for days through the labyrinth of the caves.

SETTING

Ariel walks through the dark labyrinth under the mountain where only drips and her steps can be heard.

ARIEL

(Hears whimpering in a cave room dashes forth, wings as blades.)

FEMALE GOLEM

(Crying.)

Stop!

ARIEL

(Taken back by the plea, casually folding now softened wings around her sleek, glowing frame.)

How many?

FEMALE GOLEM

(Wipes tears holding a child of clay.)

Two, since you arrived.

ARIEL

I see no less than fifty in this cavern still hiding, soon to be unmoving on the walls if otherwise be done.

FEMALE GOLEM

We are but one, you understand. I am the voice now for all in this body left. We surrender wholly to your madness. May this crucible of carnage be free from us together as I lead you back to which you came from, below the floor. For in return, you show us the way to Above at your dismissal.

ARIEL

Is that so?

FEMALE GOLEM

From the sounding sword that fell after the world floor had cracked, twofold your company nuisance. Now aware of your worlds, we must leave the one we know, and adapt as below, so to above we go.

ARIEL

Oh.

If there is a gaping floor in Gaia below, you must take me. I will indeed show you the ceiling of your world, making this home your floor, and plant you in the forest of Arcas at the origin site of the Arcadian Quarry for all my damages, in return, you never touch the Child or Sword, and you will all be made anew in the light.

FEMALE GOLEM

We shall oblige this arrangement, for the lease you could do is as such, many thanks due stand unrequired given this treaty.

ARIEL

Settled.

NOTE

They arrive at the Gape through the floor of Gaia and stand before the well of the world. A wormhole through the clouds to a vast universe of spinning wheels of fire, snakes, and spiders crawled and slithered with clarity through the vast depth of a mordant canvas.

ARIEL

How many in one?

FEMALE GOLEM

Seventy-eight total beings of my body, divided, are all that can remain whole and physically independent without breaking structure to sustain life.

ARIEL

That’s a load of eight and six sixty-six in the light if you sprout nine through the transformation process.

FEMALE GOLEM

(Staring into the world's well, she appears as a ball of clay. She sees her reflection for the first time and travels her gaze through the unknown universe of Below, and is mystified; she signs with relief.)

I am ready.

ARIEL

(Releases a faint smile as she slowly reaches out over the entrance.)

follow my hand then.

SCENE TRANSITION

The clay body of the golem reaches out a hand that touches Ariel’s delicate glow, and they jump through the Well of Gaia; Ariel transforms into the Lion of God, engulfing the

golem, eating her hand as it turns into a tail swallowing whole the golem as she held tightly still clasping the tail. Spinning into wheels of fiery eyes, the ball of clay sat as a sphere in the center churning through the wormhole; in a torrent of light, they appeared center of the unicursal heptagram foundation, dug in by Bodil and Gundar. The heptagram sprouted a crystal glass encasement into a three-dimensional cube from the ground's pattern. Ariel transforms above the structure’s grounds into her angelic being, dropping the clay into the pool.

The lower portion of the cube was shattered as nine beings emerged from the arrival, breaking through to the forest. These nine beings were one male pan, one male centaur, one female dryad, one female naiad, two gnomes, male and female, a bridge troll, a leprechaun, and a female Dwarf.

END SCENE 6

ACT 4

ACT 4

SCENE 7

TITLE

THE BUILDING OF ARCADIA

CAST

AZRAEL

ARIEL
BODIL
GUNDAR

SETTING

The arrival of Ariel shattering the glass and the creatures bounding through the forest from the rising crystal shell cube had startled Gundar, Bodil, and The Horse. The startling stir frightened the horse deeply, sending the stallion running behind the centaur, away to the northern regions of the forest with the bridge troll close behind. Azrael, standing, feeling most confidant beside the Sword of the King, remains unshaken.

BODIL

Heaven Mercy! The horse!

GUNDAR

The Horse? The Leprechaun!

AZRIEL

(Slightly smiling, nodding his head towards Ariel.)

Impeccable Ariel, the men had finished before daybreak.

ARIEL

(Hovering above the cube.)

Thanks, due, Azrael.

(Descending to the ground, folding her wings a gown, approaches Azrael looking at the Sword of the King.)

And the Child?

AZRIEL

Not a touch of death on the child, neither direction guided, at your request.

(Bows.)

ARIEL

Then I shall wait with the sword for his return, as is the divine direction; he too must go forth and reclaim his birthright.

AZRIEL

I see one had lost her temper.

ARIEL

How many perished?

AZRIEL

You made me a very rich man, Ariel. I knew I could count on you.

ARIEL

surely many remain under the mountain; they too will forever change in life culture.

AZRIEL

One cannot unsee the whole after witness.

(Sarcastically.) And they will worship your name, with the little few remaining.

ARIEL

Admittedly I was past due to excuse myself.

NOTE

Bodil returns from chasing the horse, panting and out of breath. Gundar stood in shock, mouth agape in silence at the witness of the angels talking.

BODIL

(To Gundar.)

We lost the horse.

GUNDAR

Perfect timing.

BODIL

What do you mean?

GUNDAR

The job is finished.

BODIL

Twas a good horse.

GUNDAR

Is a good Horse true, and he is not yours.

BODIL

I will await his return, and the bridge troll turned towards the blue stone waterfall southwest of here as the horse ran with the centaur north beyond my knowing’s boundary.

GUNDAR

I witnessed a naiad blossom damselfly in her splash as she became the quarry's waters. This day is a blessing. We now, too, have a shelter that will last the winter if we must, with Death Incarnate over our shoulder in the forest of Arcas, our tomb, we must abide and rejoice the company we keep beside us now.

BODIL

I concur; a miracle, however, who is the other being among us talking with Azriel?

GUNDAR

His business without an invite is none of my concern. Whatever this structure of his design, we built by our hands alone. The many Miracles bestowed on this land before we must be capable through our bodies, as was our labor the conduit for such a design’s creation.

BODIL

My allegiance is due to death since thine own blade first smite. However, I, appose attempting instruction from Azrael any further, you may do as you wish on thy own.

GUNDAR

There is a lesson in dying that without death himself, Azrael’s incarnation among thee cannot be obtained without one’s fatality. Surely a pupil of Azrael holds the secrets of immortality.

BODIL

Resurrection?

GUNDAR

It could be in our midst. It appears the cubical crystal veil is torn where the creatures emerged. Our duty to Azrael grew life from those trenches.

BODIL

All ten of them except one. She is beautiful, what is she? She doesn’t look the same as Azrael.

(Gazing at the angel’s conversation.)

GUNDAR

Dare to worship?

BODIL

(Shaking his head.)

Assuredly she is the same as he, and they are both as soft on the eyes as they are hard-to-see hypnotizing mirages, yet incarnate.

(Still staring, slapping his cheeks, attempting to lose focus from his captivation held to the feminity of the angel’s body and expression.)

We may never depart death’s path for us.

(Diverting his eyes from Ariel.)

GUNDAR

(Shrugs.)

I surrender to his lead to be free from the tragedy that already binds us to him.

BODIL

(Eyes widen.)

As I accept death's infection created by the fall of the worlds and become one with my descension far before the carnation of such a power stood before me.

GUNDAR

(Raising a knife hand toward Azrael, his gaze towards Bodil changes tone.)

Our king is now in the body of death that keeps him. In this shady forest atop the hollow ground, our time is no longer borrowed but in his debt. I suggest we pay our dues.

NOTE

Gundar and Bodil bow down together on bended knee before Azrael in the distance near the shrine and the Sword of Sorrow.

Azrael and Ariel take notice.

ARIEL

(To Azrael.) I see you have fans.

AZRAEL

I couldn’t have done it without you.

ARIEL

I must admit, true.

However, I have no desire to partake in your necromantic activities.

AZRAEL

Whatsoever suit your fancy that accompanies the Sword, I would rather enjoy a good move about.

ARIEL

Have you been bored with doing all the work yourself?

AZRAEL

You know I like to watch. (Winks at Ariel.)

NOTE

Azrael darts the forest past Bodil and Gundar on his knee, petrified. Cutting through the tree’s finding Viggo on the verge of death, Azrael removes the layer of smoke that had dehydrated the elk’s lungs and carries him back to the men; Viggo lies before them, still and unbreathing.

AZRAEL

Pupils of Azrael,

Bring this body to the cube's center, in the pool of water, and raise the corpse to resurrect.

NOTE

Bodil and Gundar take the cart, hoist the bull elk upon him, and pull him to the pool, dropping Viggo in the depth of a now endless ocean over clouds.

AZRAEL

Egress! Flee the cube lest ye be vaporized.

NOTE

Bodil and Gundar obey the command forth depart as a light flashed, sealing the cube once more where it had been torn,

breaking panels as they escaped the blast. Viggo had emerged, alive and on fire, thrashing; as his skin and hair burnt, it regrew as fast; this was due to the unsealed cube from Bodil and Gundar's escape.

AZRAEL

Nie my intention to torture the Bull, with haste, push the beast back in the Well.

GUNDAR

Bodil, flank the beast with this spear; we will make a line together and back the beast into the water.

Bodil

(with a spear in hand inside of the cube.)

AH-OO!

NOTE

During the struggle, Bodil falls into the well with Viggo, falling deeper into the ocean under them they touch the clouds below. Bodil grabs hold of Viggo, fighting and kicking back to the thickness of the waters above to no avail. Now falling through the sky, they tumble in the wind below as Viggo sprouts wings. They began flying upwards into the deep to swim through the floor above and into the crystal cube. Bodil had been knocked at the edge of the elk at the edge of the entrance, where he became disorientated from the hit and lost in bubbles from Viggo’s mighty exit. Aware, Gundar reached into the pool, grabbed Bodil by the arm

pulling to the edge once more, and Bodil climbed out of the water.

NOTE

Splashing above the waters, The winged one stood and held the spread of feathers above his head. The Black elk danced and pranced, admiring the smoke he blew from his nostrils, standing in awesome power. He had startled Gunder, already reaching into the pool for Bodil. Viggo stood proudly with his new wings as the men entered the white frosty crystal cube from the pool. Gundar places his hands on his knees as Bodil pulls himself out of the pool, rotating onto his side, vomiting water, and clearing his nose; on finishing and gaining his composure, sopping wet, he sits up and splashes Gundar, whose attention had been fixated on Viggo, from his fingertip onto his forehead and smiles. Gundar

BODIL

Bless thee, Gundar.

(Chuckles.)

I thank Thee, Black Elk. By necessity, thou hath sprouted wings, thus saving my soul with that of your body from below, granting my life independence once more.

NOTE

Viggo begins to flap his wings as he jumps and blasts through the cube ceiling, killing four crows under the moon with the shattering glass, soaring to his grandfather's herd on the furthest edge of the tundra.)

GUNDAR

(Calmly, he pulls the sopping sleeve up to the elbow.)
My hand is turning blue, so is my arm.

BODIL

(A bit taken back.)

Thy skin hath turned pale as well, my brother.

GUNDAR

(Gives a nod.)

Your whole body is also bluing, and thy eyes have run black as well.

BODIL

(He lies down on the grass and floats atop the blades' tips.)

It is either the grass does not die below me as I take their death to my own, or my matter in life is now below the grass as we speak, as if my weight does not exist to the foliage anymore than a shadow would.

AZRAEL

Life and death are both a unique matter; one is sand, the other grease. Loosen the joints to keep the sand out of your arse before you grind your gears, smashing sand to glass and crack.

(Amused with himself.)

BODIL AND GUNDAR

What?

BODIL

(Staring, absolutely confused.)

On heavens, Gaia.

AZRAEL

Understanding this multi-dimensional matter flowing inside of all organic things is how to begin communicating with the death and life frequencies.

BODIL

Something feels different.

(begins examining himself.)

AZRAEL

Bodil, death channel in thee are thine new rivers of life here. The water thou hath inhaled is enough to spread through your body, which is the source for life from below. All who swallow the waters of life from below shall surely die to the world above, for all who drink from the well of death from above shall surely live beyond their time.

BODIL

What does any of this mean?

AZRAEL

Bodil, the waters pour over grass thou now lie upon as it enters your pores. Thy life’s breath and touch absorb their death on the surface in trade for new life.

The death stored inside of you is now your source of being as you had died and resurrected from below, as a being of above.

It's all quite complex but simple, the man you were in the body is not the man you are here today, yet here you stand with only some light altering thine being. You look great, considering your abomination is not grotesque.

BODIL

(Bodil deeply Exhales a mist, and he sinks, crushing the grass below him that immediately dried and wilted to dirt. Bodil turns onto his knees, throwing up. Wiping spit from his mouth, looking up to Azrael.)

Am I Alive? Am I still A human?

AZRAEL

(Annoyed.)

Very much so, and very much not. You are being made new by the redesigning structure of the waters in and on thee, there is no return to what thou once were, and that is a dead man.

(tapping his foot to the dirt, causing daisies to grow.)

Do what thou wilt with this; going below was the only way your being could be made new for what's to come anyways.

BODIL

What sayeth thou art true, for thine own being, then what of Gundar for touching the waters?

GUNDAR

I don’t feel anything.

AZRAEL

Your hand Gundar, you will control the dead matter like a puppet; whatever is dying inside of a being, by thine wilt be done, will obey to animate by thou command. You can neither remove nor replace the death with the life of another as Bodil, rather direct the channels and pools of death inside of the being thou choose to move.

GUNDAR
(The grass rises below his feet as a flower bud blooms in swift lapse.)

SCENE TRANSITION/ACT TRANSITION

Bodil and Gundar resurrected many of the animals burnt in the fire throughout the forest in the early winter. They also healed others wounded by realigning the channels of life and death inside the host. While animating still beings back to regeneration and aligning the balance of dead matter inside with one’s essence, causing life’s channels to align and begin massaging and warming the organs.

Bodil had taken on much of the other animal’s death, which he would wash off his hands in the well, center the cube. He would kill tree branches for firewood and animals of the forest for leather, tools, food, oil, and sinew as he would part

animals with his new ability. The wilds of the forest respected the places occupied by Bodil and Gundar.

Gundar grows flowers out of season for pleasure and watches them wilt in the frost by forcing death to grow from the ground the inevitable fate of the blossom, then dances the brown stem stirring and seeping his tea with the bud that bloomed inside of the cube in the forest. While catching a fish, he killed and gutted it, sent it back to the water swimming, and the fish washed and returned to his hands. Producing fruit as he grabbed the bushes through the forest, they would wilt and frost soon after he released his grip.

END SCENE 6

END ACT 4

ACT 5

TITLE

WINTER OF THE YUKI-ONNA

SCENE 1

TITLE

ALGOL AND PERCEIA

CHARACTERS

ALGOL

PERCEI

NARCI

SETTING

The Ivory Kingdom Stables were fit for a shy dragon, mind all the horses that had to vacate to random coverings through the kingdom and fields outside the city walls. Private stables were being constructed where the dragon’s destructions remained a duty for the Mason. Frost fills the atmosphere, the light of burning oily lamps and pipes from furnaces woven through the city glow.

Once a fine community stable, inside the Dragons Lair of the Ivory Kingdom has become home to Algol. Algol is not fully grown, at eight meters long, seven hundred and twenty-six kilograms. With reflective scales changing color to what seemed his liking, he would disguise himself in the hay, often left in the darkness alone, blind and chained, he burrowed.

Outside of the Dragon Lair, Percei awaits Narci’s arrival under the glow of an oily lamp. She was dressed in dark fur, adorned with enchanted black fox mittens of pine valley. On her hands were mittens made for archery; the mittens held the seal of Wandering Spirit stitched with golden thread to the palm.

Narci arrives.

PERCEI

(Pouting.) Forever and a day, this lamp be my only comfort. Wish I wait more if thou timid to behold the dragon.

NARCI

I would wait forever a day and more for thou, what say you?

PERCEI

I hath waited enough; art thou prepared or not?

NARCI

(Sigh.) As ready now as ever, I am a hero, you know.

PERCEI

Let us be on with it, then. I told the dragon I would return shortly; we mustn’t leave him waiting.

NARCI

(Nervously unlocks the stable for Percei.) If the dragon makes haste a breath, it shall be his last.

PERCEI

If either dares, our fates all. (With intense seriousness.) Trust me.

NARCI

My Lady. (Smiles holding the giant door open a crack for Percei to hide the glow of the pipes protruding from the lair.)

NOTE

The Two enter the stable, and only the soft glow of the red pipes lights the open space of the stable.

PERCEI

Oh, mighty Algol, may my faith be your release.

ALGOL

(Shifts under the hay selling off his den.)

PERCEI

(Cautious, she looks to Narci and whispers under her breath.)

Giveth I the keys, Narci, and release thy clutch of thou weapon, lest the dragon finds thee formidable.

NARCI

(Releases his dagger held in white knuckle grip, stepping slowly from behind Percei, closing the door, handing her the keys to the dragon’s shackles held now in another’s hands embrace, he whispers.)

To release the Dragon from the binds that save us be folly ye alone taketh, and I will stand and protect thee and parish at this moment fate without a kiss from the fair maiden?

PERCEI

(Whispers in his ear.)

Poor dear, thou hath not yet proven courage or patience. (Kisses his cheek softly, whispers.) Don’t be afraid. (Staring into the eyes of Narci, softly touching his hand.)

NARCI

(Captivated, she releases the keys to her palm. Cheerfully)

Oh, to see a dragonfly. (Smiles.)

NOTE

The two begin slowly walking towards the den, a mound of hay surrounded by a cobblestone border where the dragon, in the soft, warm glow of the heating pipes, had been digging. The hay mound begins to shift, and the two freeze.

PERCEI

(Drops the keys, pauses a breath, exhales.)

If death, follow desire. If death follows desire.

(Looks towards the mound, seeing the dragon’s vapor from breath.)

Worthy is the fall.

(Gathers the keys on bended knee.)

NARCI

If death follows this desire here, then we fall as criminals.

PERCEI

Speak thy souls’ secrets, Narci; I shall contend to mine own.

NARCI

It is merely releasing the dragon that is to be counted as treason; let us make sure he stays secure, nothing more. Do go on, fair lady Percei.

PERCEI

If thou dissent, surely one must depart or be departed untimely.

NARCI

My desire is sound as the fate it brings; dare I depart the hazard before satisfaction. What say of you, frightened?

PERCEI

Once before, nor ever again to be. Now shush.

(Takes a long deep breath and exhales.)

NOTE
Percei walks alone towards the den Gregorian-style chant.

PERCEI

(Softly slowly chanting, she begins to unbind the dragon as she reaches the nest.)

Oh, Algol. I remember thee,

Ra ah ha I saw Algol.

Rise above the serpent’s wish,

The gate of all for man’s grave.

Scales soft as dahlia petal falls.

Atman Brahm Ra men from ahm they prayed.

Moves the night to light by seven tones.

Saregama padhani

My om to Algol.

Glories never told,

hidden in his eyes lay gold.

Ah! Bound wings are now free to unfold.

Brave and bold Algol.

Shining, he soars.

Wings beat sounding roars

over crashing waves of swords.

Oh, Mighty Lord of the sky, Algol.

NOTE

(Chanting turns to hums as Percei brushes the face of Algol over the eyes with the enchanted mittens as she unclips the shackle over the Dragons mouth. Holding his face in a soft loving embrace, he purrs. Algol is completely unbound.)

NOTE

ALGOL

(Rises softly to stretch, opening his mighty wings, glowing in the light of the tubes.) I cannot see you, but I can smell you. I can hear thou tears dropping to thine garment and chattering of teeth.

PERCEI

(Turning to look towards the petrified Narci.)

Narci, focus on me. (Turning back towards Algol.) He bore us the keys, mighty Algol. Thus I hath kept mine promise to thee. Mind the frightened one; he is of no threat of harm to me.

ALGOL

What gain for he then by my being, or my being from he if not to be eaten?

PERCEI

(Confidant and excited.)

Narci wishes to behold a dragon, and the Mighty Algol in his eyes hold all the hunger he wishes to satisfy from thee if thou would grant him to see, gracious lord of the Sky.

ALGOL

Instinct says otherwise.

(Algol rushes through the glow toward Narci.)

I can smell thy insides, boy. What secrets hath polluted thine soul?

PERCEI

He is just a fire guard Algol, he. (Interrupted.)

ALGOL

It is hiding something.

(Smells the air.)

I smell a coward on his breath; cowards are the most dangerous of all creatures.

(Snarls with his nose touching Narci, his blind eyes still piercing the young man.)

NARCI

(Nervous.)

Percei, I don’t know what to do.

PERCEI

(Laughing.) Tell him what it is you are hiding, then.

NARCI

(Frustrated.) I’m not hiding anything, and I already disclosed how I had been separated from my unit. I am the lone survivor and am treated as a coward now,

I wish thee farewell if I may depart.

PERCEI

Thou art disrespecting Algol and embarrassing to thine own as my company on this celebration. Lest ye intend to continue this folly, I bid thee fair depart, for if Algol banishes thee from I, a farewell alone be satisfactory.

NARCI

Chose a dragon over thou commitment to thine people? Dare I confess this heresy to the Witch Queen? (Acting surprised.)

For what one does over another will do over many. You are not in mercy for the dragon; you are at the mercy of!

ALGOL

Silence! (Spreading his wings.)

I have not been released from this torment. Percei, shall we commence? With or without the coward, his fear bringeth only hunger.

PERCEI

Narci, find a corner by the door; when it is time, you will open it for us. We will be back before the shift change of the guard at dawn.

(Approaches the dragon from behind.)

May I?

ALGOL

As you desire.

NARCI

(Walking towards the giant door of the stable.) Just ensure you are back on time, or you will have to wait until nightfall again to return unnoticed with that repulsive lizard.

NOTE

Percei mounts Algol by climbing the base of his tail and hind leg, placing her mitten-covered hands onto both sides of his neck; he begins to see through her eyes.

PERCEI

(Excited restrained yell.) Open the door, Narci! (Waves one hand, Algol loses sight in one eye, regained on return of the hand of Percei in the enchanted mittens to his neck.)

NARCI

Be thou careful, fair maiden. (Waves fondly to Percei, turning his direction towards Algol.) Dare take lightly the life of Percei Dragon. Torment shall becometh to engulf your kind forever, I swear to thee. (Narci pulls out his dagger and slices the tip of his thumb as a sign of oath.)

NOTE

Algol begins to climb the walls of his Lair. Gripping Percei to his body with his scales, they become symbiotic, feeling one another’s thoughts through this venerable contact before only shared among dragons. This gripping technique developed over eons from an instinct for dragons to carry the young or wounded and during reproduction rituals, battles, and hunting. Percei was willing to share her sight with Algol, and in him, she could only see darkness—a connection brought by a fearless surrender that left both grateful for the other. Able to detach at any moment, they connected harmoniously.

PERCEI and ALGOL

(Angered at the proclamation of Narci in unison.)

Dare the welp again taunt the king of skies. We do not fear the words of a peasant coward, oh how thee left thy friends to die.

(Drops directly in front of Narci.)

NARCI

(Covering his face, shaking in fear, he loosely held his knife pointed towards the heart of Algol.)

Mine oath, I swear.

(Tears fill his face as he raises his gaze toward Percei.)

farewell then, for though I could hath slain the dragon, thou wisheth otherwise, as thine heart now beats with Algol.

PERCEI

(Gazing at the starry winter sky, she can see the currents of the wind and releases a soft sigh of pity for Narci.)

Farewell (Pauses.) Dear beast, rest well. (Eyes brighten.)

NOTE

Algol and Percei instantly blast into flight knocking Narci to the ground from the torrent of takeoff flight. Narci returns to the dragon’s nest, hides the chains, cleans up all signs of commotion, and locks the giant doors of the stables. Silently he disappears into the shadows of the Ivory Kingdom.

END SCENE 1

ACT 5

ACT 5

SCENE 2

TITLE

RETURNING TO THE KINGDOM OF THE MEADOW.

CHARACTERS

PERCEI

WANDERING SPIRIT

ALGOL

SETTING

The remaining Kingdom of the Meadow was charred and damp structures, muddy, slushy snow on the roads, a once bountiful abode for many abandoned, her childhood home.

SCENE TRANSITION

Percei and Algol (Proclaimed title “King of the Sky,” together as one.) soar to the rubble of the Kingdom of the Meadows, the childhood home of Percei. They arrive at the charred remains of the once grand great hall for shelter. They face the front of the entrance tapping the floor with his talons as they enter. She dismounts the dragon rendering him blind. He stretches, scratching the stone, and follows her scent and sound, moving in cadence with her steps, folding his wings behind him; his breath begins to purr.

PERCEI

(Calls out that echo through the hall.)

Prince!

(Calling out louder this time.)

Prince! Come out here now!

Stop playing games!

(Stamps her foot, crossing her arms.)

Damn.

(Pauses, tapping her foot, she calls out once more.)

Father!

(Pacing.)

This isn’t funny!

(Hands to her mouth.)

Where are you two? Stop hiding!

(Growls, clenches her fists.)

Little Welp! Get over here!

(Stomps foot, looks towards Algol.)

Let us inside from the cold; we shall take abode mine family home, ours alone now, my birthright is now ours to defend.

NOTE

Algol opens the heavy door for Percei, leaving it wide as they enter the still-dark hall.

The Dragon senses the room, standing his shoulder parallel with the young woman's body as they walk. Percei stops in the middle of the room, now filling with light from the rising lense; as the mist grows over the floor, Algol rapidly curls

around Percei. She jumps to his leg with a step and is tossed into the air, twirling as she mounts the dragon; he spreads his wings. Placing her hands on his neck, the King of the Sky thrust towards a pair of ghouls, slamming them into the structure beams with a turn of the tail.

Came then emerging from the shadows, A hoard of ghouls surrounded the already prepared King of the Sky. They came armed and starving, with primitive weapons and rusty farming tools from the kingdom of the Meadow stolen and stained in blood.

The King of the Sky excitedly performs a ballet of carnage through the ghouls. He was tearing some in half, breaking others with the tail, catching, twirling, smashing them into another. The King of the Sky used the symbiotic unleash of graceful control from Percei and the might of Algol into perfect technique dashing in an instant from one side to the next throughout the hall.

As the ghoul all lay slain harmoniously, Percei's guttural scream matched the roar of Algol to fire, lighting the great hall's ceiling. Flipping upside down with his back to the sky, they fly outside the structure in the light, circling and scorching the great hall. Many other ghouls emerged from the blazing building only to be met by the King of the Sky, disengaging them to screaming ash as they attempted to flee.

The two fly to the apex of the firmament’s hardened shell and notice the crystal tower in the distance, which was once a slave trading town of Martha the Cannibal, who had cannibalized and enslaved the people of the Kingdom of the Meadow.

Twirling in the Air, Percei stands on top of the blind Algol; pressing her feet on different sides of the dragon’s body, he turns. Upside down, she lets go of her bond; he twirls and catches her before fully losing contact from her feet to

fingertip. The two began to read each other’s connection through a spark that traveled through the atmosphere as they separated from one another over and over; dancing to the falling of the day, Algol kept Percei alive. They bomb towards the ground together, turning shy above the surface, devastating the structure’s final remains for the great hall.

PERCEI

(Dismounts Algol.)

Thank you, Mighty Algol.

ALGOL

(Bows to Percei.)

PERCEI

We need supplies and shelter; my brother and father come next. If they didn’t see that, then they are not here. I will surely freeze come nightfall.

I am sure you are hungry as well.

(Places hands on hips and scans the area from in front of the collapsed great hall of the meadows.)

We must head forth to Pine Valley, where the swine gather in the shelter of the mountains.

END SCENE 2

ACT 5

ACT 5

SCENE 3

TITLE

BODIL AND THE BRIDGE TROLL

CHARACTERS

BODIL

ARCAS

BRIDGE TROLL

THE HORSE

SETTING

Wandering through the Forest of Arcas, Bodil had been experimenting with his ability to decay living organic material into mushrooms. He then began to consume the mushrooms that grew, for they looked good for food, and he began to hallucinate, alone, walking along the river, following Arcas, who disappears before an ancient stone bridge where the Horse had been residing in a makeshift stable. He was near a fire with a primitive shelter of broken pine branches and needles, insulated by snow. Bodil stops before the bridge in the gloomy mid-day.

BODIL

Say you! Tis mine own horse thou hold, healthy indeed, a many thanks. May I offer you mushrooms in return for the favor?

BRIDGE TROLL

(Emerges) A good mushroom stew be nice; how many have you now?

BODIL

I ate them all. (Begins laughing.)

BRIDGE TROLL

How about me eats you, little man? Make a fine mince mushroom meat says me.

BODIL

(Laughing louder with his hands on his knees.)

I'll bet I would! You are a big fella! I'll bet you could.

(Crying laughing.)

I can get more. (laughing crying.)

I can. Really, I can.

(Tears and chuckle.)

It's not a problem. (Stands up straight, wipes tears.)

It's going to be alright.

No, I seriously can.

(Starts laughing again.)

You don't have to eat me.

That's crazy. I'll turn you into a mushroom.

(Laughing harder.)

And eat you.

(Out of control laughing.)

So, let’s not go that route. No, no, and I’m not trying to cross the bridge if that’s what you are thinking, (Starts laughing again.) I only need that horse.

BRIDGE TROLL

(Passes off Bodil.)

Nonsense, me has goat stew to eat as is, tasty, no needs to eats the likes of you, now be gone before me changes its mind.

BODIL

(Sits in the snow, he fiddles with a broken twig.)

All I have eaten are those mushrooms. Stew sounds divine.

BRIDGE TROLL

Pesky hims is, so was thems, be gone, be gone foolish mankind. (Shooing Bodil away, he turns towards his shelter.)

BODIL

(Laughing.)

I’m sorry sir, before you go I must profess, I really do need that horse.

(Trying to hold back his laughter.)

BRIDGE TROLL

(Appalled.) Enough of you me has. (Raising his voice louder, slapping his face and bald head.) Enough of you!

NOTE

The Bridge troll grabs his living oak branch club and rushes Bodil, smashing it to his face and sending him flipping. The touch had rotted the club to mulch on contact. The troll dropped the wood before the decay reached his massive hands. Bodil laughing and crying simultaneously, stands with a few scrapes and splinters rapidly healing as he dusts himself off.

BODIL

(Laughing.) Now, watch. (Points at the rotting club remain.)

BRIDGE TROLL

(Glances at the mushrooms growing rapidly from the remains of the club. Taken back, he scratches his head.)

Well, I'll be. Would you like some goat mushroom stew? Me thoughts you was playing funny games.

BODIL

I would love some, thank you kindly. (Chuckles.) It is funny how these things happen.

BRIDGE TROLL

(Picks up a cluster of mushrooms.)

Come in now friend, go in out of this cold then. (Welcomes Bodil to his shelter.)

BODIL

(Clicks at The Horse.)

Hello you.

(Winks, giving a half smile, enters the shelter past the troll.)

BRIDGE TROLL

(Letting go of the tarp door.)

It is your horse, isn’t it?

BODIL

Not my horse. The horse belongs to the Prince of the Meadows, born of the Crystal Shell at the highest peak back home.

My tie to it is to find this child, who would be a teen nowadays, and return his property.

Anyone, to claim this horse would be an enemy to the Kingdom of the meadows you see? Not the type of trouble anyone would want, no, not at all.

BRIDGE TROLL

(Dropping the mushrooms into the stew stirring the pot, taking a sip from a wooden spoon.)

This horse was alone. The others (Pauses, sips soup, smiles.) were not. See, me uses the horse as bait. (Filling a cup full of stew with an abundance of mushrooms, he gorges himself.) The others are under the water of the bridge in sacks, covered in rocks to bring the fishes. See, me need things they has, so I take the thing. But this horse came to me. He

is mine, and I needs him to get the things they has. You has mushrooms and gives me, so now I has no needs else from you.

(Hands Bodil a cup of soup.)

Must be hungry, eat, eat, eat plenty.

BODIL

(Collecting himself.)

Thank you kindly.

(Nods and accepts the cup, begins sipping the broth.)

It is a good stew.

(Looking into his cup, he begins to laugh.)

So, what about the others? How well did they fair?

BRIDGE TROLL

Me gots what me gets, like nets to the fishes. (Smiling proudly.)

BODIL

And of the goats? I didn’t know there were goats around these parts.

BRIDGE TROLL

(Begins to feel woozy and starts to sweat.)

Billy goats, pesky, eat all the grass on one sides the river. (Holds back a smile.)

Three brothers was they. Come in and about, climbing on me roof, falling through the night. So, me decides good foods they is and waits top the bridge.

(Eats more Stew.)

One was the biggest one, the last, he.

NOTE

A goat bleat heard out in the cold from above the bridge.

BODIL

(Stares at the troll in a serious tone.)

You never did catch those goats, did you?

BRIDGE TROLL

(Staring at his hands melting before his eyes.)

No, the big one knocked me off the bridge, been hiding ever since, watch me from the cliffs thems do. Me hates them billy goats, me do.

BODIL

(Wiping his eyes.)

You fed me a corpse stew. (Pours remaining soup with meat chunks slapping on the ground.)

That’s gross.

BRIDGE TROLL

It’s all me has for meats to eats! (Starts crying.)

Me didn’t wants to eats the men, me wants to eats the fishes and the goats! (Grabs his belly as the world begins to change in the troll’s eyes.)

BODIL

(Crossing his legs, he laughs at the troll.)

Did you have your fill?

BRIDGE TROLL

The meats gone bad.

(He begins rubbing his face and laughs.)

Me’s a bad troll.

The bad meat inside of me’s, makes me bad.

BODIL

(Laughing hysterically, pointing at the troll.)

That’s right! You are the worst troll there ever to be!

BRIDGE TROLL

Stop making fun of me. (Sad whimpering.)

Note

As the wind blows outside, a goat's bleat breaks the silence.

BODIL

(Laughs hysterically.)

BRIDGE TOLL

This isn’t funny, me’s going to die right now. Stop laughing!

NOTE

Silence ensues, to be broken again by a third goat bleat.

BODIL

(Laughing out of control.) The goats mock thee as well!
(Bleats at the troll sticking his tongue out.)

BRIDGE TROLL

(Storming out into the cold with a wooden spoon.)

Me knows where yins sleeps goat! Me’s coming to eats all three yins!

NOTE

Bodil quickly scrambles up and rushes towards the Horse of the Child King, mounting the bare horse, darting down the forest path along the cliff side of the river, passing the three billy goats, each one larger than the next, chewing on a lonely patch of exposed grass in a piney meadow. He rides back to the quarry through the forest.

Arcas confronts the Bridge Troll in pursuit of Bodil. The two, formidable in size to the other, battle through the snow, slamming, throwing, and biting one another. The Bridge Troll begins to sprout atop his skin with mushrooms. Arcas

swatting and chewing through the pounding, rejects the taste of the troll, and turns to flee back to the forest.

The bridge troll, stopping at the cliff's edge, hands on his knees, catches his breath. Exhausted and defeated, the largest of the goats charged before the troll could react, horns rammed into the troll behind the side, pushing him over the edge to the raging river below. The other two goats began to bleat in humor at the site. Prancing, sticking out their tongues in mockery of the troll while they cheer.

Bodil rushes through the darkening forest with the Prince’s horse. Riding like a vampire sapping the encroaching death from within the frost afflicting the beast, giving room for the sands of life to flow freely and strength to the horse’s vitality as they flee.

END OF SCENE 3

ACT 5

SCENE 4

ACT 5

TITLE

A WINTER WITH PIERS

CHARACTERS

PIERS

THE CHILD KING

SETTING

Night’s blue light filled a flickering starry sky over the ghostly white fields and rolling hills. Frost wisps with shadows over and upon the surface covered in snow. The Warm glow from the Barn to the farm home lights the way for sanctuary. The cattle, cosey and well kept, hath grown accustomed to the care from the Child King as he learns his service to them. And the boy was happy, running from the barn to the inside of the Farm home softly lit with a wood stove warming tea for the two. The Child King looked forward to this time together. They had grown accustomed to their chats over tea and toast for a day’s ending ritual.

PIERS

Very well, young man, (Adjust his chair, placing the giant saucer with cream and hot cup of tea for the Child King.)

Doth, thou knoweth the corruption of the courts dear boy?

NOTE

The Child King closes the door behind him while Piers halves a biscuit, reaching out to the lad for the first piece as he removes and hangs his outerwear. Unlacing his boots, he reaches with his mouth for the biscuit and bites down while he removes his footwear. He scampers across the warm wood floor and brings them under the stove, quickly washing his socks; he then joins Piers, who has prepared the table for two.

While the wind blew, the two sat at the table between two chairs in the soft warmth and glow of the coals in the open stove. And Piers pulled the bread basket in the middle for breaking near a saucer of cream and another with honey. Piers halves a biscuit and hands the first piece as the Child King removes his outerwear.

THE CHILD KING

(the scarf drops and the Child King raises his finger to the Gaint and rushes to adjust his dripping scarf and wool coat, moving the rack closer to the stove before joining Pieres once more he spoke with his mouth full.)

Indeed, good sir. Meed is the court’s corruptor.

PIERS

Doth, thou knoweth why?

(Bites the bread drizzled in honey.)

THE CHILD KING

Indeed, good sir, the merit of the courts is corrupted through bribes as the judges pay no heed to the gains of false witnesses, for they, too, collect the teeth of the poor as their own, and indifference to corruption numbs their shame.

PIERS

How can such a thing happen, dear boy?

THE CHILD KING

(Breaks his bread, dunking it into the saucer of cream, takes a bite, and replies with his mouthful.) When one feels his position in life is worth more than another means he is to rule over others. The outcome of the law becomes as he has it to be, to suit his fancy, regardless of the truth or justice.

PIERS

Very good.

THE CHILD KING

He who faces the court’s life is written indebted, by the law, to the judge. At the mercy of wealth and the shackles of poverty (Thinking.) Innocence is bought, and prosecution is sold.

PIERS

Is Innocence real?

THE CHILD KING

(Thinking to himself for a moment. Smiles, looking up at Piers.)

I’m innocent.

NOTE

Both begin to laugh.

THE CHILD KING

(Joking, laughing, pleading.)

I’m innocent, I tell you! Please don’t take my teeth!

(Holding his mouth closed, staring up at the giant.)

PIERS

Since your teeth cannot be removed, we shall take your land!

(Sinister laugh.)

THE CHILD KING

(Pretending to cry.)

Please, sir, I need my land to pay my fee!

PIERS
That is none of my concern; your debt is your own responsibility while in the dungeon.

(Rubbing his hands together, staring down at the Child King.)

THE CHILD KING

(Turns serious.)

Does this happen?

PIERS

(Spoke to the boy in a somber tone.)

Yes, Child King. This way hath become of the many sold from the Kingdom overthrown by Martha the Cannibal, for ivory with meed, by children's blood.

THE CHILD KING

My father slew the putrid beast, Martha (The Child King Spat on the ground.) She was going to eat us, and she ate people! (Staring intensely at Piers.)

PIERS

Though Martha the Cannibal hath been slain at the hands of thine father, vampires of the courts control the ghouls with offerings of flesh in trade for blood and teeth, yours being the most desirable.

(Reaching for his smoking pipe.)

THE CHILD KING

How are they able to do this?

PIERS

By separating families and forcing each of them into the slave trade, the people’s kingdom submits to the overseer’s oppression. Out of fear and substance rationed to them in trade, they comply with the demands of the law as hostages to their own nature.

THE CHILD KING

Why do people listen at all? I would never obey. I would rather be out in the forest again or here with you. Dare they take our land! I’ll get Father’s (Pauses.) Never mind.

(Shaking his head while biting his lip.)

PIERS

(Looks at the child king puzzled; he continues.)

With laws designed to protect the corrupt oppressor, the people are defenseless in compliance. Meed controlled Martha, though it appeared the other way around. She merely fed her fall as she consumed others. Her wealth was never her own. She enslaved herself to the same corruption she inflicted and met her demise for it by a virtuous King.

THE CHILD KING

I escaped when the guards left after my father; I was small enough to squeeze out of the shackles, as the rope was too large to hold me. With the guards gone, I wiggled free and ran up the stairs as he killed them all, well, him and Wandering Spirit. (Sips his tea.) I was afraid of Martha, so I hid. The sword's blade was a blade of light too bright to see. It blinded me for a moment with the king's draw and flash from the beam. Then I could hear his crying and the sword as it fell. I ran to him with my eyes closed, knowing we were both surely dying together in Martha's Castle.

PIERS

(Concerned.) What happened next?

THE CHILD KING

We cried and held each other, the three of us, one last time, then Wandering Spirit disappeared. He told the King and me to head Northwest.

PIERS

And have you?

THE CHILD KING

I don’t know.

PIERS

The Krishna Valley is near enough here; you will travel there at the end of next year’s harvest. As I introduce you to find the answers to the questions inside of you, I couldn’t, for I am not a god nor king. For now, (Takes a bite of bread, breaking off another piece for the Child King while pouring him some more tea.) You will continue to learn the farmer's way, which is the most important and honest position in any kingdom. However, you must go on, for your destiny is not here forever.

THE CHILD KING

(Looking outside of the window, watching as the frost spiders begin to engulf the barn where the cattle shelter the storm.) It’s cold out tonight. I hope the cattle are comfortable.

PIERS

Did you remember to seal the door from the frost spiders?

THE CHILD KING
Yes sir.

NOTE

The wind whips around the structures as the giant frost spiders emerge, ticking footsteps on the roof and windows as they crawl atop the barn and farm home.

THE CHILD KING

(Slightly startled as a giant frost spider stares at him through the window.)

This spider is different.

PIERS

How so?

THE CHILD KING

Tis thinking about how to get in more than why it desires to.

PIERS

Then the prize is not of his own accord, for frost spiders only wish to share the bite of cold and have no care for warmth.

THE CHILD KING

I remember those eyes, the same hideous eyes of Martha, the cannibal.

PIERS

(Stuffing his pipe with dried teacher flowers, handing it to the child king.)

Martha, the cannibal, hath been the tormentor of the land of Gaia since inception. She is the great devourer, an evil spirit, that cannot be stopped; as old as the Aether itself, born of True Darkness, she is the enemy of Wandering Spirit.

NOTE

The child king lights the pipe of the teacher flowers, puffing and listening attentively.

PIERS

Beings of True Darkness believe in uniformity, oneness, a silence that comes with death. They claim the body was once filled with light by releasing the souls still through the removal of teeth.

THE CHILD KING

But my teeth nor my father's can be removed. We were born of the crystal shells, fragment masterpieces of the whole. My father found me during a thunderstorm while being led by Wandering Spirit, and he carried me as a baby down the cliff to the village; Martha was in the village at the time; she was an aunt to my adopted mother, father’s wife. (Laughing.) she was always fat but used to be pretty.

PIERS

Dear boy, she was never an aunt to your adopted mother; she had possessed her, locked her soul into eternal darkness, and became the host of that flesh to get closer to your father and yourself. Being the only fragmented masterpieces on Gaia, born of the crystal shell, blessed by the Wandering Spirit, and born to rule the planet, you are

born from the body of Gaia's heart exposed to the lens's light. The flesh of Martha, the cannibal, is never her own, nor her wealth and power. She wishes to consume you, to take your birthright as ruler over Gaia.

Martha does not wish to take your teeth; she wishes to crush your skulls and consume you, for your teeth cannot be removed as they are attached to your skulls, unlike mortal beings whose souls are easy to remove by gnashing and pulling teeth.

THE CHILD KING

(Feeling the teacher's flowers, passes the empty pipe back to Piers, Laughing.)

She showed us that our homes were destroyed, peace in the land vanished, and the people turned into monsters, enslaved, and cannibalized. Though She hath been slain by the King himself with Wandering Spirit for it, you tell me she lives.

PIERS

As far as my wisdom provides, she cannot be removed or destroyed. She is of the darkness, trapped in a world meant for the light.

THE CHILD KING

I wish she would stop, and I like my teeth, loved father and Wandering Spirit, my family, my life. She ruined everything, and for what? Now she hath become frost spiders? (Laughing.) I don’t even want to rule. I was just fine in the woods, and she can have Gaia. Just leave me alone!

(Screams at the frost spider still staring at the child king through the window.)

Take this land! My title, it maketh no difference in the end. The world belongs to Wandering Spirit, who hath been cast away in the heavens with Father, you win Martha, you pig cannibal!

(Looking a Piers, as if to say, load the pipe with more teacher flowers, as he sniffles and wipes his nose.)

She made them break the rules of Heaven over grief. They would crack the sky itself for what is right on this land.

PIERS

(Loads the pipe again for the Child King, staring at him with deep empathy.)

Dear boy, you are the King now. It would help if you accepted this duty for the sake of all. You must take your position as king as you take this pipe now, and you must trap Martha the Cannibal in a stone of light, or all will be lost that float the great circle, center the sphere.

THE CHILD KING

(Reaching for and puffing the pipe.)

If anything could release me from this duty, I would gladly accept. Martha, the cannibal, hath devoured my soul to waste as she left me with nothing to live for but a birthright of burden, a debt to the people that provided nothing but surrender to this madness.

PIERS

Those devoured by Martha the Cannibal resisted slavery, remained loyal, and were not enticed by her deceptive offer of life, status, wealth, or power through her meed. Those souls trapped inside the vacuum sphere of True Darkness are where your debt remains. They are lost without you, for their sublimation to eternal darkness can be reversed and made new. If you do not abandon the way of Wandering Spirits' direction, they will inhabit these lands and be made new in your likeness. They, too, will be reborn from the Crystal Shell, not that of the masterpiece crystal of Gaia that broke when the lens of the great sky shattered and fell to the center of the great circle. They will be made new from that of the crystal dome fragments that fell from the Heavens, as your father and wandering spirit intended when they cracked the sky before slaying Martha the Cannibal, knowing this day would come.

THE CHILD KING

(Smoking the teacher flowers, feeling like a king, leaning back in his chair at the giant’s table.)

So, dear friend, you are saying if I trap Martha the Cannibal in a stone of light, she will be held there? Without any escape, the world will be restored to pure light, and Wandering Spirit will return. Will my father come back?

PIERS

As the law of heaven dictates, a world without its embodied creator present will inevitably ascend beyond the boundaries of the Sphere through the essence of light itself into true darkness, trapped in its bubble. Light surrounds this blot so that it may never devour the creator of all itself and disrupt the balance of being beyond the crystal shell of the sphere,

where the entirety of all exists uniform beyond the great crystal shell of the universe.

Martha the Cannibal is the arbiter of True Darkness for not only Gaia but all the nine discs that float the waters of the great circle. To restore balance, Pure Light must remain and filter the darkness. First, the light will burn all differences to a singularity, and true darkness will forget everything existed.

You young man, my benevolent king, will either save us all or plunge us into darkness forever. As the creator entrusted you, I am your servant as I am his. Know you are the last born from the heart of Gaia herself. That you are alone in the flesh here and now, your essence of alone does not burden you with duty as it grants you the gift to wield the power of the first light with ease.

(Yawning and stretching.)

You know where the key is. It would be my assumption it is heavily guarded by angelic beings if True Darkness hadn’t yet corrupted the courts of heaven.

(Yawning again.)

No matter, we must have faith, my king.

We have a big day tomorrow and.

(Interrupted by the Child King.)

THE CHILD KING

I want to kill Martha.

PIERS

(Yawning, waving his hand for the smoldering pipe.)

I know you do. (Pauses, staring at the Child King, gives a faint smile.) you will give her worse, and not of your doing beyond being. Many states of awareness and existence are torturous for the soul, whereas there is rest before rebirth in death. Martha, the Cannibal, will become rendered powerless in her suffering through illumination. As first light showeth all that has, is, and will be without her presence, it is good. She will be unallowed by Heaven's Law to partake in doing. She cannot forget being as she is suspended in full observation of all existence happening. Tired, she will find no rest, forever trapped, all-knowing, and powerless.

THE CHILD KING

The light stone.

(Hands over the pipe.)

All right, I'm off to bed, stupid Frost Spiders, stupid Martha, the cannibal. (Yawns, stretches.) Good talk.

NOTE

The Child King climbs down the giant chair and prepares for sleep as the Frost Spiders tap along the farmhouse and barn while Piers blows out the lights.

END SCENE 4

ACT 5

SCENE 5

ACT 5

TITLE

THE WITCH QUEEN SPEAKS

CHARACTERS

THE WITCH QUEEN

THE IVORY KING

SETTING

The castle of the Ivory Kingdom grand hall holds a banquet for the Yuki-Onna Winter. The torches lit and cast shadows in the motion of the ritual through the orange glow on the walls. A centerfire roasts the sacrifice, and here all inhabitants of the ivory kingdom will dine, sleep and live together through the season.

A play is staged of a woman being slain by her husband and returning in the winter as a frost that freezes the man pale and blue by her touch. The women in the hall are adorned with white speckled in red from the blood of the sacrifice. They spit into a mist above themselves and consume until the swine is drained. The men dressed in blue swirl through the hall, being chased by the women in a dance falling to the floor still under their touch. The sacrifice of swine is then presented to the Yuki-Onna after the last man falls, including the Ivory king on his throne. In finishing, the women spit the remaining blood over the men as they all stand, face the women who revived them, and all embrace as a family. A loud cheer and clapping commence as the people begin to dine, the music to a celebratory tune; there is marry making in corners, drinking, fighting, laughing, and storytelling. The King and Queen sit on the throne and begin to discuss the matter of the missing Percei and Algol.

THE WITCH QUEEN

(Now adorned in black fur over her blood-splattered white robe, an emerald choker shines as she returns her crown to its rightful place. She sits spinning her bloody fingers into her horn, looking to the Ivory king, touching him with wet fingertips.)

Percei would have loved tonight’s celebration, and her interest was left unrisen.

(Turning towards the Ivory king, calling his eyes with hers.)

THE IVORY KING

(Drinking a rewarding amount from his horn, wiping his beard with the hand touched by the witch queen, rotating his torso towards her, crossing his legs.)

The lad would never suffice; he is a mere private in the Fireguard, hardly more than fodder for fire. I only know of his existence because of thee, lest he is a slave otherwise.

THE WITCH QUEEN

Narci is. (Interrupted by the Ivory King.)

THE IVORY KING

Was, and is now unworthy.

(Adjusting his tooth.)

THE WITCH QUEEN

(Stiffens her face and relaxes.)

Is the new tooth taking well, my love?

THE IVORY KING

This one was from a farm boy; he wished to leave from tasks to the city and prepare for an early winter on the settlement; their harvests were also short.

THE WITCH QUEEN

And you granted him his leave?

THE IVORY KING

The tooth is new and hardly touched the light before being removed as pure and fine as they come. I couldn’t refuse the payment for his family’s debt from the harvest shortage; however, he could not afford to take the leave, and he refused, refusing the order of the judge to continue sweeping the streets of snow. He abandoned his post to return to the settlement and must be punished.

THE WITCH QUEEN

And where is he now?

THE IVORY KING

(Calling over a maiden to fill his horn.)

NOTE

A maiden greets the king, fills his horn, kisses his hand and cheek, and returns to the crowd.)

THE IVORY KING

(Drinking from his horn.)

And is now in the dungeon below until the punishment has satisfied his disobedient relief from duty, my lady.

THE WITCH QUEEN

And his family?

THE IVORY KING

They are left in the settlement until they have worked up a shift to maintain the settlement through the winter and have done double the boy's duty to the city for his return lest he is devoured by the Yuki-Onna, as is the law.

THE WITCH QUEEN

(Looking at her blood-splattered hand, she runs her finger along her teeth and lip biting her fingertip as she stares at the Ivory King.)

The stables are clear in the city; perhaps the settlement could abode for the homes will be nothing but frost beyond the kingdom's walls with a block of ice no fire can melt.

THE IVORY KING

As I am aware. (Staring at The Witch Queen.)

Tis the law that maketh the Kingdom of Ivory, winter of the Yuki-Onna is not a time to meddle in formal disobedience, lest we all fall to the cold and hunger.

THE WITCH QUEEN

The law states, "Food shall fall to the hungry, and the cold will die by our warmth.”

THE IVORY KING

The farm's duty is to feed the people; if they cannot feed the kingdom properly, they shall be the last to eat, so sayeth the law. As for the remaining livestock, they had been removed from the settlement and returned to the city stables.

(Biting a helping of meat from the knee of the sacrificial swine.)

THE WITCH QUEEN

As the Keeper of the remaining from the meadow
(Interrupted.)

THE IVORY KING

You, as your authority, have been bought outright. And all the men in pursuit of your purchase hath not returned, placing our prior agreement in limbo.

NOTE

The Witch Queen stares at the king with all intensity and takes a sip of her horn in silence as she rotates away from the Ivory King, who is now laughing with a group of men. She stands and exits towards the back room behind the throne, and weeps face down on the bed in her chamber.

END SCENE 5

ACT 5

SCENE 6

ACT 5

TITLE

GUNDAR’S MISSION

CHARACTERS

BODIL

GUNDAR

FURY (Centaur.)

AZRAEL

SETTING

In the forest of Arcadia, Bodil returns with the horse; they are freezing while Bodil hath kept the horse alive through the night ride by taking upon the gaining death of chill from the assaulting frost of the Yuki-Onna. They enter the Cube. Gundar and Fury exit a forest entrance under a noll from the inside of an underground castle. Gundar had found a separate entrance under the flow of the dam while releasing

the blockage of forest debris. He began exploring the under region of the Quarry’s structure. The Child King never explored entire abandoned areas of the forest’s castle, for the main entrance was unseen on the cliff face, and the other entrances were left unknown.

Piles of riches, metals, and coins, gems, with carved statues of stone and paintings of the canvas, line the halls; well-lit and warm, a well-welcoming castle filled with dry food storage, a working mill, a metal forge filled with a plethora of fine jewelry, ornamented armor, and weaponry. A stock of barrels from the operational distillery for making apple liquor and wine, a functioning textile mill with storage of fabrics, and many rooms for accommodating a small civilization bigger than any know population on Gaia, reaching comfortably over ten thousand.

The Quarry Castle of Arcadia was found by Gundar well furnished, preserved, and unblemished with dust. He stood in awe and comfort at discovering this refuge designed by beings of another world in a time more advanced than his own.

Gundar and Fury are smiling and discussing what they should do with this, for Fury hath befriended Gundar, and they began to clean up the Quarry together while in search of more accommodatable means of survival in the harshest winter; it was Fury who helped clear the debris from the dam’s flow.

GUNDAR

(To Fury.)

We don’t need the main door open.

FURY

We had a deal. (Brushing his palms together, smiling.) whoever goes under the water’s fall first has a claim to whatever is behind it. You win, Great Sage.

GUNDAR
(Laughing.)

Equal of heaven id I say.

(Biggest grin possible.)

FURY

Congratulations, Great Sage, Equal of Heaven.

NOTE
Both laugh hysterically and prance arm in arm while the water nymphs splash, pushing the flow to power the dam, and everything is happy, with the soft humming sound of the dam blowing a warm mist over the surrounding area, slowly melting the snow. The birds begin to gravitate to the sanctuary, all colors hopping and fluttering while ringing chirps of mixed pitch and tune through the atmosphere.

Bodil exits the cube, still freezing in a blanket, walking towards the two in celebration.

Bodil

(Blowing into his hands and rubbing them together.)

I got the horse; the bridge troll had. (Bodil paused, staring, puzzled.)

What are you two so happy about? It’s freezing out here.

(Looks toward Gundar, pointing at Fury.)

And who is this?

(Looking at Fury.)

I know who you are, just how did all this work? Never mind, I’m exhausted. But I got the horse (Sigh of relief.) he is. (Interrupted.)

GUNDAR

Great news about the horse Bodil; I need it tomorrow at dawn, ready to ride. (Looks towards Fury.)

BODIL

(Eyes widen in shock. Inhales deeply.)

Excuse me, Sir?

GUNDAR

I don’t know how to ride a Centaur. (Holds his mouth shut from bursting out laughing.)

FURY

We require a fine chariot.

GUNDAR

(Bursts out laughing.) That can be arranged!

FURY

(Laughing.) Oh, Gods and Goddesses of Day and Night rejoice this moment. (Hands in prayer facing the grassy with disrupted snow noll.)

BODIL

The two of you had gone wild from the cold. Where is the fire? Tis mere embers! How hath thee survived without mine presence here?

FURY

Gundar found us a castle under the ground. He jumped through the water’s fall into an entrance behind the white wall flow of snow, so if you want to stay, it’s his.

GUNDAR

(Looking at Bodil.)

A castle of unimaginable riches under our feet, so vast that it reaches to all the roots of the fruit trees and flowers in Arcadia.

BODIL

You plan to bury us!

(Draws his sword.)

GUNDAR

Brother, we are already dead. But my intention is good, and the trade is more than reasonable. (Starts laughing again.)

BODIL

My ears must fail me.

FURY
(In shock at the situation.)

Please, help me open the door.

GUNDAR

All right, all right, Bodil, Before I open this door to you, promise me this one thing. You will never betray me.

BODIL

As you must promise you will never betray yourself.

NOTE

Gundar and Fury open the large, secret rising door to giant stairs that widen and curve as they descend the warm, well-lit entrance to the castle.

Bodil drops his sword in awe, looking at Gundar; Fury begins growing a smile—Gundar signals with his hand for Bodil to enter. Bodil, leaving his sword on the melting snow, enters the castle of the cave below, followed by Fury and Gundar, and down the halls, they spoke with the clop of the Centaur’s feet, following slowly behind the two men.

BODIL

Forgive me, friend.

GUNDAR

None required; I intentionally riled you for my entertainment; the apology is mine to give.

BODIL

I need rest, and so doth the horse, though I more than he, perhaps he will be good to ride by morning, granted he stays in the cube. Does the castle have stables?

GUNDAR

I do believe the castle must give everything else. How this castle remains as if time itself had forgotten it existed is beyond my understanding, but I am grateful to find such a place.

NOTE

Enter the great hall with a grand central fireplace, lit with no burning of wood or material but a flaming vapor below warming the stone floors visible at the openings of the fireplaces.

BODIL

(Now, finding himself comfortable on a large ornamentally carved wooden bench with red pillows near the fireplace began removing his boots.)

Do you fancy yourself a King now?

GUNDAR

I am loyal to the one true living king; this is his treasure, and I will hold the stock of the keep for him with only authority of my own in dispersal for the betterment of his kingdom. That is, if he is alive. Therefore, I need the horse tomorrow to know. If he hath been slain, and all hope is lost, I find this to be my keep indeed, and in all fairness, rightfully is, if so.

BODIL

What of the horse, then?

(Looking towards Fury.)

It seems you have. (Interrupted.)

FURY

(Adjusting himself and prancing with pride.)

I can pull a chariot; however, it is considered disrespectful to be ridden from above. (Stretches and prances.) we are made for war, not for a taxi, the speed of a horse with the intelligence and capability of man; I hold the builders' keys in the dexterity of my hands.

GUNDAR

I must seek the King, Bodil, and you will remain and maintain the keep, your new post; if anything is to happen to me, I offer this duty to thee as my successor. Doth thou accept?

BODIL

(Eating a helping of dried goods from the pantry storage, speaking with his mouth full as he laid back on the beautiful wooden bench with his now bare feet up.)

Very well then, good friend, take your time, no hurry at all. The horse is resting in the cube. The keep is in good hands. Watch out for the Bridge Troll. He may want the horse back. (Smiling to himself.)

FURY

Bridge trolls make for good laborers, granted one can convince them to vacate from under the bridge. Though we have found the keep of the Quarry, there is much to be done if we are to establish a Kingdom in the Forest of Arcas. Legends of Arcadia speak of this as a once fine stronghold and refuge for the friends of the forest during times of parrel likened to our own.

BODIL

This bridge troll hath been infected with the spores of new life; if he survives the wounds of the bear with an abundance of vitality and luck, he may come to his senses in a matter of days. No matter what, he will not be happy for the loss of the horse.

GUNDAR

(Admiring the craftsmanship of an ornamented bow and arrow set he had pulled earlier from the arms storage room behind the forge.)

The armaments and weapons were left unsecured; we are safe lest we draw attention, we are but few with enough fine arms to adorn a legion. As I depart (Drawing the bowstring without arrow lining a shot through the hall.), our few will be but two to hold the keep, Fury, Bodil; I ask of thee to consider the Angels that we cannot depend on for our protection solely. This leaveth our duty to be our own to

protect this sanctuary. For this ancient keep of eons past without blemish found us by fate, hath begotten new life by its wishes of that to sustain being for itself. As it giveth aboding comforts, we mustn’t let this gift be our fall. It is better to die outside of the keep than let it hinder our takeover before the true King’s return. May we never surrender the keep to the enemy’s hands, for the loss will be catastrophic beyond the loss of selves, knowing regardless, the keep will remain to whatever hands may befall upon this abode.

BODIL

(Still eating.)

You know, I don’t need to feed on anything more than the force of death itself to survive. However, I still feel hungry until I eat real food, and I like it. There is enough here as is to feed the entire Ivory Kingdom and more.

FURY

And no farmers or farming utensils.

BODIL

I can grow mushrooms.

(Throwing a nut into the air, poorly attempting to catch it with his mouth.)

GUNDAR

The Ivory Kingdom has claimed the Kingdom of the Meadow, lest you forget. Twas but a short time we hath made an oath to the Ivory King between becoming food or surrendering our

kingdom. (Wiping his tongue across his teeth.) My shame requires penance. I hath known since the time of breaking my knightly duty that there may come a time for retribution upon the oath to the Ivory King, for I am no longer a knight nor member of the fire guard, I am a vagabond and slave only to Azrael who offer me freedom in death and granted me choice over the fate of this life, and I choose liberty for the righteous as the true king intends or would have.

NOTE

Azrael teleports to the room. Presenting Gundar with angelic dark armor likened to onyx, harder than any material on Gaia, Crafted and Modified on Iblis for the Necromancer Gundar.

AZRAEL

Gundar, this is for you. (reaching out the armor for Gundar to receive.) Ariel and I Agree on this post; you, among the beings of Gaia, are most worthy of adorning this here and now.

GUNDAR

(In awe at the armor, never before had something so perfectly suited his demeanor.)

A deal with death, for this prize, a cannot refuse.

(Smiles, looking at the armor, shaking his head, teeth shining proudly.)

AZRAEL

I wish of thee to ride beyond the reach of the Ivory kingdom towards the Meadows, and in between, you will find a reward beyond the answers you seek.

Past the Ivory Kingdom with the guidon of Arcadia, you will cary before you draw your flag.

NOTE

Hands Gundar, the flag of Arcadia.

The flag of Arcadia is adorned with the symbol of the two bears, Arcas and Callisto, surrounding the nine discs below the shattered lens.

FURY

Who constructed this place?

AZRAEL

Mega Bet.

ARIEL

Huh?

AZRAEL

(Looking around, he spins his sickle on his finger.)

She gets her name from her design of structures intended to preserve life during catastrophic events, designed city structures, and whatnot, she is a bit out of her league if you ask me, but she had good P.R., so she is bigger than she is, I keep stock in her work.

BODIL

(Eating.)

Is she any good, then? Has any of her projects worked?

AZRAEL

She has saved species of beings in events capable of total world annihilation without her structures and preserved life from complete disappearance in galactical maps beyond this dimension, where all else fails, her structures held thus far.

Rumor has it; it's not her design; she just has a pretty face and is good for marketing, making her look smart and admirable and her representatives progressive. The builders in the heavens usually don’t care about glory for self, and she is an exception.

FURY

Did you fund her?

AZRAEL

It's best to know who is affecting my shares, and if competition is good for the future, then supporting the competition benefits my interests. A complete and total annihilation means coming to an end; it's good profit in the beginning, but room for repopulation is better in the long run. It's give and take, you see?

FURY

(Shrinks into his shoulders.)

Sorry, I’m confused.

BODIL

(Reaches out a bag of nuts offering to the others.)

These are great! You guys really should try this! Whenever I close the bag because I think I had enough, I open it back up, and it's full again! I could eat these all day!

AZRAEL

Mega Bet has access to the jar of Ouranos. (Looking at his fingernails.)

NOTE

Everyone was in silence.

AZRAEL

(Annoyed.)

It’s a Jar of food, alright? It gives food away; some worlds call this a food bank. (pauses while he looks at the beings.) You have had nothing of the sort here; that’s why I like this place. With the Well of the Worlds creation, an offering of a never-ending supply of nutrients for all the nine spheres was given, however after the fall, the jar landed in Ouranos, this space here on Gaia is an access point on this disc, and she knew where it was and placed the keep over it.

So whoever survived an apocalyptic happening on the surface could stay under here self-sufficient forever without doing much of anything. Most likely, royalty of some sort beyond this world found it a nice little hiding spot given the primitive nature of Gaia. Well-hidden, I might add; you can’t even see the castle itself; she hid it under the water. I should have known. (Pauses.)

NOTE

The men stare, puzzled.

AZRAEL

(Annoyed, speaks abruptly.)

look, it's free food for peasants.

(Staring resentfully at the bag of lagoons. Points down the grand hall commanding.)

Gundar, guidon.

NOTE

Azrael lifts Gundar like a puppet, marching him down the hallway.

GUNDAR

Hey! I can do this on my own, thank you!

SCENE TRANSITION END OF ACT 7

No dialogue

Scene setting music begins.

Bodil and Fury begin rolling over, laughing at the sight. Fury rears, prancing, and plays the flute The laughter continued as Azrael trained Gundar through the evening. Fury falls asleep while Gundar, Bodil, and Azrael prepare the horse in the cube two hours past sunrise. All the snow surrounding the area of the quarry into the trees had melted,, and an ice dome from the frost covered the sanctuary letting in a soft

blue glow from the light outside and a warm green glow from the floor.

Gundar rides to the site of the fires starting at the edge of the forest of Arcas near the crevasse carved by the king's Sword of Sorrow, the birthplace of the dragon, and the giant apple tree. Dismounts as the horse flees to the battle site that had taken the king's life. Gundar digs through the snow as the horse nudges the king's skull hidden under the frost halfway exposed through the groun; with teeth fused to the skull and skeleton of Ivory, the horse bows. He begins digging, finding many skulls and skeletons damming the river, but none of the same material as the Ivory bones of the king. He continues looking for the remains of the prince and performs the ritual taught to him by Azrael in the night.

As he commands, he he raises the dead to animation. 32 beings held in the solitude of the frozen mud pushed and rolled together fformingng Gundar. Gundar bows toward the king's skeleton in the center with him facing another. 30 skeletons take a kneel and bow, and the horse of the king rears. Gundar wipes tears and laughs and hugs the skeleton of the king. The skeleton of the king picks up the bag of Tusks lost by the child king, handing it to Gundar, and heads towards the farming settlement of the Ivory Kingdom for a night’s shelter.

Percei and Algol had taken on the daunting task through the winter of tidying the castle of Martha, the cannibal, finding it only good for shelter as they attempt to transform it into a stronghold of hope. They face the horrors of her carnage and incinerate the kitchen to ash. Together they hunted the surrounding grounds, and all survival needs were met between Princess Percei and her Mighty Dragon, Algol.

The two design and construct a flag for the “King of the Sky” to symbolize their union of blue and white hombre with a black heptagram at the center. Percei ran the spiral stairs upward with the fabric, Algol flying downward blindly to the

peak to meet her with the pole of Martha the Cannibal’s former guidon. Together they secure the flag, now tearing at the center to the heptagram in the wind as they laugh through the torrent. Flag fastened securely, they stand, claiming the winds of change for themselves atop the highest turret, engulfed by the winter freezing gusts.

The Child King had spent many days and nights after his duties to the livestock were finished, pounding steel to a polished finish the size of the window and placing it on a rail he constructed to slide in front of the frost spider. However, the frost spiders grew wise to this after many continued to fall and melt while passing or veering into the window of the farm home. At winter closing, the frost spiders charge into the home, wakening Piers and the child king in terror; Piers quickly light’s a waiting torch as the Child King tears down the metal mirror, hiding behind it as the giant spider reaches and touches the child king with here frosty extremity. Piers Lights the walls of his home, already prepared to burn. The two had set a trap to catch and burn the giant frost spider with her babies in the farm home and did so with great success. The two stand outside of the farm and watch in awe as it burns with the screaming of the spiders attempting to flee, melting to water as they exit, screeching into puddles of water atop the new showing grass.

The aroma of the farmhouse remains aloft in smoke to strike the nose of the Hermit at dawn, awakening him as he lies next to his ever-growing giant emerald crystals filled with his inscriptions inside of the cave.

END SCENE 6

END ACT 5

ACT 6

SWORD OF THE KING DRAWS....

SCENE 1

TITLE

THE UNICORN

CHARACTERS

GUNDAR

SKELETON KING AND CORPSE HORSE

30 SKELETON ARMY

MASON

MARIAN

THE HORSE

THE UNICORN

WENDIGO

SERI

THORN

SETTING

Onward to the farm settlement outside of the Ivory Kingdom,

Gundar and the horse of the Child King could not avoid the bitter exposure of the harsh first spring night as they were riding through the plains next to the King’s ivory skeleton atop his mighty and very dead steed once again. Gundar’s memories flash back to a time when the two were riding as living beings, the king atop the black and white proud steed back to where he is now patting the freezing and exhausted horse of the prince walking beside him in hopes of arriving at the settlement before the bitter frost of night freezes them immobile. The brown horse of the Child king was dwarfed in comparison to that of the King’s own. He was a Tanasi Walking Horse, proud and playful, and was the first horse of the Child King. The feet of the horse began to freeze as they neared the still frost-stricken farm settlement.

Upon arrival, Gundar finds a barn still frozen shut as he slams and shakes the door loose with his army of skeletons; he quickly builds a fire in a wood stove in the back corner as the horse collapses.

GUNDAR

(Running out of the barn, hollering out.)

Hello! Is anyone here? Anybody!

(Looking off in the distance, he sees one farm home with smoke coming from the inside of the building; he rushes across the field.

NOTE

Inside the barn. The skeletons begin to surround the heavy-breathing horse. The king dismounts his steed and kneels before the freezing horse, stroking his mane.

Outside the barn, Gundar is met by an old friend Mason a former Knight for the Kingdom of the Meadow, reclassed as a slave driver for the farming production of the Ivory Kingdom.

MASON

(Dropping to his knees in the filthy slush.)

Gundar! Forgive me! They, they, they.

GUNDAR

(Stands in surprise, then ignores the panic of alarm Mason)

We have little to no time, the horse comes quickly. Who is the most medically adept among you?

MASON

(Puzzled.)

Among

(Pauses.)

Oh, oh, yes, let us fetch Marian; I will meet you at the barn with supplies.

GUNDAR

With haste!

MASON

(Startled.)

Yes, commander, with haste.

(Running, tripping, and falling in the slushy snow and mud repeatedly as he returns to the one home in the farming settlement, lit and warm, calling out.)

Marian! We need medical! For a horse! (Panting.) come quickly! Bring provisions and aid!

It’s Sir. Gundar!

MARIAN

(Rushes out of the house excited and alert.)

Gundar! Gundar is alive? And here? Now? (Excitement turns to nervousness as she stares off in the distance at the man rushing back towards the barn, she gasps.)

Is that him?

MASON

(Hands on his knees, filthy, soaked, freezing panting.)

It is him alright, hardly recognizable, and it was as if I had seen a ghost.

(Catching his breath, he enters the farm home, looking at Marian with seriousness.) Find what we need for the horse; the choice is yours.

MARIAN

What are we going to tell him about all of. (Interrupted.)

MASON

Let me figure that out. It’s not your fault, all hope was lost, and we survived and thrived. (Panic turns to a smile as he stares at Marian, grabbing her larger womanly frame by the waist.)

MARIAN

(Giggles.)

The Queen wanted him, and he was perfect in her eyes. I could see it. Such a good boy, I’ll be she tasted him before. (Is interrupted.)

MASON

(Mood rapidly shifts from flirtatious to serious, as he explains.)

His son is likely dead and hath endured the tortures of the cold and hunger in the darkest part of the dungeon of the Ivory Kingdom; let us not forget that; we did that for our survival and were rewarded. Gundar will surely demand satisfaction, and rightfully so. This burden of oath and responsibility to my brother in arms hath and become the whole of shame itself, with me, the bearer of burden for our trade since thou doth care not. I never thought it right to do, and now here we are, alive and well.

MARIAN

The Yuki Oni will love him; Raz was the perfect sacrifice this year, so exotic.

And we don’t know if the lad hath died, and many of the settlement been accepted in the great hall of the ivory kingdom for shelter. We hath taken the burden for the shortage of harvest on ourselves to stay for those left behind. The devouring is due to the Wendigo, which is our only concern. Lest Gundar knows the truth, we shall survive again and build our own kingdom on the ground we stand. I hold my doubts and efforts to keep our secret and pray that he never will find the truth in us, my love.

(Nervous again, looking down.)

MASON

(Gives Marian a faint smile.)

Very well.

I will say to Gundar,

(Posturing himself as if an actor.)

As for the lad, I grieve he hath been taken by dutiful labor from the Ivory Kingdoms to move the snow and make the trails. The dear boy succumbed to his light heart and hath gotten lost in the blizzard. Twas set too much a burden for any boy, and I looked for him through the snow that fell atop the plow (chuckling.) there, I found only his clothing and banjo. There I will leave the matter and say nothing more.

MARIAN

There is enough truth in my speech. He will believe thy words, no doubt. (Sigh.) If truth be known in whole thou may be struck down, Gundar is known for fairness, not mercy. In his heart, thee deserves death for this, no doubt.

MASON

(Gritting his teeth, his gums begin to bleed, pushing Marian away, puffs angrily through his gnashers.)

This was your idea! I suggested we kill the Witch!

MARIAN

(Calmly replies.)

You did the right thing; we had no choice, remember that. The Witch Queen had told us so that she may satisfy the Yuki Ona this year.

MASON

(Shaking his head, grabbing the last of medicine.)

And we did indeed receive our reward—a Settlement of our own.

(Looking out across the fields that whisp frost through the blow of winter’s remanence lingering in the gust.)

MARIAN

(Reaches up on her toes, kissing Mason on the cheek, grabbing the whole stock of poison packed in the bag.) Everything is perfect, and I love it here.

NOTE

Mason checks the bag and is disappointed. He closes the bag. Marian looks up at him and shrugs as they walk from their home to the barn where Gundar awaits with the Horse, Skeleton King, and the platoon of bones.

MARIAN

(Eyes widen as she justifies herself.)

Just in case, we shall see; it’s not a big deal; it’s just a horse. I think no matter what, we have this under control.

(Projecting a false sense of security in her face and posture as she stares at Mason.) I believe in you. (lets out a soft smile.)

MASON

(Shaking his head.)

A lot of unnecessary death took place here.

MARIAN

(Offended with sharp repulse, she scoffs.)

We are not to be held accountable for his son Mason; Gundar should have been watching him if he didn’t want this to happen. Raz was chosen and an obvious choice, not only Innocent but exotic and coming of age. Gundar will know that easily and turn his wrath from us knowing this truth of his son.

MASON

(Shaking his head.)

Raz was cursed at birth. He was cute when he was little and had a good childhood, shy of his mother’s absence. For this, he was chosen for slaughter, the motherless son of Gundar. I was trusted to keep that standard for his son while he was away. I, too, lied to Thorn and Seri.

MARIAN

(Disgusted and confident, she over bares and reprimands.)

We thought Gundar was dead; we did what we had to. We knew Gundar was treasonous, and so did the Witch Queen. It was only a matter of time; as I say, Gundar should have known better, and Raz had it coming.

MASON

Thou words so bitterly spoken.

Truth be told. Indeed, the birth of Raz hath smote his begotten mother and set forth penance to the debt to the Yuki Oni. After the crystal fell and the sky cracked, the prophecies would become real, as we know. So I say to thee with sincerity, watcheth thy tone.

MARIAN

Mason, please, the only way to satisfy her loss of self is by keeping the voice of light held tight in her womb, never to be born again. The cursed boy is out of our hands. He was meant for sacrifice and nothing more. That is his reality to deal with, not ours, and it was fated. No matter his father's mercy, he cannot take the mark away from Raz.

MASON

(Ashamed.)

It’s just sad, is all. And I failed my friend; I will never be able to make it up to him. I am not his friend but his enemy by mine own doing in error.

MARIAN

Tiz out of thine hands, now hush the matter lest thee dwell and be discovered by the scent of guilt. We must assist Gundar now, and hopefully, we can turn his mind to fairness and even mercy in your favor by saving his horse.

MASON

And for all the dead?

MARIAN

(Whispering as they near the barn in the thickened mud speckled with patches of snow.)

As far as I know, the Wendigo did the devouring is what I will tell him. I fancy the thought of that going unknown, though; there is no way Gundar can travel the distance and check the settlers' homes. They died of frost and cold alone by no fault of thine own. And in the howl of the cold, the spirits in the tingle feed where hunger abode. The Yuki Ona, Witch Queen, and Windigo are the only ones who know outside of us; the dead will never tell.

MASON

(Shaking his head with seriousness.)

This be part of a terrible omen of the past indeed. I hath wished Gundars return to either never be, or that of celebration for the return of the kingdom as we knew it once before. With the King of the Meadow in all his glory, charging the castle and reclaiming the people stolen away. This compromising desperation we hath endured, I fear, is fated to our nearing end without relief of guilt, for our demise

cometh by the wrath of a father as is deserving in compensation for our failure.

MARIAN

We, too, hath lost everything, so fear not the wrath of Gundar. His sorrow seems to hold him dearer than his longing for retribution. All he loved before Raz was taken from him in trade for the boy; he will suffer and mend like before. He hath taken the torment of the loss with nothing left but the cause of his suffering to nurture. And with nothing to gain, he loved Raz; he didn't kill him. Mercy liveth in Gundar, Mason the simple. (Laughs, slaps her knee.) don't worry so much.

MASON

After all hath been lost, what be left of worth to being but good company?

(Ashamed of himself.)

MARIAN

(Adjusts herself proudly.) Tis wise to assume he may want some of that as well. Let us make haste not to leave the horse waiting, for its fate may cost us that wager.

NOTE

(Setting transition to the barn in the farm settlement.)

In the barn, Gundar had returned to the skeletons surrounding the horse, elevating him off the ground, rubbing him, and massaging the ice off his legs and hooves.

SKELETON KING

(Standing at the entrance towards the barn, holding his palm skyward at his side, motioning towards Gundar.)

GUNDAR

(Patting himself, he finds the tusks, frustrated.)

I’m guessing you want these back.

(Gives a slight nod to the skeleton, formerly known as King of the Meadow. Hands over the tusks from the beast of Pine Valley, pushing past, viewing the site of the skeletons holding the horse above ground in shock.)

SKELETON KING

(Reaching into the bag pulling out the largest and finest tusk of the ivory kept of the beast, and approaches Gundar.)

GUNDAR

(Calmy observing the horse and the healing process of the skeletal bath by the massage of bones stimulating life in the marrow of the horse.)

Find what you were looking for, my King?

SKELETON KING

(He holds out his arms, one with the bag of teeth and tusks from the beast of pine valley, the other with the finest white tusk ever seen, inscribed on the tusk was an inscription Ono Khronos.)

NOTE

Marian and Mason come barging in haste with supplies. Standing in shock at the site, they're coming nearly unphased the rest of the atmosphere.

MARIAN

(Gasps.)

MASON

(Drops the supplies of a hot water jug and blanket. Stands petrified.)

GUNDAR

(With tusk in hand, he turns towards the two arrivals.)

What did you bring?

SKELETON KING

(Grabs Gundars arm slightly.)

MARIAN

Yes, I have all we can spare; I brought a remedy from my family recipe to help with the pain and inflammation. (Pouring hot water over a strainer filled with the mix of herbs over a blanket.) Tis with frankincense, white willow, and cat’s paw.

SKELETON KING

(Takes Gundars hand and holds the tusk to Gundar’s head while staring at the horse.)

GUNDAR

If the water is too hot, you’ll kill him with shock. Hand me your herbs. (Reaching out his hand, now staring at the horse while holding the tusk to his head, standing next to the Skeleton King.)

MASON

The herbs had lost their value in the water, I’m afraid; the plant itself is but worthless. The blanket will soon cool, and the barn will surely warm if we don’t make haste; we have saved many horses this way for a time.

GUNDAR

And where are the horses and livestock? Most of all were villagers? Where is my son? (Grief-stricken to anger.)

MARIAN

(Placing the blanket under the horse, allowing the steam to rise.)

Now is not the time; we must focus on the task at hand, gentlemen, please.

GUNDAR

I wish to see the herbs; degrees of death had risen in the horse by your presence alone. Itself was better suited to

nurturing bones than by your living hands to even approach. Remove the blanket.

(Staring at Marian.)

MARIAN

Here are the herbs. (Opens bag.) It’s everything I have.

GUNDAR

(Taking the clover, holly, green acorn extract, yew, and milkweed out of the bag.) Do you wish to assassinate the horse of the prince? What say you?

NOTE

The 30 skeletons begin chattering their teeth; some fall out to the dirt as they rotate the horse into an upright standing position still elevated above the ground.

SKELETON KING

(Walks towards the horse, motioning for Gundar to follow.)

GUNDAR

(Follows the Skeleton King closely as the room falls silent, but their footsteps and the chattering of teeth with the tusk clutched in hand.)

NOTE

The head of the horse stands between the two as the Skeleton King raises Gundars hand, holding the tusk to the

forehead of the steed. Gundar pulls the building death carried in the frozen blood of the dying horse to the tusk fusing it to the beast's skull in the process. The single-horned horse began to prance and rear, and the ground would turn to frost as he stepped; his coat turned from brown to grey/blue while the white markings turned fawn.

With Gundar Relieved, the skeletons bounce in jubilation and begin to dance with the horse.

GUNDAR

What say thee two of you, and where may I find the boy? Not dare a one of thee say with the debt of thou responsibility.

NOTE

The Skeletons platoon position into formation while the unicorn reared, turning the ground to frost in his shadow. The heated space runs cold with the lights fading in the now dying embers, only the grey of the day shown through the structure's cracks and door with lines of lights illuminated the passing vapors like smoke.

MASON

Everybody, calm down (Chuckles while reaching for a concealed poison dagger.) there is no need to be upset; im sure he is alive and well within the castle walls. (Slowly approaching Gundar.)

NOTE

The skeleton army’s jaws begin to chatter as the unicorn gaits the line from a front in a show of dressage before the

skeleton king’s corpse steed. A mounted skeleton king centers the front of the formation, drawing an arrow from his chest, marching the army through the door, leaving Gundar, the unicorn, Mason, and Marian alone in the light of the open door, now banging from the gusts of wind.

MARIAN

Yes, for the winter festival of the Yuki Ona. The rest were invited as well. They should all be warm and fed while we, the rest, were left to starve and suffer by the cruel order of the Ivory King.

MASON

Yes, it is true, everyone that did not stay behind by the King to hold the settlement through the winter is fine, and well, we, the few left behind, had lost all; consider it be as a blessing your son is not found here among frozen, only to decay come warmth.

(Clutching the knife behind his back, dripping sweat.)

MARIAN

(Sobbing.) I lost my entire family; you still have hope, Gundar.

GUNDAR

Who else is alive here?

MASON

The farm homes had been too spread apart for the sake of the king’s claim to be maximized. To travel the distance among another for support left us in a position of destitute. Our separation forced us to die daily, for none could assist the other without the risk of treason for abandoning post. Farming itself became a worthless endeavor; with each harvest, the Ivory King took more than the settlement could sustain itself, from inception by the greed of the King's worth of claim to the land they tilled and died from the terror of his vanity.

GUNDAR

As was, I’m sure your order to execute any and all who had abandoned such post, as you would without question, I’m sure. (Slight smile, fingers tapping his sword.)

MARIAN

(organizing her belongings of herbs and poisons.)

Each home was to be occupied at all times, and to leave would surely be overthrown by frost spiders and evil spirits upon return. Too few were left with anyone or living thing to keep company among the group; all were alone but I, Mason, Seri, and Thorn.

GUNDAR

And you let them die alone, starving and freezing by order of a false king to the people of the meadow?

MASON

There was no way to keep accountability of those living in the settlement, sir. It hath been weeks since I had seen the signs of life before the distance was safe to travel again, but from time to time, a flicker of light or the aroma of smoke burning off in the distance would bring hope until the sounds of the wendigo howl.

GUNDAR

You both seem healthy enough; the Ivory King though false, must have left enough supplies. Had you hoarded it for yourselves? I'm sure This settlement had enough equipment to arm every man, all means for survival, miserable indeed, not execution by banishment.

MASON

Where hath though been? The Witch Queen considers thee a deserter, and all who had not returned to report to the Ivory Kingdoms after the great fire serpent crashed into the tower.

GUNDAR

I found the duty from a virtue brought on by Death incarnate to the preservation of life.

MARIAN

(Rapidly shoots Gundar in the face with a poison dart.)

MASON

(Stabs Gundar in the stomach while he howls out.)

Oh wow! That was easier than I thought! Oh, how the mighty hath fallen, thine succulent meat to be for the feast! (As he roars, banging his chest.)

GUNDAR

(looking to Marian.)

(Pulling the dart from his cheek, smelling the tranquilizer, holding his wound as it closes. Highly intoxicated and stumbling, he laughs. Holding up his index finger from his blood-soaked hand.)

Doth Mason know, how thee ate thine children?

MARIAN

(Gasps.)

MASON

(Shocked at the words.)

Thine lips be sealed, thou fool of trickery; thine own children died of the cold, Just as Gundars. (Slow and menacing laugh of mockery.)

THORN

I want you both to witness this before your fate and know I will use your corpses the same, Marian. I will defile thee, a slave for my army of walking dead’s every will and wish of your soulless body as they slowly tear you to mush and bones, squish and crackle squish and crackle will you sound at the end to rid the world of the devil in thee woman. Tell me, when was the last time thou hath tasted human flesh, two weeks ago? (Laughing, looking towards Mason.)

Consume me as well, your wish? Keep your secret?
(Stumbling to the ground.)

MARIAN

Bridal thy tongue lest I take it from thee first!

MASON

What is he talking about?

THORN

(Dizzy.)

She ate your children, well, two of them; the third is mostly dead as well, I can sense them.

MASON

Devil wench!

MARIAN

The necromancer lies!

THORN

Don’t worry, I’ll find them, I will have to dig into her to do so, but they are there.

MARIAN

(Shocked and terrified.)

Mason ate them too!

MASON

Lies!

MARIAN

Mason told me to do it; I was scared!

MASON

Devil wench! I never knew thee!

NOTE

Fear turned to confidence in Marian and Mason as the aroma of blood and decay began to fill the room from the approaching Wendigo.

MARIAN

He is here! Do you hear that Gundar, that is the sound of your guts being strung out for to dry approaching? You swine. (Spits at Gundar.) Your son was the real sacrifice beyond the veil of the ceremony for the Yuki Ona.

The Witch Queen told me to pick the perfect sacrifice, which could be of no less nobility than of one born close to the king’s most beloved of companions. One born near to his own child who is likened to kin. A male child never hath he drinketh the ale, puff of the pipe, felt a woman’s touch, nor shed a man's blood. Your son was the only truly worthy sacrifice. Pure and innocent, still, the cause of his mother’s death, no less, perfect for the Yuki Ona. (Smiling.) Well, this

has been a pleasant turn of events. I thought I was going to have to lie with thee, (Chuckling, noticing Gundars erection from the poison.) I also thought you were bigger.

GUNDAR

Just as thee hath brought thine children to freeze in the cold of a well, so thou had an excuse to eat them. Thine sin of the slaughter brings my resolve to demand satisfaction. (Slowly blinking and drooling.)

MARIAN

Mason was the one to blame! He hurt the children; I killed them to protect them!

MASON

(Mortified.)

Lies! (Slaps the dishonest woman!)

GUNDAR

(Laughing to tears, his body quakes.) I can’t feel my body. However, I wish of thee to witness this miracle (fading out of consciousness.) I will (pause.) return. (Passes out.)

SETTING CHANGE NOTE

Gundar enters a dream state and travels the distance of the settlement finding every home shy of that of Seri and Thorn destroyed. They are littered with frozen remains of dismembered and partially consumed corpses. Isolated and oblivious to the horrors, Seri and Thorn cozily cuddled

together by a fire with the meat of the fish and forest and grain from the harvest they carefully rationed, unaware of the approaching skeleton army with the Skeleton King atop his corpse horse and unicorn by his side they prance and chatter.

The torn and frozen corpses of the settlement where twenty began to creek and rise motivated to run as they stumble and crawl towards the barn towards the dreaming Gundar. They traveled rapidly with grotesque locomotion from all ends surrounding the barn. Faster than an average human could run at full speed, the mangled corpses of the settlement pulled and pushed their bodies across the grounds they tilled once more.

Terrified, Marian begins to throw up, coughing blood, collapsing on all fours. She sees the faces of those she consumed in her bloody pool of vomit.

Furious, Mason kicks the woman in the chest.

MASON

Eat them all for yourself, frozen by the well! Killed them to protect them from thine own hand? We shall see when the Wendigo comes for his first cut of the feast what to do with thee vile beast of the devil. Though I, too, hath sinned gravely, thou sin cannot be forgiven. May Gundar have mercy on thine soul, for my wisheth is thine to torment. (Spits on the ground before he falls on his knees crying.)

MARIAN

I did it for us, for the sake of myself and the children! Who could stand to look at and live with such a wretch as thou? Fool, you thou thinketh we loved thee. Truth be told, we all

hated and feared thee. We shall see what the Wendigo does indeed.

(Standing up, finding her confidence.)

When he knows of your own folly, there I won’t way he won't believe my own words. I did this out of necessity. For we swore to eat to survive alone, then your slaughter became a pleasure, an unquenchable thirst! And thou hath murdered the children!

MASON

I never killed anyone! Silence thyself and thy mouth of infection. Sit now lest I choose to break thy leg.

NOTE

The scene fades and returns as

The two-wait sitting in the cold, Marian in tears as she sniffles, smeared blood adorns her face full of abysmal hysterics looking at the snoring Gundar.

MARIAN

Mason, he’s here.

MASON

(Whispers.)

Silence, for the lies thou speak won’t go unnoticed to his wrath for us.

NOTE

Screeching aloud, the ruff high pitch enveloped every frost-bitten ear around the settlement, and the wendigo came into the barn, black burlap swaying in the darkness of night as he lurked. Wearing a great stag skull on his head with 16 ever-lit candles adorning the tines, his silhouette showed under the flickering glow.

SETTING TRANSITION NOTE

From the dream world of Gundar, he travels under the home of Marian, her two-half consumed oldest children crawl, reaching out to his glowing body, warm and welcoming, they follow his light to the barn. Gundar travels around the crossroad estate of Marian and Mason, finding the well, he awakens the dying infant.

SETTING TRANSITION

Gundar begins to sweat in the freezing barn, twitching on the ground and foaming at the mouth; the wendigo approaches his helpless body. Both Mason and Marian bow before the wendigo, now sitting cross-legged, her at the feet, him at the head of Gundar. The wendigo smells Gundar and is displeased by the offering. He stares at Marian and Mason with discontent. Hearing the crying infant from the well, he darts out of the barn as a wraith while the living dead approach Marian. She is surrounded by wrath in the form of dead members of the settlement. The twenty tore at, bit, scratched, and filled her every orifice with members of their being. Where there was not a hole to be filled, they made ways to create space and penetrated their rotting flesh throughout her entire body. Screaming to moaning, moaning to a whimper, so a gasp, she fades out of consciousness. The death in her was held controlled by Gundar, keeping her cells alive through the torture while he slept, clenching and grinding his teeth to spark randomly. The dead slowly, turn

by turn break every bone in her body. She is now mauled to unrecognizable disfigurement and quartered. Her soul was taken through the mercy of Azrael for the sake of Gundar. The walking dead placed her in the medicine bag of poison she carried and that upon the back of the sobbing Mason. The wendigo returned with the child from the well.

Gundar regains cautiousness. Still exhausted and unaware. The Wendigo places the child in the lap of Gundar, he darts up to his feet, and heals the infant to life at the loss of its arm, for too much death had taken hold of the child to save her entirely.

The wendigo kneels before Gundar, head bowed.

GUNDAR

Mason, your jacket, now. Drop the corpse and give me your Jacket. (Reaching out his hand in a waving motion.)

MASON

(Sobbing, staring at his dead children, now animated into life before his eyes. Dropping the corpse of his wife to remove his jacket, handing it over to Gundar.)

I’ll freeze.

GUNDAR

I know. (Wrapping the child in the jacket.)

She won’t.

MASON

(Looking around him at all the death he created as if they were still alive.)

You have no use for me do you.

GUNDAR

(Smiling.) Oh, I have plenty; you will be my bone collector and scour the battlefield for dead remains from the fallen and bring them to me so I may grow my army. Also, when the troops wish relief, you will give the separated pile of remains that be your wife to the hoard freely at their disposal and relief. You will dedicate your soul to Azrael if you ever wish to join her soul in death, which you will surely die soon enough, and I will, too, control your body as I do the rest, my bone collector.

NOTE
The corpses from the farm begin to tear down the barn and pile wood as Gundar leads Mason outside.

MASON

Why not just kill me now (sobbing.) Enjoying my torment, you sick bastard?

GUNDAR

You are already dead; this is what it looks like; relax and find relief. The world is now rid of your ability to make decisions over others, and I will now think for you.

ENDING SCENE NOTE

The corpses light a fire and pile themselves over the rising flame one by one. The two deceased children of Mason and Marian hold hands together as they skip last into the inferno. Atop the hill, they wave to their horrified father while their flesh burns to fly as ash, laughing in Mason’s head, black skeletons tumbling down the hill illuminating the wendigo, whose hand rested on the head of the petrified bone collector.

Gundar watches with arms a fold around the one-armed baby girl, resting well.

END SCENE 1

ACT 6

SCENE 2

ACT 6

TITLE

THORN AND THE SKELETON KING

CHARACTERS

Skeleton Army of 30

the Skeleton King and his corpse horse.

THORN

SERI

GUNDAR

SETTING

Enjoying a nice evening of cheer and merry-making, Thorn and Seri are interrupted in their cozy farm cabin by the skeleton king and his army. Knocking down the door, they fill the room with force. A bare Thorn rolls across the wood floor, grabbing his spear to crack the skull of the Skeleton King against a wall, shattering it. He began to break the bones of the skeletons with ease and flair; Seri’s fright turned to anger to awe at the way Thorn conducted himself. Breaking and re-breaking the skeletons, the thirty were relentless, for as their bones broke, the strings of death held tight together the army's structure. Siri grew frustrated at the length of the battle and began to stomp the skeletons as they separated on the ground from the strikes of Thorn. Hours on end, they fight on; the sun has risen, and as Gundar arrives, the skeletons cease the battle and search for any missing remains of their structure that scatter the once quaint and now destroyed cabin.

THORN

(Pouring sweat, exhausted, and panting.) Are these your friends, old friend? (Wiping his brow, collapsing on the floor, waving for Sari to bring him water.)

GUNDAR

What happened here?

THORN

You tell me! What’s it look like happened?

SERI

When did you become a necromancer, Gundar? I hadn’t seen you in a while; you look pale. Your little buddies came busting in here. That’s what happened.

GUNDAR

No, before that. (Staring Seri in the eyes.)

THORN

Why do you think we are naked? Bafoon, what happened to you, Gundar? (Chugging the water, smiling at Seri, taking her hand, and lifting himself up.) Now if you don’t mind, we dress.

GUNDAR

What happened with the farming settlement?

SERI

Is that a baby on your back?

I didn’t know you had a baby, Gundar!

THORN

(Suiting in fine leathers.)

The settlement was a total loss, and we tried to convince the people who were chosen to return to the castle for the winter to stay.

SERI

You also told them to place the building at the center of the settlement and the towers at the corners.

THORN

Huts at the center lines for shelter between travel across the vast lands of the Ivory Kink (Clears throat.) Kings claim. It would have been easy to light the torch for accountability of land and life if they listened to me instead of the order.

SERI

Mason said that we were to take whatever guaranteed our deaths amount of grain, what was it, a pound for the winter (looking at Thorn), and build our own cabin.

THORN

And before winter, we were to settle outside the perimeter of the king's claim, or we would be delt with accordingly come the next harvest.

SERI

(Angerly interjects.)

Because he and Marian got drunk and burnt our house down after drinking and spilling the fire ale while making jokes about how ale cant burn, he never trusted Thorn.

THORN

After that, they accused me of touching her children with the scouts and claimed I tried to murder them because they caught me.

(Disgusted look on his face.)

I treated everyone well in the farm settlement. I would never. (Shakes his head.) especially to the children, but the people of the settlement must have heard rumors, and we were no longer welcome in the community.

SERI

It would be impossible for him to do such a thing.

GUNDAR

(Looking into the eyes of Thorn, then to Seri.)

I know; I crossed paths with them on the way here.

SERI

Really? What did they tell you? How is the settlement? I'll bet it's pretty nice having everyone together.

THORN

I'll bet they froze to death and starved.

GUNDAR

You two seem to have your health.

SERI

While Thorn was building the cabin as fast as he could, I would, well, you know, steal supplies. Not enough from any one person, just enough from each family so we could last.

THORN

And I Hunted plenty with your boy before we were separated, and he went to the primary care of Marian and Mason; some of these skins are his; you may take them if you like. Fine lad, and he will be excited to see you; last I heard, he was being ordered duty in the Ivory City for some maintenance rather than cleaning or something standard, which should be beneficial given the kingdom's plentiful provisions.

GUNDAR

What of the others? The settlement was empty.

THORN

Most of the settlement had been relieved through the winter, at least was the plan. We hadn’t seen anyone since the first snowflake settled.

SERI

I had taken all I needed, a few grains, some kitchen necessities, and whatever remained from the fire and never returned to any of the likes of them. Fools all.

NOTE

The Skeleton army had finished consolidating themselves and exited. The king’s shattered skull, melded with the glue of death by Gundars will, walks past Thorn, away from the last of the skeleton army to remain in the room.

GUNDAR

Do you know who this is?

THORN

I, I don’t. Wait, (Noticing the ivory bones and the teeth fused to the skull.)

My King. (Kneels.)

THE SKELETON KING

(Placing his hand on the shoulder of Thorn, chattering his teeth.)

SERI

And the prince?

GUNDAR

I don’t know where he is, and I can almost for certain say he is alive and well, but I haven’t found him yet.

THORN

I’m sure you are aware all who hadn’t returned from the fire are to be tried for treason by order of the bitch.. I mean witch queen. I can get your son, though; tell him you are

alive and well before Mason puts me in the same situation with the Ivory Kingdom that you are in.

SERI

She and her white gold crown of waves feel like she owns the sea of grain. Every piece of bread came with a blood sacrifice to her God, the Yuki Ona, or some nonsense this year. I was glad to be banished from the farmers and away from Mason.

THORN

(Stares at Gundar.)

Sick in the head, I tell ya, not right. He never was, even in the meadows, even as children.

GUNDAR

He is under the guard of the wendigo, collecting the skeletal remains out of the ash of a mass cremation about now.

SERI

(Gasps.) and Marian?

GUNDAR

She is in a bag on his back.

SERI

(Faints.)

THORN

(A look of concern.)

And the Children?

NOTE
The baby cries, Seri awakens.

GUNDAR

One survived.

SIRI

Let me nurture her, Gundar.

NOTE

Gundar pulled the swaddle to his front, pulling out the pink and healthy baby girl; her cries turned to giggles and coos while she looked into the dead eyes of Gundar. He lifts a faint smile and hands her to Seri.

THORN

Thank the Holy King, you believe us.

GUNDAR

I don’t believe you, Thorn, or Seri.

I know the truth, and the child is best suited with you.

There is a Stronghold in Arcadia with an unlimited supply of resources. It’s truly beyond belief. I am going to raid the Castle of Martha the Cannibal.

I need you to tell all of the knights that remain loyal to the true kingdom and rightful heir to the throne to quietly exit before mid-spring with their families and bring them to the forest of Arcas. There is a quarry where you will find Bodil. Bringing as many of the women and children as possible to the stronghold, for there will be the depth of gore to a horse’s knees flowing from the Ivory Kingdom this day. Bring the meek and hungry, for food is not an object in Arcadia.

THORN

I will find your son.

GUNDAR

Thank you, Sir. Thorn. (Salute.) Check the dungeon first.

THORN

(Gulps.)

I don’t.

GUNDAR

First.

(Exiting the cabin.)

THORN

Oosa! (Pounding his thighs with the hammer of his fists.)

SERI

(Holding the suckling baby.) Best of luck to thee, Sir Knight. It twas a pleasure always. (Waves happily.)

THORN

(Yelling out.)

All shy the disaster!

GUNDAR

Indeed! You will reimburse the damages to my unit in time, good sir; I have little doubt

(Mounting the Unicorn.)

Till mid-spring farewell. Yah!

SCENE TRANSITION NOTE

Dashing off with the skeleton army, they double time behind Gundar and Skeleton King atop the corpse horse commanding the troops.

Back in the Cabin, Seri and Thorn converse cozily together.

SERI

(Smiling.)

Gundar gave me a baby; how’s that make you feel?

THORN

(Laughing.) You could have any baby from any man you choose. Who am I to stop thee my lady?

(Smiling up, packing his scout bag.)

SERI

(Runs to Thorn; I have your baby, holding her tummy with her other hand. Leaning down, kissing Thorn on his head.)

THORN

A fine lad grows in your womb; blessing be you have enough milk for us all. (Pulling Seri close, grabbing her breast, pretending to fight with the baby for a drink.) Mine, mine, mine. Nom nom nom.

SERI

(Laughing.) Now now, there is enough for all of you. (Stroking Thorns hair.)

As much of a blessing Gundars visit was, a new life, as it is, I was happy. Now the loss of you for any moment, at any moment’s departure, brings me sorrow, even while you are here now. I feel your disconnect as you prepare to do what must be done for us all.

THORN

I know the cabin is a mess; I’m going to do a quick recon; I will be gone no more than three days.

SERI

(peculiarly looking at Thorn.)

Three?

THORN

Maybe ten, no more than ten. (Packing his things, looking up to Seri flashing a smile.)

, I will find Gundars son, return, and we will go to Arcadia; if I can set the warning, I will; if I must return, I will. You never can tell with these things. (Pauses and thinks.)

SERI

You are a good man Thorn, come back safe to us.

THORN

Oh, fair maiden, I probably wouldn’t go if thou didn’t love me so for doing this sort of thing.

SERI

(Laughs, throws a pillow at Thorn.) Stop it! (Blushing, she places the baby wrapped in a fur on the floor and rushes Thorn. Throwing her arms around him, kissing him while her tears fall.) I love that you love doing this sort of thing; it makes you a good man. (Kissing him again.) Now go! (Spanking his behind.)

THORN

(Turns around, blowing a kiss.)

Soon dear maiden, our love again to taste more sweet than salt.

SETTING ENDING TRANSITION

Out of sight of the cabin, Thorn begins to sprint the vastness in a day’s time to the Ivory Kingdom. He sets camp in a cave outside the city walls and begins crawling through the sewer, wearing a dark cloak. He finds the son of Gundar in the dungeon’s furthest reach through rumors in the labyrinth of chambers below—some for containment, some for torture, and others for meaningless and endless labor. The entire space of the northwestern corner of the city’s underground was, for the forgotten, the largest of all the chambers. Open and exposed in pitch dark, inside its miles of wall that contains nothing more than the random echo of drips throughout the musty silence. The child had been left to be forgotten by himself. To survive, the boy made shelter and clothes from giant rats he battled below the kingdom floor with weapons and armor of their bones fastened together by the cord of their intestines. He learned to feel his environment to survive in the darkened emptiness of nowhere to be seen under the castle.

END SCENE 2

ACT 6

SCENE 3

ACT 6

SCENE 4

DAMIAN WANTS THE SWORD.

CHARACTERS

DAMIAN

ARIEL

AZRAEL

SETTING

At the Quarry shrine, Ariel has enveloped the sword in the mouth of a lion, a statue to the world no man could destroy to touch the blade in her jowls. A portal opens as Damian appears riding a Capricorn—the prince of Iblis, an angel with mechanically modified wings. Ariel transforms into her angelic body, coving her figure and face, shy the eyes and floating feet with delicate wings hovering above the sword that lies on the stones in her shadow.

DAMIAN

(Dismounting the Capricorn, wings folded and unseen.)

Greetings, fair angel.

(Slightly and politely nods, walking towards Ariel, he opens his wings folded into a show of royal ornamental posture.)

ARIEL

(Maintaining composure and humility.)

Beloved prince of the Datenshi, how gracious to join us on the middle waters; your visit is welcome. (Adjusts her wings into a submissive feminine posture.)

NOTE

Slowly, crows gather quietly in the trees and on the ground surrounding the Sword of the King.

DAMIAN

How are the roads here? (Looking around the quarry, hands in pockets.)

ARIEL

Primitive at best, beloved prince.

DAMIAN

Damn, oh well. That matter is secondary to my interest in being here, however. (Squints his eyes at the sword under the hovering Ariel.)

ARIEL

(She begins to sweat as her wingtips quiver while they shutter, changing states from soft to blades, she holds back to remain relaxed.)

Oh? What might entice such a being of light as yourself to the mud of Gaia?

(Looking at her fingernails, trying to be casual.)

DAMIAN

(His eyes begin to glow blue as the engines of his wings roar with bursts of steam that emit orange light. They begin

glowing brighter with each revolution of the gears incased in the mechanical wings.)

I would ask of you the same, but I had to see it for myself before I researched what brought you into this glorious mess in the first place.

ARIEL

Time in the Library brought you on another wild adventure, dear prince? (Flirting with her wing, she brushes his chin.)

DAMIAN

(Exhales.) Lights Gifts do have a way of spoiling every secret.

ARIEL

It bringeth deep regret to inform thee of this matter, one thou hath no authority in, dear prince, regardless of status in the heavens and below.

DAMIAN

Ah, I see. Whatever you may require of mine own to wager, this item is priceless to you; this is easy to tell, which that, too, I can afford.

ARIEL

I am sorry dear prince; I cannot allow thee to buy the item of thouest desire.

DAMIAN

(Folding his wings straight behind him as the engines whine.)

How about I pay you whatever you can imagine or number to examine it closely? I won't draw the sword completely or point it at the light lenses aloft. I'm just going to study it quickly so I can have my scientists make a replica back home for me. I would really love the original for my museum, but the first and only copy will work as well; it is still priceless. Cannot be too fussy with things like this.

ARIEL

So you do not wish it to rule over Gaia or destroy the limits of the great sphere? How about overthrowing any world you wish? I cannot allow you near the Sword of the King, and I tire of your temptation to my duty.

(Wings harden as Ariel takes an aggressive posture.)

AZRAEL

(Transforms into his angelic being.)

No need for a fuss, tis a mere misunderstanding good prince. As you know, the Lion of God takes her convictions seriously and is quick to make emotional decisions that require valor. Let us clearly understand the entire situation, for I have quite an investment myself weighing on that sword's success.

ARIEL

(Disgusted.) You two are detestable in such a matter, for certain tiz I, the only one among us with the conviction to

absolutely uphold the duty of heaven's law. Is that not worth more than all the power of Iblis?

DAMIAN

Dearest Ariel of the Maitenshi, Had I not united our people?

ARIEL

By prophecy thou claim hath succeeded, as this land so too has of the same for their own kind. My involvement is to ensure such a prophecy is fulfilled. Dare ye interfere, for if mine own life be taken by thou hands and this sword removed, only true darkness beeth thine only comfort.

AZRAEL

This world will burn Ariel.

ARIEL

And the living will prevail.

DAMIAN

(Folding his wings relaxedly, approaching the Capricorn, bumping heads with the Goatfish.) Let us be casual. I saw what that thing could do in my studies, impressive blade. Media has reported the flashes on Iblis from Gaia, and I’m not the only one interested. I am probably the safest, however. I don’t wish to destroy us all; I wish to place the power source in my garden feature. (Smiling proudly.) Center the castle for all to witness the most aesthetically pleasing display of a fission harvest. The blade pointed down a crevasse with flowers adorning the pool. The blade will

then carve to the core of Iblis and connect as a battery to the lake below, swimming with fish in its center.

AZRAEL

The Sword of the king is made for death, and death alone, as I have my claim to its future, I desire no interference in the maximum potential for its ability. My stock plummets as you speak, therefor I share no interest in your desire.

DAMIAN

(Looking to Ariel while approaching, glancing at the sword below her feet.)

The sword's energy is that of the first light bursting, so powerful the beam that shattered the lens is its only equal. As you both know, this forced the mutation of our dimension during the inception of our world’s being. The order for all that fell to rest on the waters and center the great circle, the heptagon vibrates for purpose enough that life wishes to be as it is for most. To be left alone is a common courtesy among the dimensions layering our world.

ARIEL

And will remain so.

AZRAEL

That day, the nine spheres that circled the lens of Wandering Spirit were destroyed and banished from the world aloft the heavens. If the vibrations of the Sword could bridge an ark to the heptagon center, the great circle.

(Interrupted.)

ARIEL

All life from all worlds will then be erased.

AZRAEL

The immortals, their spirits will remain, and their bodies be made new. And in a perfect world by the intended design of origin no less. In the proper and complete dimension of reality. As wholly this existence seems, even to us, we know the callus of creation's wounds from inception limits us all.

DAMIAN

Ariel, you hold the key to limitless energy, soft to the touch. Its perfect design could stimulate technological development advancement for hundreds of thousands of years even. The opportunity of countless theoretically perfect concepts waiting to materialize. Each one is only possible with this countless amount of joules never before contained, let alone handheld in your authority. An instant travel distance to easily reach the heptagon center of the Great Circle with force enough to ignite and light the worlds forever into the Light’s blank vastness.

ARIEL

I would not scale the existence of this reality being destroyed less than thou desire for conquest and progress to do so by thine embellished ego’s will. Heaven forbid thee ability. I will hold fast to the flaws as nature. Embrace them to be enough, as if they are my own. While I remain blameless and knowing, I stand illuminated as thou push forth for all to fall again from the darkness. Why dost thou

wisheth to destroy all? Est thou ashamed of one’s own self for being of the erroneous perfection that is life?

DAMIAN

Mine only wish to bring all to the intended design, beyond comprehension to a flaw. I know, however, this can only be achieved by that item you hover above, lest we wait 10,000 years.

AZRAEL

Ah, I can see it now; the Ethereal becomes the physical. (Smiles.)

ARIEL

You deities in the making wish to turn the center of existence into a battery so you can make the flat, round, what is small, big, is solid, a wave at will at the expense of existence in this dimensional structure.

I doubt the Great Serpent and spiral string of lesser light will find this amusing. Have you two even seen The World of Below lately?

NOTE

Damian and Azrael stand in silence with the pause, leaving Ariel with no answer.

ARIEL

(Her feathers turn to metallic blades, with her body a blinding glow.)

It is nothing more than worms and their holes filled with spiders and snakes. The lake below has run red and smells of ammonia. The path of the eight spoke wheels hath burnt the rivers that forced their rolling to cross paths, crashing the flaming crystal wheels of balance into another. Broken, the birth of nothing grew from their exhaust; you two are of that fabric and wish to curse all to perfection.

From the inception of error itself, thou live to wrongfully place the blame of being and say I am without reason.

AZRAEL

All must die by design. Even I, too, the Angel of Death (with pride, spinning his sickle.) Must die to myself one day and am left longing for mine own perfection.

DAMIAN

Bridal thy tongues, both of thee, for hearts under pressure speaketh truth so vile.

(He opens the portal directing the Capricorn through as the paradise through disappears. He postures his wings in adhortative diplomacy.)

Submit thy posture, Lion of God, for I stand below thee now by mercy and good faith alone. Thou wilt do the right thing.

(Reaches for the Sword of the King.)

ARIEL

(Brushes the hand of Damian away from the Sword of the King with the flat of her bladed wing, she sighs with resolve over the inevitability of combat.)

AZRAEL

(Eyes widen.)

Oh boy.

(Transforms into a murderous vortex of crows encircling the two in a duel.)

DAMIAN

(Wings motors scream as they charge to offensive combat posture, forcing pressure in his stance on the sword pinned to the ground under his right rear foot slid away from Ariel. The left-wing tip constructed a cannon pointed at the face of Ariel and fired a purple beam, disintegrating hundreds of crows by its touch in an instant.)

ARIEL

(Spinning away from the blast, she cuts the cannon off Damian's modified wing with her dazzling flair and glistening blades. Sliding under his stance above the ground, tripping his leg while scooping the Sword of the King into the air by the wing.)

AZRIEL/CROWS

(Flies two crows to deflect Damian from catching the Sword of the King. With one injured, he hits the sword away. As it fell to the ground, the other flew to peck out his right eye. One crow persisted, burrowing itself in the socket as the beak touched Damian’s tongue.)

DAMIAN

(With a crow in eye socket, his tongue cut to move, standing shoulders shrugged, arm below his knees, his wings smoked, spit and spurt yellow fluids as they flickered, disrupting his movements, sweating, and exhausted, he strikes at Ariel and is thrown down to the ground. Left spinning in the dirt by his broken wings propulsion, the crow ejected from his eye socket by centrifugal force flipping in the air into the celestial body of crow’s becoming of Azrael.)

AZRAEL

(Transforms to his angelic being, beat up slightly and dusty, he spins the Sword of the King by the hilt of his sickle, flipping it in the air and throwing it back to the shrine the Child King had made.)

Is it fair to say the monsters of Gaia are treacherous for sport fair prince of Iblis?

ARIEL

(Eyes wide and shaking, wings entirely open as she radiates white light hovering over the shrine.)

DAMIAN

(Spits blood on the ground, speaking with slight difficulty.)

I need to find that piece of my cannon. Can you help me out?

(Wipes a tear from his left eye.)

ARIEL

(Points to the destroyed relic.)

Over there, take everything you came with.

DAMIAN

Thank you, Lion, of God; it seems the worlds will have to wait for the perfection that lies ahead of them. Who am I to be the catalyst of the true reality for the lost? Is it notoriety or the cause itself? I have much to consider.

(Bows.)

AZRAEL

I like the eye.

(Winking it in his hand at Damian.)

DAMIAN

Thou doth pricketh aye so sore to keep for thine own, Azrael. However, vanity guides my fancy to suit a digital spectacle. In mine own mind’s preparation for such a situation, I find no loss but an opportunity.

ARIEL

I feel sorry for the wing (Wincing.) I had heard the legends of your discovery. Truly is a beautiful relic; beyond all the mighty wings to compare, I, too, will vouch.

(Winking to Damian, then admiring her own while she suppled them, feathered wings fluttering from soft to blades, then soft again with glinting flash.)

DAMIAN

(Dignified, he politely bows, dripping blood from his eye socket to the ground. Wings sparking crackles followed by

puffs of heavy tar smoke that streamed to the dirt a black humidity and began to pool around him as it covered his feet. Lights fade and flicker while the liquid spurts from broken hoses cease. He was now stained with lubricants and acids to decorate the once spectacular relic. The relic wings were now draining and sloshing with every movement. Near exhaustion, he rises.)

Dare not I to wear out a welcome from the lovely company of thee, so in good tiding, I bid thee adieu.

AZRAEL

Likewise, farewell. (Gives a slight nod.)

ARIEL

(Waves.)

Farewell, Dear Prince (Under her arm, softly) of Darkness.

(Chuckles to herself.)

NOTE
Damian opens a teleport and vanishes.

ARIEL

(Facing Azrael, shrugs.)

Cute Capricorn.

END SCENE 4

ACT 6

SCENE 5

ACT 6

TITLE

THE RESCUE

CHARACTERS

THORN

NARCI

THE WITCH QUEEN

JARNO (The half-giant bodyguard of the Queen.)

TAVI (The Torturer.)

RAZ (Son of Gundar.)

SETTING

In the Shadows of rafters, Thorn crouches above the torture chamber entrance. A soft light emitted its warm glow under the blood-covered shade protecting the flames. Jarno stands at the door facing Thorn above, unaware. The torture and interrogation of Narci commence inside, the Witch Queen sitting, legs crossed, eyes covered with a red lace veil. Her soft face was adorned by a smooth silver mask splattered in blood. Tavi hovers over Narci, bound to the bleeding table, inspecting his now baren gums.

WITCH QUEEN

Martha the Cannibal is a myth and nothing more; no being was sold from the Kingdom of the Meadows to be ground into meat. Nor was the former king who abandoned us in our time of need one of the prophecies; he was a petty, violent, delusional fool along with all the idiots who followed him.

NARCI

(Spitting blood, crying.)

They were the rumors that led Percei to the castle of Martha. I didn’t know she was going to leave. I thought we could see the dragon together. Then she changed; she turned on me. (Coughing blood.)

TAVI

(Douses Narci with freezing cold water from a bucket.)

WITCH QUEEN

Did Percei tell you of the True Heart blade?

NARCI

She told me it killed her Opi.

WITCH QUEEN

But did she tell you how?

NARCI

She told me she heard him fall to the floor with the prince, playing below his chamber with some of the other children that belong to the royal family. That’s all (doused with

freezing water again, turning his darkened face pink, he gasps.) That’s all I know!

WITCH QUEEN

The true hearts blade is a double edge sword, shaped like a gladius with mercury at its core. It had been enchanted by oracles in the land of Dove and Olive as a gift for me by the foolish king—a blade bound to strike the heart of the wicked if drawn. Also, If anyone should wield the true heart's blade, which is impure of heart, they would suffer their fate by its tip.

TAVI

(Splashes Narci with a bucket of stale water.)

WITCH QUEEN

Prepare the bees torturer.

TAVI

With pleasure, my Queen.

(Leaves the chamber and continues down the hall to a room exposed and full of natural light. The screams of suffering and laughing malice echoed through the halls as the doors were opened and silenced again while the hall darkened with its closing.)

THORN

Softly breathing, listening closely in a relaxed posture, well hidden from sight.

WITCH QUEEN

(Whispers in Narcis ear.)

The Sword had been given to me, and I gave it to my father the day after making a deal with Martha to overthrow the kingdom. The King and so called champion of Wandering Spirit was then made official King of the Meadows after Father, our King from your childhood, died.

NARCI

(Coughing blood.)

Percei knows what you did.

WITCH QUEEN

(Ignoring Narci.)

Unwrapping and drawing the blade, admiring its beauty while I was out for a stroll with the Ivory King. Planning my rule as Queen of Gaia, the blade plunged into the wretched heart of my father, and the vagabond became king.

Twas I who sent the foolish king and boy back to the forest. And it is true I called forth the army of ghouls to distract you all from my takeover, for the people were too foolish to see that I was the one in charge, not some ridiculous religious prophecies of ancient texts.

NARCI

Did you kill the prince as well?

WITCH QUEEN

You have no friends, Narci, all people, to you and I are pawns and nothing more. Of course, at least I hope, rumors had begun to spread to my knowing yesterday of the possibility of both being alive. No matter, all who know must die.

TAVI

(Comes in with a bucket of bees.)

I think the feet will be a great place to start.

(Taking a sheet, placing it as a tent over the feet of Narci, he releases the bees under.)

NARCI

If my soul is forsaken, let the True Hearts Blade take my life then!

I am second of kin to thine own. Is this not too much to grant for this transgression?

Tavi! By the old law of mercy, I pray thine own soul to wander!

TAVI

Ah, yes, to wander the dark with the rat boy.

NARCI

(Losing energy, fading, slowly blinking.)

Raz.

WITCH QUEEN

The sacrifice to the Yuki Ona lives on in the damp darkness of nowhere. You, too, will make fine company until you succumb to hunger and madness, whichever comes first. However, you will be forgotten, even to yourself, and that is all that matters.

NARCI

Percei.

(Tears flowing.)

I am sorry I was wrong.

(Passing out.)

TAVI

(Removes the cloth from Narci’s swollen feet and legs, smashing the bees on the ground.) Call in Jarno, he can carry Narci to the chamber, and my work is done for the day; this one was fun. Tell me about the blade! Sounds very interesting.

NOTE

As the Witch Queen and Tavi chatter ahead, Jarno drags Narci by his red and bloating leg. Thorn slowly and softly creeks from the rafters above behind the group to be unnoticed while he prepares a flash bomb with the mixture of sulfur, potassium chlorite, and aluminum powder into the hard glass vial. He moves again softly, prepared for combat with his dagger in the other hand. They walk the halls to the furthest end to a single small solid door and throw Narci inside. Narci awakens in the darkness, screaming.

WITCH QUEEN

(Disgustedly entertaining the torturer.)

I keep the Blade of True Hearts locked and chained in a box of Juniper wood at the Southeastern gate weapons storage unit, the one with the guards. I don’t want to look at that thing. You may have it, tell them White Wave’s Juniper wood, and it is yours for payment of secrecy.

TAVI

That is very gracious of you, my lady—many thanks.

JARNO

(Pounding on the door back to the wailing Narci, laughing to tears.)

We can’t hear you! It must really be not very pleasant in there; I couldn’t imagine. (Laughing.) I’m ready to eat.

NOTE

Sneaking, he creeps above and behind the queen with a flash bomb in one hand and dagger in the other, positions himself and drops silently. As if in slow motion, he throws the flash bomb full force into the face of the Witch Queen’s face, lighting the potassium chlorate and sulfur mixture, exploding the aluminum power as the bomb shattered on her nose above her silver mask, exploding it into fragments, shooting flaming sparks that dug into her face, penetrating and tearing the flesh from the Witch Queen’s now bone exposed cheeks. As her skin's charred tissue and melting oils sizzled the bone, she moaned; her nose was smashed flush to her cheeks. Regaining consciousness, she awakens, flailing, her hair and hands scorched as she grabs her face and begins to

pull at her charring locks to stop the sting and fire with no relief. Tortured screams sound while she thrashes on the ground, alight and smoking. Her brow stuck to the melted lace that had been adorning the Witch Queen over her eyes. The aroma of burning hair and flesh, overpowering her normal scent of woodruff, filled the hall. Tavi is stabbed in the shoulder but not killed, for the strike was defended by Jarno.

THORN

(Dashing towards Jarno, maneuvering behind his giant halberd, evading the bombardment of pounding.) Some bodyguard, let me guess, you were on detail for the King as well! (Striking his Knife towards the throat of Jarno.)

NOTE

Jarno protected his throat with the outside of his arm while holding the halberd against Thorn's slashes as he began smashing his fist into the man’s face against the wall, bludgeoning the man to knocking the hood down from concealing his face. Grabbing the head of the weakened Thorn with one hand and lifting him off his feet, he examines before lowering the man to the ground leaning against the cold stone.

THORN

(gripping the hands of Jarno.)

Jarno, Let go of my head.

JARNO

(Dropping his halberd that was set to behead the suspended Thorn from the branch that is his arm, scratching his own head with the empty hand.)

Thorn?

(Dropping the man to the ground.) No wonder you pricked me so, seeing me down here like this.

TAVI

Do you two know one another?

WITCH QUEEN

Kill them! Kill them all, Tavi! Kill them all! I will reward you! Give you all that you desire!

NOTE

The two men hover over Tavi and look at one another.

THORN

Tavi, you have numbing ointments, anastatic? Something that won’t stop the burning or heal the witch’s wounds but will stop the pain for a moment.

TAVI

I have bees.

JARNO

You also have the Keys.

(Waving his hand, taking the keys, removing the bee room key, handing it to Tavi.)

THORN

We will Lock the witch in nothing with Narci until you return with the bees. At that time, we will surrender the witch to your care and be on our way, leaving you to do as you wish with her.

JARNO

Remember, this is not your queen or one in power; this is the witch who conspired against and assassinated the kings. This is among the many treasons to the kingdom founded in truth to be unreconcilable by death, as is the law. Remember this while she is in your hand, gimp. I say again to thee, do not kill her; she deserves the people to see who she really is when the truth is unveiled. She deserves the many things that are much worse than death for her.

NOTE

As the men opened the door, Narci held on to the handle, seeing the faintest crack of light (likely caused by the blast.) As the two knights open the door, the witch is thrown into the darkness, breathing heavily. Narci flees past the knights and runs down the Hall screaming.

NARCI

They took the Queen! They are going to Kill us! Run!

JARNO and THORN

(Look at another confused as though they had forgotten Narci for a moment in the chaos and laugh.)

THORN

(Shrugs, slamming the door shut.)

Meh, who cares?

JARNO

I don’t.

(Looking at his bleeding arm.)

THORN

(Reaches into his bag and pulls out a clean cloth handing it to Jarno.) This should hold you together until you get some stitches good buddy. (Smiling at his slice, it should be clean, the knife was recently sharpened.

NOTE SETTING

Into the Chamber of Nothing/darkness through the eyes of the witch.

Blinded eyes left glints of tones to decipher what was. Her ears rang, sore to the touch and her throat, she had lost her voice. She feels hands raise her up, then throw her into the cold, wet darkness. She raises her knees and grabs her head, thrashing while moaning in the darkness. Aching, she throws her crown that rattled on the stone floor as it bounces lost in the deep; she screams hard with a little voice.)

No! You can’t do this to me!

NOTE

Outside the torment of the Witch beyond the door to nothingness, Jarno and Thorn reconnect.

THORN

I have to find the son of Gundar.

JARNO

Is Commander Gundar alive?

THORN

Yes. (Smiling.) Well, sort of, it isn't very easy, but yes, he is alive. I think. Either way he is about.

JARNO

(Confused.) And what next, is the King alive? The Prince? Martha the Cannibal?

TAVI

(Running down the hall with the bees laughing.)

I have the bees Sir Knights!

NOTE

Both men step aside as they open the doors to nothingness, letting Tavi in with the bees to relieve the Witch from the tormenting disfigurement that became her face.

TAVI

(In the light of the closing door, Tavi sees the howling queen and rushes to her with the bag of bees. He ties it snuggly around her neck.) Turning to the closing door as it shuts before he can reach it, locked in darkness with the sounds of buzzing accompanied by screams, he runs away into the vast of nowhere.)

NOTE

Outside of the Nothingness, Thorn and Jarno continue to discuss matters. Tavi drags the fainted witch to his personal chamber down the hall with the bag of bees still buzzing around her head.

END SCENE 5

ACT 6

SCENE 6

ACT 6

TITLE

BATTLE OF NATURE

CHARACTERS

JARNO

THORN

TAVI

WITCH (QUEEN)

SETTING

Outside of the Door to the Chamber of Nothingness. The two men discuss what is to be.

JARNO

(Annoyingly watching Tavi struggle to drag the witch down the hall. He regains composure.)

I will have my men ready by stand two tomorrow, and we will head to the quarry from around the tundra across the great bridge. It will take more time and harder to track than going through the wetland to the orchard.

THORN

Make sure to have each man take as many women as possible and not exclude the elderly, children, and peasants. I say leave the Judges and politicians to meet in this very place come mid-spring. For everyone else, everything good is coming. A revival awaits our population’s return.

JARNO

With these keys, I will unlock those in meaningless labor, then work detainment to torture, and set the many free, spreading the good news and lighting the way. My forces will

gather to defend Strong Hold of Arcadia with thee, my brother.

THORN

I will venture the nothing with a torch and draw in the boy with my antler call to our hunting tune. Please, as I go forth, do not forget to leave the door unlocked and open for my return and escape so I may capture the true heart's blade for mine own. It sounds well enough, anyways. (Shrugs.)

JARNO

(Watching Thorn pouring mixtures of powder into a glass vial.)

Need any help?

THORN

Tie this string somewhere if you would; I’m almost finished.

(Setting his new explosive on the door's lock, stepping back.)

Cover your ears, friend.

JARNO

(tying line to light across from the door to the chamber.)

The door is.

THORN

(cotton in his ears, he hits the explosive with a short sling.)

NOTE

BOOM! The door blows half off the hinges, bent and suspended by the lowest hinge.

THORN

Now no one can be locked in the darkness. Have that string ready good buddy? (Smiling.)

JARNO

(Shockingly admiring the tact of Thorn.) Here you are

NOTE

Handing over the string, Thorn ties it to his belt, both staring into the musty black.

THORN

(Tugging the string tight, he sighs, looking to Jarno.)

If I am to become nothing so that the lost may be recovered, so be it.

JARNO

Thou Hath done all so that one may be recovered. I believe in your return from nowhere as I do the revival of the Kingdom.

THORN

(Looking at Jarno after staring a short while into the depth.) The king had taught me each breath of air is ancient and short-lived. A life of their own, and this is why an inhale seems familiar and the exhale forgotten. In truth, they are distinguishably different from one another.

JARNO

(Attentively listening, checking the hallway, looking puzzled, trying to understand why Thorn is telling him this.)

THORN

Each section from the body of the heavens is unique as they are crucial to life, each a spirit of its own. Every breath we take destroys a once-structured spirit and body of sweet air, while the Aether within becometh a sacrifice for the life harvest of man and beast. Still, so also of Gaia; she too takes of her own without, methodically, and without regard.

JARNO

(Curious and intrigued.)

Please go on.

THORN

While we consume the giving side of Aether and eject its stale body with our breath, we leave its benevolent nature nothing left but to support an army of dirt on which the war of man depends. Vengeance of the Aether’s spirits itself that maketh the trees good for weapons. So that we may pillage another and plunder blades to Gaia as well for her gluttony and disregard of the Aethers claim.

JARNO

Gaia is also without sin, we are influenced by heaven’s vengeance and sent to stab at her broken heart for the ore we find as a token of the ground we take, and we are kept alive for no other reason.

THORN

Love and war have become undistinguished. So too, has life and death become indistinct in worth. Breathing and not breathing are all the same from one warrior, king, by the force of god from one breath to another. Just as this journey for A kingdom of light is overthrown by darkness, we breathe, live, grow, fight, die, and pass on the tradition to the little ones forever.

JARNO

In the light we stand; to light, we return once more; each breath is a miracle, Thorn.

THORN

Allies, enemies, allies, again then enemies. Slave or king, we are all captive. I prefer my breath spent in bed with good company; now that is a miracle well spent.

(Chuckling to himself, tightening the leather laces on his arm.)

JARNO

Good buddy, each has a life of its own, and ours are built only to wage war.

(slapping the smaller Thorn on the shoulder with his giant hand, observing himself and down at the man proudly.)

In the battle between Aether and Gaia, Light and Dark, truth and deceit, we true men have no choice but to find peace and satisfaction in both death and life; what is good and right requires action and devotion that is measured among another by how we spend our time, but can only be proven at the grave. When play becomes joy, peace becomes grief, and pain becomes a pleasure.

THORN

(slapping the sides of his hips, smiling up at Jarno.)

As we breathe now, we stand, old friend. Let us not make haste to our fall; when the time comes, it will be. There is much to be done for war and renown alone left in this heart of mine. Morals and honor, for the heavens or hells in which one chooses, let us remain friends through the tides.

JARNO

(Widening his stance and arms, proudly raising his voice.)

I Am a man, stretched between Heaven’s Glory, held captive to Gaia’s ransom over the blood in this body.

(Pounding his chest.)

The ground we claim is the same ground we stand and the source our bodies return. What else is more worthy of a task than to claim for heaven’s the harvest of souls?

(Opens a smile full of teeth.)

NOTE

Jarno’s mischievous expression turns to that of excitedly joyful as he smiles back and reaches out his hand. The two embrace as warriors and begin dancing and singing.

JARNO

(Singing and marching.)

I spread my seed across the lands I take.

The women farm the boys that grow into men like fields of grain.

THORN

(Singing and dancing.)

Burn the village burn the plains, cut the trees into the oar, dig up Gaia for her gains.

JARNO

Women and children are all the same, and I am no one to blame them. We throw them in the temple of dead gods, where they all burn the same then.

THORN

The setting sun will look back on this day and find thine own way a wretched shame there.

To lose me now would be a worthy trade, to forget my way up under the grave.

JARNO

Remember now as ey proclaim, thee shalt lose thy breath and ground this day.

I bite my thumb at thee, sir, ey know no shame, over thee my strike will stake thine own claim.

JARNO AND THORN

, we do this all at the beck and call,

from the cry of aether inside our veins.

My brothers, we reached the ground.

THORN

(Calls out.)

What do we do?

JARNO

(Singing.)

We burn the towns for gold, fame, a warm bath, and slaves.

JARNO AND THORN

I tip my alehorn to the sky, for the ashes of the warriors ey will join on the day that ey die.

JARNO

Revival it is.

THORN

(Nods.)

It’s time.

NOTE

Both men laugh,

the two salute in the old Knights of the Meadow way as they depart from one another. Thorn steps into the buzzing. The dripping echo of the musty darkness, his only light being the now open door of the vast chamber into the vast pitch cell.

Jarno bludgeons the halls knocking on the doors to break from the cells as he nears a door. Those held captive were weakened and had a choice now to flee. The newfound freedom of those held under the Ivory Kingdom was found in many captives since the overthrow of the kingdom of the Meadow, including many children Martha did not desire for her feast. For the first time since the fall of the Kingdom of the Meadow, the orphans from the cells had a choice once more to live.

END SCENE 6

ACT 6

SCENE 7

ACT 6

TITLE

INTO THE DARKNESS

CHARACTERS

THORN

RAZ

YUKI ONA

SETTING

In the tar of nothing, sight is found with echoes. Thorn rushes to the middle of Nowhere, clicking the antlers; Raz comes rushing, familiar with the sound. He lunges to hunt, bone knife in hand, he charges.

THORN

(Dodges the blow as he rolls to stance, no weapon in hand, dropping the antlers.

Disarming and wrapping in his arms the feral, cold, damp child.)

Thou hurt, boy?

RAZ

(Thrashing and kicking.)

Let me go!

(Biting the arm of the already loosening grip of Thorn, he steps back and postures himself in the darkness.)

I’m fine and well; in fact, I’m thriving; after I found my sight in the darkness, the rats became gracious to offer their bodies for good.

THORN

I feel you are well dressed for the cold.

(Blowing into his hands, rubbing them together.)

Hey, where are you?

(Attempting to see into his surroundings with no hope.)

RAZ

(Begins walking.)

Follow my voice and footsteps, and you have to see this place.

THORN

I can’t see anything, only darkness.

RAZ

Do you hear the drips?

THORN

What’s that?

RAZ

This chamber cries on its own.

THORN

Probably other prisoners.

(Inspecting the boy for injury.)

Pain anywhere? (Feeling in the darkness, finding and patting down the boy’s damp fur clothing, searching for injury.)

RAZ

I felt pain once. I felt pain all over. Everywhere ached, but not physically. Most of all, I wanted my mother, whom I had never met, as I felt the pain of being alone in the darkness. The bite of frost consumed me with all loss of time. Had I been here a day or a year was unknown and pointless to ponder, I always felt I would get out of here when I got older someday, but then every moment felt like waiting forever.

THORN

(Taking a seat as he listens to Raz with his eyes wide in the darkness, attempting to force sight.)

Is anyone else in here that you know or know of?

RAZ

I hear moaning, cries, and voices screaming, but I have never seen a person.

THORN

(Frustrated) I can’t see, not even the light beyond the open door. Can you see it?

RAZ

Only the soul becomes the chamber of darkness as they pass in the pitch, and I am her claim. She gave me little bits of food; she said I could never leave, but she would take care of me if I promised to love her and her alone and that it was for my good.

(Straightening out his jacket.)

THORN

(Goosebumps chill runs over Thorn, gritting his teeth.) Can you see souls?

RAS

She showed me how to see the truth through my tears.

THORN

(Confused.)

It's been a lot, Raz, I know. And I’m sorry, but we. (Is interrupted.)

RAZ

The droplets became my first step in awareness as I cried. A puddle formed, and I could hear the echoing drips through the chamber from the tears that fell with no end from my face. There I began to find new sights within the borders of this darkness. In the perimeter of my tears, I could follow my patterns with the puddles I created and would revisit them with my footsteps splashing through. Everywhere I went, she guided me, leaving little treats in trade for my loyalty.

THORN

So do you know where we are? (Confused and attempting to look around, he calls out.) Hello! (Echoes through the chamber, looking to Raz.)

As far as I can tell, we are in the belly of the beast. (feeling around to no use in the darkness.)

RAZ

(Bites an apple.)

After the tears dried from my face, for there was none left to be had, my ears became eyes for the outside, as my mouth became the light. This place flows with happiness when I envision what my eyes cannot see.

(Splashing in a puddle of his tears.)

THORN

Did she ever tell you the way out? If all else fails, we will find a wall and follow it to the door.

RAZ

There is no way out; you cannot leave the darkness once you lose the light completely.

THORN

(In a serious tone.)

Doth, thou remember the face of thine father, boy?

RAZ

(Whispers.)

Yes.

THORN

(Thinking to himself.) His suffering is so severe it hath become normal. I can see the First Father’s face most displeased of all.

(Anxiously asking.)

Are you ready to leave?

RAZ

Is my father alive?

NOTE

The Yuki Ona finds the crown of the Witch on the ground, adorning the crown the nature of her becoming a devourer of light incarnate. The white gold crown of waves burns red and smokes ash, silhouetting her body in its glow. The points of the crown spark and sizzle from the tears boiling as they fall upon her head.

THORN

(Excited, then confused.)

Yes! Kind of, sort of, but he is well and strong. I saw him. He is “About” Let’s put it that way. I can tell you that with confidence. Know that you were and are number one on his priority, young lad. Now let’s get you out of here.

RAZ

(Steps away from Thorn and whispers.)

She is watching us.

THORN

(Adjusting his pack. Thinking quickly about the fragile situation and finding the confidence to deal with the spiritual world, he is aware of the danger and reality but inexperienced.)

She always has been; maybe she can help us find our way out, reaches out his hand in the darkness; where are you?

NOTE
The Yuki Ona holds Raz by his mouth and nose shut. He was controlling the pattern of his breath.

YUKI ONA
Didn’t I feed you? Ungrateful little brat! You owe me! I am the reason you live!

RAZ

(Muffled voice mumbles under the hand of the Yuki Ona.)

THORN

(Chills run down his legs as he takes a sharp inhale, rapidly focusing on the glowing silhouette of the Yuki Ona, reaching into his bag, double checking for fox fuels he knows he doesn’t have.)

Raz, we have to think this through. I can see where you are but cannot save you myself. I’m going to need you to work with me, ok?

(cautiously approaching the Yuki Ona, palms facing her that held below his hips.)

YUKI ONA

I did all of this for you; I cradle you inside these walls as you ate of my flesh and drank of my blood. I nurtured the body of your father whom I hate in this womb for you, and this is how thine wish to repay! Ungrateful curse, I gave you everything. (Begins to cry on the head of Raz.)

You hate me, I know, but you don’t want to hurt me, do you?

THORN

Let’s go, Raz, this demon is not your mother, and she is the spirit of a mother scorned.

YUKI ONA

This is only the beginning of thine life accursed, mankind. I see thou bringing heart afloat, in the sour wine and salt that be thine blood. I will bind thee to guard the tarnished entrance of my chamber. Since thou hath destroyed it, I hold all of thee accountable for all grief, and none shall be born to exist forever.

THORN

It was a mere door to darkness; I wouldn’t take it so personally.

NOTE

SETTING CHANGE

The Yoki Ona spell sent a force through the ground as she stomped her foot, intending to spread her curse with such an intention that caused an earthquake throughout the disc to its rigid walls in a shockwave that caused all women’s wombs to become barren.

RAZ

(Muffled voice)

Help thorn! Let me go!

THORN

Let us go, Raz; I’m serious; this is a demon, not your mother. She is the spirit of scorn.

YUKI ONA

(Gripping the boy now by the wrist as he came to the call of Thorn.)

No!

NOTE

Raz pulls, attempting to escape. He cries out for Thorn in a blinding light.

THORN

Tell her, Raz, show her your light! She is the one who needs to see it!

(as he rolls towards the light splashing Yuki Ona’s face from a puddle, distracting her and cracking the crown, she adjusts it losing focus on Raz.)

RAZ

(Staring at the face of the Yuki Ona, he screams with tears flowing.)

Stop it! You are hurting me!

YUKI ONA

(Screams.)

NO!

(As she sees the truth of her essence through the light of Raz, and sees she was shallow as the cracking crown of waves as she noticed the puddles of tears of her legacy.)

RAZ

(Attempting to budge with all his might.)

I can’t brake free. Let me go! Help!

YUKI ONA

I can't let you go; you can’t let anyone know! No! You all will die with me! I can’t be alone!

NOTE

Thorn grabs the arm of the Yuki Ona and cuts her right hand off that was grabbing Raz below the writs to the bone. At an upward right angle, he impales her under the ribcage with

the sharpened appendage of the demon's arm inside the hollow being of the Yoki Ona.

YUKI ONA

(Moaning from the impalement.)

You cannot kill my curse with techniques of mortal men! Fool!

RAZ

(Takes the scoop from a puddle of tears cradling in his sling and splashes the Yuki Ona with the brine that hits like stone stones.)

NOTE
The crown she adorned cracks and shatters under the pressure of the splash. And the Yuki Ona instantly disappears, leaving the crown of White Gold Waves shattering in pieces on the ground, still glowing where the demon once stood.

RAZ

Thorn? Are you alright?

THORN

(Standing, staring at the glow of silver on the ground.)

We got to get out of here, and I need to get home. You are coming with me, and your father will meet us soon. I need to find the True Heart blade as well.

How long have we? Never mind, let’s go; sorry, that was.

(Interrupted.)

RAZ
This nightmare has been the story of my life; as far as I can remember, it has always been winter; I’m glad it's over; thanks for saving me.

(Takes the hand of Thorn.)

We can find the doorway out.

SCENE ENDING TRANSITION MONTAGUE

Jarno has released many prisoners under the Ivory Kingdom and killed half as many guards. Dropping his halberd, he crushes and pops the guards with his bare hands until he finds one with a weapon he likes. With his hands catching the spiked ball, grabbing the guard. Jarno then ripped the man's arm off with the chain. Now soaked in the torn carnage of the guard, he flails the weapon over his head. In a burst of energy with the stolen flail from the guard's removed arm, Jarno tosses the limb into the air, testing the weapon. He hits the appendage with the spiked ball, splattering it into the panicking guard’s shocked body, throwing him into the side of the hall to crack the back of his head with fury. Moving past the slumped, he leaves a trail of bodies in the wake of his momentum. Under the city stairs to the depth of the metropolis. He cleanses himself of the blood from his foes in a fountain and casually surfaces from the underbelly of the Ivory Kingdom.

As he goes unsuspected for days, directing an exodus., he passes teeth he had taken from his kill to the bards to spread the word in a song of the Kingdom of the Meadows revival and be delivered obscure as not to be understood by unwaning ears the path to Arcadia.

Thorn and Raz acquire the True Heart Blade without issue, new clothing Thorn had bought for the lad. And casually escape the city walls to Seri with three stolen horses, all Black Andalusian, two mares, and one stallion.

The horses were adorned with the finest show saddles any eye had seen and tooled in the Crow pattern, with rose gold and ivory and onyx decorating the stirrup and engraved plating of a flying murder.

Tavi had hastily found an old iron mask in a room of bondage to cover the grotesque face now taking infection and wrapped in bandages underneath the iron of the Witch.

The Witch is tied to a bed in Tavi’s chamber below the castle, wearing nothing but an iron mask he placed over her leaky bandages while keeping her body exposed to his liking when in his presence. He is happy the Witch is asleep and has informed the Ivory King she has fallen Ill but Tavi will take care of her needs.

Gundar passes by the Ivory Kingdom with the Skeleton King and now 50 skeletons, twenty of them charred on the surface, all broken and battered as they march on flying the guidon as directed by Azrael. They are spotted by observers for the Ivory Kingdom and followed by scouts out of sight of Gundars unit.

The Child King has been escorted by The Hermit, Piers, and Adlor upon the rod to the Krishna Valley and left in the Vishnu Avatara's care.

The Krishna Valley is in the Yani of the Shiva Lingam, carved from a mountain where a waterfall splashes into a radiant pool below the disc Gaia.

Here the child king is happy, as is the Vishnu Avatara to guide him out of his simple mind to his kingship.

END SCENE 6

ACT 6

ACT 6

SCENE 7

TITLE

PERCEI FINDS THE BOOK OF THE FIRST CASTLE

CHARACTERS

ALGOL

PERCEI

SETTING

In the Castle of Martha the Cannibal, Percei relaxes in the library with Algol, both comfortable with every necessity met. They abandoned the main of the castle where the Sky King had destroyed the remnants left from the carnage of the past left by Martha the Cannibals rampage. Leaving the structure in disarray from their emotional cleansing, they explore the texts in the castle library. Reading many of the scripts that occupied the library aloud to Algo,l Percei sits comfortably in an extravagant chair by a fire. They both grow their maturity in the glowing light of harsh acceptance as they sift through together the pages of the books.

PERCEI

And it says,

(Adjusting herself proudly.)

Geometry came from the crystals found by the first king as he stood above the darkness. And he put the crystals together, and they leaned into angles. He studied and saw that they were alive. Over the eons of his life, he grew a crystal castle in the light surrounding the pitch darkness below him.

(Stops, looks at Algol.)

What is that crystal tower? I wonder, is it a metaphor?

ALGOL

Is the tower now here on Gaia or the one in the book? (Shakes his head.) Math is for peasants. (Yawns.) and peasants are suitable for food. So please continue.

(Adjusting his growing body, which nearly covered the fur of a great white bear from the northwest, grinning and showing off his beautiful jaws.)

PERCEI

(Looking slightly crossed at Algol.)

Geometry made it so we have castles and statues! It’s also where kings come from!

ALGOL

The Ivory King grew from a crystal?

PERCEI

No, but he did learn the knowledge of crystals and made his castle from gnashing teeth.

ALGOL

For food.

PERCEI

Eat then, and no! for a chance at life. That’s what geometry is for! The crystals taught us how to make straight lines and angles so we could build structures that navigate our life with all the pretty things. Besides, most people are so broken they need to have made for them blocks like this builder here in the book. They don’t have any structure, structure like dust, push water and make clay, clay into the blocks, blocks to cells. That’s what the Ivory King says. Make an empire out of dust. I think it’s fascinating darling (Postures herself.), You don’t have to be here.

ALGOL

Peasants are food to me, so I don’t care about the problems of peasants or their wants. Crystals and metal and the pretty thing I like because they bring peasants. Peasants are food, and peasants know this too. If they do not have food, they are no longer reasonable to eat, just Kings as kings are no good for food. Only in starving do peasants feel worthy to eat another. As peasants bloating in starvation, they eat each other like the Kings rotting bread.

PERCEI

How do you think I was able to tailor this dress from the fabric in this place? The crystals taught me how. Peasants made the fabric, farmed the and loomed and sheered, and did all the things with leather and metal for adornments, and pretty things, that I like. It’s more important than everyone eating. Those who wander the woods and live in caves are the real problem.

ALGOL

But how did you get here with me now to this cave? Who guided you to our alliance? By what fate and right to be so different yet the same as the peasants you speak of? To me, you smell the same as food.

PERCEI

From (interrupted.)

ALGOL

Speak genuinely now, dear girl, as an ally of the mighty Algol.

NOTE

Algol stands and stretches, flipping his belly to the grand ceiling, gracefully landing behind Percei, throwing wind flipping the pages of text. Leaning over her head, he observes the book's open pages and grins as he exhales mist on the page.

PERCEI

(Gasps, collects herself, and whispers into the ear of the mighty Algol, gripping the side of his head as she pulls him close softly.)

I cannot see the Wandering Spirit anymore, but he still speaks through my heart in the darkness where no one can see; his body is trapped, but his spirit lives on.

ALGOL

Are you happy with this rebellion against wandering and the kingdom? Is this your medium to stay here and read?

PERCEI

I’m not happy wandering into a cave. We have a castle, and our Age will be great. We have the best of everything and will easily get more.

ALGOL

(Climbs the ceiling hanging by the claws of his legs in the rafters.)

I insist, please continue. I will eat when the next wanderer or raider party marches by. (Laughing.) Castles are boxes of food to me. Some good treasure if I’m lucky (Scratches exposed belly.),

PERCEI

crystals shimmer and metal shine. I also care that they are suitable for mirrors and math as well. So beings like me can be the best! As it should be. And

that’s gross. Peasants aren’t food to me; that’s where they got it all wrong before. They are suitable for food! Plus, I don’t want to farm or eat raiders; yuck!

ALGOL

Castles are for cowards.

PERCEI

Castles are where the best of the world live! They are the hope for those who wonder. I have always lived in a castle, my father the (Laughing.) True King, he just wandered in. Same with my little brother, the prince, another wanderer. (Sips her tea.) and they are supposed to be the hope for humanity in a crisis? I don’t think so. Just because they were born of the crystal doesn’t mean they know anything about what we do; people do whatever they want.

ALGOL

What else is there for beings not good for food to do?

PERCEI

They didn’t care about anything important. They would rather ride horses, practice fighting, and eat teacher flowers. (Pauses in silence, excited, adjusts herself into a cross-legged posture.) This one time, we were out in the meadow, and my brother ate so many teacher flowers he got lost, and I beat the king in a duel too. (Proudly nodding her head.)

ALGOL

So, knowing the power of the crystal is more important to the structure than where it came from? The Ivory King wasn’t born a fragmented masterpiece, but he knows how to gnash the teeth of others for his food, and he looks good for food to me as well.

PERCEI

Not everyone is meant to be free, Algol, and they don’t need their teeth once they enter the kingdom; they are safe. As for the Ivory king, oh yes, let’s Sky King Kill him, and then you can eat him. The look on his face will be funny. (Giggles. Mocking the Ivory King) No! Please don’t kill me! Here, take my crown! (Laughing.) watching him cry as he tries to crawl away will be great.

ALGOL

Well-guarded food, and plenty of peasants, he is a peasant king. So is the Queen; that’s why she wears a mask, all made possible by the peasants, not the crystals.

PERCEI

That he is! Truly! The most powerful, secure, and well-fed in the lands.

Shall I continue reading? (Staring at Algol with wide eyes, pauses.) You shouldn’t devour so many peasants and start devouring kings and queens; it better suits you and our image.

ALGOL

(Yawns and returns gracefully back to the rug of the Great white bear.) Sure, ill think about it; they are no better for food and opportunity scarce, but better for the spirit as far as I can see. To sacrifice all those simple peasants in trade, to only devour kings and queens is quite the asking, but please do go on; this is relaxing.

PERCEI

(Looks back to the book she read.)

The crystal castle exploded at the base from the pressure and heat touching the cold of the dark, and they fell together of the light into darkness. These crystals hold the truth of the first light in its body—the root of disturbing darkness.

As the man fell with the tower, his body took shape into the fragments that remained of his structure. Enclosed and separated, he spun the dark to fire and aether to ash, covering the wraith of his spirit into the fragmented crystals to be its safety from ridged the deep, hiding in the core and veins of the crystals he held together, one man apart and spun the universe.

(Looks to Algol and pauses.)

With the same geometry as the Ivory Kingdom, I might add.

(Returns to reading.)

Under the tremendous light pressure, darkness fought, absorbing the offensive intrusion. Light and darkness fought on with the crystals, carved as lightly pressed the lens. Darkness collapsed, and the lenses shattered; softening the light and cutting the darkness with rainbows, they became their mirrors. (Smiling.) Separating light further out of control to the darkness until it rested in the grasp of the great circle on the water. Those of worth that fell became flat, and all fell came into the order of the heptagon to finish their battle in

the shadow of rainbows cast from the remaining crystal tower. All that fell during the beginning of light’s intrusion into the dark, aloft still, sheltering the discs below, holding the rightful space of darkness, valid claim.

(Thinks, looking at the tower through the window, her flag whipping in the wind, she turns to the sleeping dragon.)

We should put a rainbow on our flag.

ALGOL

(Eyes closed, he smacks and licks his lips.)

Peasants, peasants.

(Smiles.)

PERCEI

It’s going to be a cool flag.

And yes! We need peasants to make all the pretty things, including making the meals, cleaning horse poop, and cleaning the mess.

(Looking to Algol.)

ALGOL

In these cells, their crystal shells, the kingdom had to be made for them from the beginning. Peasants and unrightful kings, indeed, are only good for food. If they eat more while others starve, then it is worth saying; the more peasants that are fat, the more suitable for someone else to eat them that hadn't eaten that day. Kings are always fattened up enough to hiss over a flame.

PERCEI

But what about all the pretty things, huh? We need those; that’s what a kingdom is really for—people who don’t have anything to do. And in ours, I will give them something to do, and something good always happens when it's my ideas and people listen. It was all my idea to begin with, so as long as they are eating, they will be happy, right? A little shelter; if I like them and they are good at what they do, I will ensure they have a nice horse, a lovely stable, a nice place to eat, and all that.

See, they are not just for food! Silly dragon, that’s how we get a mess like we have with this castle.

She was gross.

ALGOL

Martha the Cannibal, I respect her ability to consume.

(Looks around the library.) A bit dated if you ask me, a den for thieves; thieves are peasants.

PERCEI

So tacky, I agree. We will keep sprucing it up, and that will come easier with what?

ALGOL

I don’t want to eat peasants anymore; you may eat from them if you like. I’m convinced I would rather eat the royal themselves.

(Looks to Percei.)

I intend to devour empires.

PERCEI

I know. I’ll be with you the whole way.

(Smiles.)

So let us not kill the wanderers then; they symbolize light.

ALGOL

What, then, is to be of their cells?

PERCEI

Well, the book says the pieces of the tower protect us. (Thinking hard.) The kingdom isn’t to give them a cell but a structure. Give them what they need, so if they want what I want, we can all get along and still have the place clean and pretty things among us if we work together. And I’m the Queen forever, of course.

ALGOL

As long as there is food, you will be fine.

PERCEI

The King of the Sky. That’s what we are.

We should go to that crystal tower and pay homage. Who knows what we will find, hey! Maybe take some crystals!

ALGOL

Kill some peasants?

Not eat, just kill them?

PERCEI

Do you mean for sport?

ALGOL

(Shrugs.)

PERCEI

(Thinks, smiles, jumps!)

That sounds like a lot of fun! Besides, we need some practice with combat together as well as recruiting people for my pretty ideas to come to life. I’m sure it will be the best thing ever to slay thousands with you and all, but what I want is to watch empires fall as the peasants become our own (Silly evil laugh)! (Gets excited!) and now do what I say. Something I want to try is to stop in front of some guy in a wagon and tell him hey! Join my kingdom and be my slave; if he says no, we will pick him up, fly as high as we can, and drop him. Fly away as if nothing happened.

(Crosses her arms, standing proud, she runs to the edge of the door to the main hall center of the room.)

Let me get ready, and I’ll be right back; then we can go.

(Giddy, she squeaks.)

This is so exciting!

NOTE

The sound of running through the hall, Algol shakes his head and smiles.

END SCENE 7

ACT 6

ACT 6

SCENE 8

TITLE

KRISHNA VALLEY

CHARACTERS

THE CHILD KING

THE HERMIT

SETTING

The Journey had taken five months during the King of the Sky’s invasion of the courts in heaven and the Overthrow of the Ivory kingdom led by Gundar and Jarno. At the same time, Bodil tended to the forest and its inhabitants, with Fury in the hold, manning the arms room.

From the burning of the farm with the frost spiders, nearing winter's end comes February’s closing approach. To the Shivalinga, the three traveled. The band parted with piers past the edge of the farmlands into the tundra and had many battles along their adventure. Given forth good tiding

on the Journey at parting with Piers (For he had reached his limit from the farm.) generously to the Child King and hermit, he gave three buffalo and cart, yogurt and cheese, bread, jarred and dried meats, vegetables and fruits, mead, and teacher flower and smoking weeds of all kinds. Along with seeds and spores of every type, enough to feed a mighty empire with the first harvest for generations.

The Hermit accompanies the child king to an overlook of the Krishna Valley that holds the wonderous Shivalinga Mountain at its center. Along the way, they camp, forage, stop at three peaceful villages granting them blessings, and share their seed. The travelers pass between two terrifying kingdoms, one of light and one of dark. They go unnoticed as they creep with the cart under the crescent moon through the mud of a battlefield littered with causality. There lay dead thousands at the Vishnu Mountain Range entrance, where beings with white ash adorning their bodies walked the grounds. They were scrouging and picking the spinal cord from the bodies of the dead and muddy men, draining the soldier’s chrism through the spinal cord, and harvesting their life oil in jars for anointing. One baba approaches the Child King wiping his forehead with the oil, blowing the ash of the burnt men into his face as the hermit sits in the cart, eyeing the being of the religious heresy. They would remove the heads of the departed as the two passed by, cracking the skulls on rocky ground as they dug in with their hands and spoons to eat the third eye. Calcified from rough water given to the soldiers, The beings dressed in ash crack the third eye open like a nut and sip the nectar of the gods encased within. And the soldiers lay dead and trashed as the beings walked the grounds defecating, fornicating, while intoxicated atop the fallen men.

Adlor is incapable of flight alone or carrying two but catches the wind to turn in the lift from the hermits’ shoes, where he then effortlessly floats the draft like a kite. Through the

valley in the battle of light and dark kingdoms, the Caduceus be their rod. Through the thunderous mountains, the fountain runs red, flowing to a once fine lake. A mud pit lay below the Shivalinga Mountain of granite and carved stone to honor the Vishnu Avatara that ever lived, living, and ever will.

The two stood jaws agape in awe atop an overlook of the Krishna Valley; their first view of the Mountain was at dawn. After the rains and storms settled, the sun cut through the valley, touching the tip of the Linga, setting the stone silhouette a glow. The Hermit and child king were mere specks to the grandeur of the granite Shivalinga that radiated, vibrated, and spoke spectacularly into being.

CHILD KING

Can’t we stay here? It’s beautiful enough, and we have everything we need. I can plant the seeds below, which should be good for growing the seeds we sew, or I can go alone. I can start a kingdom of my own, and if no one shows, then the better for me. And if someone happens to notice and stop, then there is more than enough for the world, I think. I don’t care if they eat until they pop, to pluck and pop what and as they wish.

(lets out a sigh.)

That way, I know all is well in my kingdom, problem solved—no need to climb to the top or talk to any being, gods, or ghosts. I have seen enough in my lifetime. Building an empire sound exhausting in my mind. I want to play; I mean, look at this place. It’s a secret oasis; I could run, shoot my bow, and play with swords! I miss that. I miss my friends, mostly Raz; he was my favorite. And when I think of people, In the Kingdoms, I want to avoid them. I don’t want anything to do with that life, but here I am, forced to by destiny, according to everyone else, and some old stupid books.

THE HERMIT

(Smiles, shakes his head, and chuckles to the Child King.)

It would be best if you climbed again. Child, it would help if you wanted to climb. The true king already sits atop the lingam in peace with divine consciousness, and you should meet him.

(Packing his pipe.)

THE CHILD KING

So you are just going to sit here, without me, and do what I want to do: explore this place! And devour some teacher flowers? Before I climb that impossible thing? That sounds like bull shit to me.

(Looking at the Hermit with all seriousness in protest.)

THE HERMIT

(Bursts laughing, coughing smoke blowing the bowl clean, sending sparks and colored smoke about.)

Give me a second. (Laughing.)

Oh boy, the time on the farm,

You are going to have to watch your mouth if you are going to be king.

THE CHILD KING

Bullshit Kingdom.

What is his name, then?

THE HERMIT

(Stares scolding.)

His name is trouble for you if you don’t get climbing.

King of cattle and bullshit, that’s what you are.

(Chuckles.)

THE CHILD KING

What? It’s the bulls and shit that keep everyone alive, right? What? I mean it! Stop looking at me like that. I will climb the god-forgotten spire of God knows what about nothing for a hermit who knows nothing about kingdoms because he is a damn hermit of bull shit. Whatever king is on top of there forgot his place because this is excellent land but a total mess and in ruins shy that mysterious statue. Look at that thing you want me to climb! That thing is volatile; you can almost hear it from here!

THE HERMIT

Ok, Kiddo, time to go, (Shooshing and pushing the Child King softly.)

Off to school, young lad.

(Chuckles while shooshing the boy.)

THE CHILD KING

(Genuine concern for being expected to climb the statue.)

No king sits on that statue; no one who knows how to rule anything is up there; no one has cleaned or seen this place since the dawn of time. If they were to be a king, it would be of nothing, and that energy doesn’t look safe at all, it looks

like a death wish. So, if I die because I walk into that energy or fall off crashing to my death, it’s your fault, and you destroyed the world.

THE HERMIT

(Repacking his pipe.)

You’ll be fine, lad, go. Play, have fun, and climb the peak to find the king.

Hurry, or you’ll be late.

THE CHILD KING

there is no one, let alone anyone or anything of any importance, up there. On top of that, how will I take care of myself once I reach the top or get down? What am I going to do, shit in the water? If I make it, I will get stuck.

THE HERMIT

Godforsaken tongue, Boy.

(Reaches in the back of the cart, throwing the child king an apple.)

THE CHILD KING

An apple?

(Bites the apple and spits it out.)

It’s sour!

THE HERMIT

Little Brat, go! I will check on you from time to time, thine company hath worn thine own nerve, trust my words when I say to thee, thou wilt be fine, the gods are with thee, most precious of all Kings.

Now go! Up up, up! To the top! To the highest point in the world, shy the crystal tower (Look of concern in a pause. Catches his wits that hath run astray.), See for yourself the endlessness of everything while you are atop the throne of your kingdom. Chop chop! (Clapping his hands.)

THE CHILD KING

I’m going; I’m going; just let me finish getting a few things.

(Face red with bridled frustration.)

NOTE

Packing some cheese, yogurt, bread, and other provisions, he leaves down a trail towards the foundation of the creation, leaving the hermit and buffalo behind.

Tears fell down the cheeks of the child king, and he wiped them. Not turning around to look at the Hermit and buffalo who stayed behind safe and secure. One puffed his pipe while the other munched a bitten sour apple.)

THE CHILD KING

(Out of site of The Hermit.)

This is bullshit, (Thinking to himself as he walks, observing the glorious fruit trees, flowers, and smiles.) I might as well grow in it.

NOTE

The child king continues, running down the trail happily and climbing the branches of the grand old trees, swinging and throwing himself across the land to the center of Krishna Valley. He stands in the shadow of the Lingam and slowly approaches the base of the monstrous statue. Dropping his pack, he drinks yogurt as he walks to the base.

THE CHILD KING

(Placing his half-eaten yogurt on the ground, he bows three times to the Shivalinga.)

This won’t be so bad, and there is a lip at this edge; I’m sure I can make it.

(Climbs the base to the lip above the highest trees in the valley he looks out.)

Great valley for Bram; the cows will love it here. (Walking the edge, observing the lands, he chuckles.)

I love cows. (Smiles to himself as he walks, kicking the base of the pedestal of the Shivalinga.) Ok, let’s get serious. How am I to climb this monstrosity? I would have to evolve to continue as I am, but how do I evolve in such a short time? I will have to continue and try not to die. I guess, but who knows who hasn’t gone? I doubt the hermit knows; he wants me to go so he can know; that doesn’t make sense. He could fly up to the top. Like everything else, I will have to figure this out on my own, but at least now I’m above the bullshit like the grain. (Smiles.)

(NOTE)

He was walking in circles, kicking the Shivalinga, thinking to himself, passing repetitively under the veil of continuity in a

timeless space. Three hundred and sixty-five times, he churned between the flow of the fall and the stone that stood forever before he peered up to the fountain, the holding of divine energy illuminating the grip in the shadow of the flowing spout.

THE CHILD KING

(taking notice of the glowing translucent shadow on the stone.)

I must go beyond the self, driven by the preservation of this existence, to the height of Vishnu if I’m to be any more than a cattleman. I feel more like a monkey in sheepherders clothing. (Looking at his cloak.) I don’t look or feel like a king. (Takes a breath and grips the wall.)

NOTE

The climb was twelve paces to reach the summit of the Vishnu, where a lip of relief awaits in the shadow of the preserver. The child king climbed without stopping, never looking down, with all his focus-driven mind, body, and spirit in 15 minutes. He reaches the top lip of the Vishnu and collapses. Energy overpours into the waters of the bowl evenly, misting the child king with bliss.

THE CHILD KING

(Rests against the wall of the statue.)

Woo! This place is so amazing!

(Begins to pace.)

I made it! Now how do I get to that pool? This is so cool and refreshing; oh my goodness, I really can’t believe this; I’m here! This feels great!

(Stands and yells out.)

Woohoo!

NOTE

After a moment of play, the child king forgets of the world and reaches out to a rope with flags hanging over the Yani tied around the lingam with a prayer wheel. The bronze wheel spun a cylinder with a message, and it held a wooden core and eight dangling golden bells hanging from the bronze inscribed with sacred symbols, with one at the wooden end of the pole as the ninth more giant bell fastened to the core, He pulls in the spinning wheel that read.

“Bell of eternity, the fruit from the life tree. Holy protector of the sacred eight that hang from the wheel of existence.”

THE CHILD KING

(Reading aloud, then thinking to himself.)

Hanging for a king to climb, I don’t think so. This is hanging for a boy like me! A King would hang on this rope if he stood above creation. If he ever dared to climb.

(Staring at the wheel spinning to no end.)

He would cut the thread of everlasting life in his grasp for himself. So by this being, if someone is at this pinnacle, I can see they must be reasonable and are indeed above my being. For now, that I see, I, too, want it for myself.

NOTE

The Child King climbs the rope to the Yani pool, standing on its lip; the waters reside and are cradled. Looking into the body of water, there is no ending to the depth, and he steps out towards the lingam above eternity, reaches out to touch the waters of the universe, and his feet splash ripples on the surface that travel forever under his stride. Nearing the lingam spire, his splashes become negligible as the waters vibrate and ripples shorten from his step. He becomes lighter with every approach. Up the spiral, he ascends, rotating five times clockwise around the structure, body spinning four times counterclockwise, palms to the sky as he ascended to the peak of the lingam.

At the peak, he gazed down to the pool where all the waters had calmed, and his reflection blanked the deep.

THE CHILD KING

(Taking off his cloak and folding it to a seat.)

I shall stay forty days and forty nights in this place for the eight sacred symbols. I shall offer twelve hours each for the eight sacred symbols that make the whole of three parts. The three solid lines for the heavens, the three broken lines for the earth, and the eight forces divided between the power of heaven of earth, I sit in the middle of all. The sixty-four possibilities of all ten thousand things in the book of changes hold, and I honor thee atop this spire without food nor water; my life is in the hands of the heavens; I surrender to thine will!

NOTE

(Setting change)

In meditative posture, he sits forty days and forty nights. He was staring into the depth of himself and the universe. He

feels his father, himself, and Wandering Spirit in the darkness as he hears the voices of beings from worlds unrecognizable and only relate in his heart. He travels the depths of his nature and finds playful love and kindness, charity and goodwill, and then further, he finds wrath, a desire for revenge, and a desire to be deified as a man. He relates and feels at home in himself and the spirit beyond his time and place. He travels beyond the origins of his nature to the beginning of light. The light illuminated his world as he watched darkness go into hiding, taking offense, finding the action intrusive, rebelling for the right to exist behind the trees and rocks. While the uniformity of all that broke, shine gifted the incubating nature of the dark with inception as they split into two from one.

The sacred space was then split into three, six, and nine. Then to all ten thousand things by filling the divide with matter that came with the four, five from the seven, and the eight. He stared at the codes of being in sticks and spaces falling and stacking. The child king began to navigate existence beyond the two in harmonious disagreement. As he stood above the circle spinning the extreme poles of absolute, the Yin and Yang swirled, holding pieces of another isolated, bound together in an unbreaking conflict. A bubble of darkness in the light holds together the egg of his world. The child king opened to the beginning before time and creation became small. He furthered into the source of light and dark beyond the space of matter. He observed breathing from an awareness too vast to identify the structure or matter of the whole. It held all that has and will ever be like specks to its being. The universe of the Child King looked like a snip of string to the being’s hand, his galaxy within, a tiny fish egg on a ribbon in the ocean, a wrinkle on the palm. The Child King stood on the finger of beyond being and inhaled universes like dust with every breath he controlled to his core. He saw beyond everything, beyond heaven. Before the first light, a body none can witness the whole nor relate to or

identify by name, nature, or emotion. What is beyond being is good alone beyond creation and pays no matter whether to be or beyond. This hand is the cradle of benevolence, indifferent to its own infinite creation's fate. The child king remembers his world and awakens atop the lingam, stretching and viewing the beauty of the view above the clouds. He descends to the pool and walks towards the fountain's edge above the spout. He looks down at the mud below, breathes, and prepares to jump.

THE CHILD KING

hardly a winking sacrifice to the source.

(He jumps.)

NOTE

The brave Child King dives the distance face first through the clouds staring at the mud below. Before impact, he rotates his body in the sky, facing the fountain's stream as he crosses his arms. The Child King closes his eyes before his arms are flung open at the impact, digging his body six feet deep into the slop, where his side is pierced with the buried sword at the bottom of the once grand lake. Grabbing the sword and removing it from his body, he slices his hands. With broken knees and swollen feet, digging his way out of the pit. In agony, scraping mud out of his mouth and eyes, he gasps and pulls his weakened body out of the muck. Beyond the drudging of mash, he relocates his knees on the bank and crawls to his pack of rotten cheese, bread, and yogurt. Calmly looking around, he sees the cart, a fire waiting, with provisions for a camp. And a note from the hermit on an emerald tablet pressed into the ground.

“The Almighty King has risen; He descended from heaven and arose again from the lake. A body born of mountain, sky, and earth alone lives among us. Beyond all beings, record his glory in eternity over his concern for the world. I, the Hermit, witnessed this miracle on August twenty-third. In the beginning Age of darkness ascending, where lights last hope began, secure in the Krishna valley, for all mankind’s final stand.”

The almighty Child King, now the age of fourteen, noticed the Hermit attempted to grow a garden and had gathered and fenced sheep for the Child King near a small shelter he had built while he was away.

And there he sees the sword of the king, and all the king’s armor, stacked neatly near the camp in the cawing thrashing shadows of the murder where the lion moves the tall blades of grass from behind.

END SCENE 8

END ACT 6

ACT 7

TITLE

THE INVASIONS

SCENE 1

TITLE

GUNDAR FINDS AN ARMY

CHARACTERS

GUNDAR

THE SKELETON KING AND ARMY

THE BONE COLLECTOR MASON

SKY KING

PERCEI

ALGOL

SETTING

Across the fields and forests, they traveled beyond the Ivory Kingdom. They arrive at the castle of the Sky King, formerly home to the late Martha the Cannibal, empty. Upon the hill covered in skulls with no teeth piled to the Hight of a man on a horse and skeletons separated in mounds overlooking the destroyed village stood the crystal tower. Gundar and his army halted as they peered at the crystal structure surrounded by a storm swirling under the crack.

The ghosts of djinn hover over the beings with no structure and unnatural metal exoskeletons as their shells are smashed under their army. The Djinn on the ground leaks their oobleck bodies into the trampled grass through the joints and seams as they push forth, crashing into the beasts.

Their flesh smashed and splashed under their feet, pounding forward. Held shield against the apex army of fur towards the giant crystal, they marched, the ground shaking in unison to their step. They hacked and pushed at the giant

beasts who stood the Hight of the magnolia and hit the crystal from behind in an attempt to topple the tower the beasts fought to protect, which sparked with hardly a chip.

The fur beasts descended from a yellow light from the hub of the golden chariot wheels in the sky. Seven in all, spinning rings of the great fire that set the clouds ablaze under the cracked sky. Webs net the ceiling of Gaia, catching birds still, while the great worm carves through the ground, turning its path into a vacuum. Exhaust-filled vast tunnels that work as a siphon to below, consuming the atmosphere of Gaia in trade for dark material that began to pool where the worm had surfaced. A vortex appeared in the middle of the pitch and began to consume the worm, transforming the world it touched to its likeness, the body of True Darkness.

Diplomats and architects of heaven view the damage from the furthest edges of the crack in the safety of the dragon invasion and battle below. The Sky King's violence can be seen thundering through the floor of heaven into Gaia's transparent ceiling beyond the broken veil break.

GUNDAR

(Dismounts his horse.)

Gentlemen, Hold!

SKELETON ARMY

(Click into formations.)

GUNDAR

My King, do you know these people?

NOTE

Gundar examines a pile of skulls with missing teeth. At the same time, the Skeleton King retrieves a torched and decapitated head of Martha the Cannibal, still ground teeth littering her mouth, and his broken halberd. He stands, dropping his head.

GUNDAR

(Drops a skull into the pile and smiles.)

Good idea, King, how about you show me?

NOTE

The Skeleton King reenacts the battle in the castle of Martha, the cannibal. With the slain, he battles again exactly for Gundar as it had happened the years before, finishing in the main hall of Martha the Cannibal at her demise. Her corpse is again separated by the blurry swipes delivered to her charred gore by the Skeleton King.

GUNDAR

(Smiling widely at the Skeleton Kings speed.)

Very good, Sire!

(Clapping.)

THE SKELETON KING

He drops to his knees, drops the sword, and hugs the air.

NOTE
Setting transition

Outside, Gundar, the Skeleton King, and the army stand among the mound; Gundar calls the army to circle him and divide him into eight sections, three lines each, in a combination of halls and walls. Each layer turned in formation as the mounds surrounding arose and joined ranks —those scorched and devoured in the kitchen and all around slain. The skeletal harvest bestowed unto him a legion. The Skeletons, corpses, and horses were Assembled in the Turtle formation around Gundar and the Skeleton King.

GUNDAR

Bone Collector, drop thine bag to the Skeleton Army and gather teeth for the men. Prepare the fire for those with flesh. (Shouting above the formation) as for the rested, set camp outside the view of the castle and crystal tower. For tomorrow we march ten days travel men, rest well, for the Army of Arcadia awaits and prepares for the Invasion of the Ivory Kingdom!

NOTE

The Legon raises their arms and then slowly disassemble formation.

A few skeletons reach into the bag of corpses that have become Marian. Tormented by swarming flies, Mason drops the bag and steps away backward as the skeletons gather.

Sobbing and swatting flies through the occurrence of the skeleton play. Digging the melding soup, they squish their bony hands that gush the corpse gore of Marian overpouring out of the leaking bag.

MASON

(Pleads backing away.)

Gundar, please, may I throw her into the fire?

(Wiping tears.)

GUNDAR

No. Of course, no, try it, and you will join her.

NOTE

Gundar pulls the stings of death through the living man towards the bag.

MASON

(Screaming and vomiting while being dragged, heals digging the ground with stiff knees, hands out reached, and arms extended towards the bag of Marian’s gloppy gore.)

NO! NO! Gundar! Please!

GUNDAR
(Laughing hitting his knees.)

NOTE

Gundar stops at the sight of the Sky King screaming in through the Crack. They were surrounded by the Angels. The Sky King soars, killing the celestials like the locus. One by one, they drop, sparking and smoking, spiraling out of control by the bite. The claw and tail grasped, penetrated, and smashed. The Angels puffed to ash from the inside by

the voice that speaketh inferno to life at heart. Bursting the body to flames, they floated like paper embers as the metal that adorned them fell to Gaia.

Rushing Gundar and his army, she carves a path through the unsuspecting skeletons and lands in front of Gundar and the Skeleton King. It was blowing fire above the assembling that sent a glow to the tops of the skeletons in the blaze of breath. Through the restructuring formation of the turtle, the four meet as Percei Separates from the Sky King, rendering Algol blind and aware.

The Skeleton king dismounts with Gundar, twelve of the largest skeletons file behind the two in lines. As they approach the dragon and Percei, the Skeleton King draws his sword and bows—the two steps in circles as done in the style of the Meadow's dualists and knights. Algol tries to intervene; Gundar raises his hands and drops them to fists holding the dragon down with the strings of death trapped in his net. The skeleton that had escorted Gundar and the Skeleton King surrounded the dual facing the outside in a circle. A Skeleton steps in from the ranks and takes a knee, granting the Princess his sword. The Skeleton King and Princess bow to each other as they prepare to dual.

And the two Dual, smashing the unsuspecting skulls of the skeletons surrounding the circle they mound under the two spinning their battle. Each move to another misses, cutting the heads off of the skeleton's from behind as they sliced until they stood on the heads of the standing skeletons below. They held a pillar of bones together for the pair to face one another; dropping their swords, they bowed at the draw.

The bones all crumble, the pillar tapping together softly, clicking, gliding the two slowly to the ground as the bones roll away and stand in formation, wounded. Gundar releases the dragon.

Mason has built a fire and attempts to throw himself and the bag into the blaze; a portion of Marian's rancid goop plops to the ground as Mason again lifts the open leather sack in his arms. Gundar and the skeletons stop Mason from retrieving the bag, as skeletons scoop the slop from the ground with her maggot-infested head of hair beginning to singe. The army of the dead continued stuffing her remains back into the bag. The scene left Mason with merely burnt palms as those with flesh marched to the fire; he was pulled back by the strings Gundar pulled.

Algol’s flaming bellow sent a lighting glow to the four standing in the center of the turtle formation as the battle strobes the night sky beyond. Shimmering reflections from combat clashing around the crystal tower consume the still of the sky as the skeleton army sets camp around the Castle.

Percei returns to her chamber, screaming into her pillow.

END SCENE 1

ACT 7

ACT 7

SCENE 2

THE IVORY KINGDOM CROWD

CHARACTERS

THE IVORY KING

THE WITCH

MASTER EMECE (Bard.)

LIL LUTE (Bard.)

CROWD.

SETTING

The Ivory King and recovering witch stroll through the city market Squair, unknowing of the upheaval that nears; the city continues as usual, however less crowded than would be nearing the middle of spring. The birds chirped, the Blacksmith rattled, and the bards could be heard singing surrounded by laughing and cheering crowds.

The witch and The Ivory King were not having as enjoyable a conversation.

THE WITCH

(Barking through the iron mask at the Ignoring Ivory King stepping ahead of the witch.)

The crown is not that important, and we can make another quickly. You have got to be kidding me, right? It’s in the dark. I’m not going back in there to get it; I can hardly see it as is. Can’t someone find it?

I was abducted! You don’t even care! You used me!

THE IVORY KING

(Grabs the nagging witch, gritting his teeth.)

No Queen remains who hath surrendered nor discarded her crown.

(Rapidly turns from the witch.)

Begone witch, I have no dungeon to keep thee, for thou hath maketh torture thine comfort.

NOTE

The king walks behind the cheering crowd, with the witch stopping to stare at the men on stage.

EMECE

Yo, is that the bitch queen over there?

LIL LUTE

(beats and strums the lute.)

Man, that king dont knows what ee doin let us kick knowledge right in front of their faces, let em know what we talkin bout Ce!

NOTE

Lil Lute works out a beat and tune while the crowd stomps and claps to the beat he creates.

EMCEE

Yo, I spent a little time in the Ivory Kingdom, which had me trapped in the city underground, down in the dungeon.

Looking at me like I’m a problem because I like to eat flowers and smoke what I want, even if it's forbidden.

Beyond affairs fornicating up a witch fucking a kingdom without a condom.

CLOUD

(loudly in unison)

Ooh, Ahh!

EMCEE

Got to wear a mask everywhere the plague walkers are stalking. Body’s rank, flatulence from the bull about the healers, hermits, and profits.

And the king always will be toothless; I stand laughing now, but this right here is about to get ruthless. (Smiles.) I got my grill in my mouth, watched me pull the smoke (Smoking his pipe of an illegal substance.), and witness my spirit exit this chest.

(Takes a giant inhaled, holding it, he blows with all his might and exhales a firework show.)

THE IVORY KING

(Puzzled and confused.)

THE WITCH QUEEN

(Appalled.)

LIL LUTE

I got a little secret I heard, a little message from the block delivered by a bird.

It said the Witch was getting whipped in the Dungeon cell, and you could come if you like, with the prisoners waiting in line as well, doors open at twelve. If this wench throws a fit,

She gets kicked out of the hut; get real little harlot before I show the crowd a picture of your butt.

(unfolds a primitive drawing of a buttox labeled “your arse”.)

THE CROWD

Oh!

(Laughing and pointing at the Witch.)

LIL LUTE

(Tossess a gold coin to the Witch.)

NOTE

The Witch Queen picks up the coin and throws it at Lil Lute, missing him as the crowd roars and laughs.

THE WITCH

(Imbarased waving her fist.)

Bastard Bards! Pricks!

(Storms off.)

LIL LUTE

Great show, everybody; come mid-spring, we are doing an event in the fields in Infront of the Ivory Kingdom; remember, be there or be Squair.

EMECE

That’s right, everybody, we also have a stage out back for the women and children. Provision from a charity group outside of the Ivory Kingdom will be provided. You’re not gunna want to miss it; if you need tickets, see Lil Lute or me after the show.

THE IVORY KING

(Approaches the two bards sarcastically clapping.)

You two are fantastic, and the crowd loves your style, so, shall I say, primitively fresh.

EMECE

(Rolls his eyes.)

Whatever. You say, your majesty.

THE IVORY KING

How dare thee speaketh such description over the King of Ivory!

LIL LUTE

Fair king, he means his words in freedom to sing, as intrusted by thee, most beloved, worshiped of all Kings.

EMECE

(Looking to Lil Lute)

What I mean on the megaphone, Is just words for people to laugh at, that’s all.

THE IVORY KING

(Claps and laughs.)

I have no teeth to grow; the rest of thee hath grown them for me.

(Wiggling a tooth.)

EMECE

The freedom to sping whatever I want, right? You, fair King, swore an oath to the bards to be protected from singing as we wish?

THE IVORY KING

(Nods and grunts.)

LIL LUTE

The teeth of a king wish only to take another. I paid the tax for saying what we said. Someone get him out of this place before I jump down and make him look as scrambled as the witch’s face.

We are merely joking, my Ivory king; you know the crowd loves you.

(Winks at the king.)

THE KING

(Summons the guards he keeps incognito as he strolls.)

LIL LUTE

This is all a misunderstanding; Emece was trying to show his skills with words for the king; he is more of a dark jester; it's all jokes.

THE IVORY KING

With words, he brandishes a razor freely, lest I cut off his tongue. Guards, cease this man and removeth the sword from his mouth to remain forever blabish gibber.

NOTE

Men in the crowd dispersing grab ahold of Emce, surrounding him, as members of the audience grab hold of Lil Lute, fighting to stop the fate of his friend. Emcee fought his mouth shut, causing the guards to force their blades through his remaining front teeth and poking and pulling to mince the tongue of the kicking man they held and dropped. Turning away from the defeated Emce, they escort the Ivory King as he continues in the market.

Lil Lute is released and approaches his friend on the ground, spewing blood from his swollen mouth, his tong cut to strips and cubes.

LIL LUTE

Why did you do that?

(With concern looking at this friend, lifting him.)

EMECE

(Smiles through his swollen mouth and flips off the Ivory King. He nods to Lil Lute.)

LIL LUTE

Brother, you’re going to have to learn to play the lute.

EMCEE

(Pointing to his mouth with both hands.)

LIL LUTE

Lets get out of here already, im ready to go.

EMCEE

(Nods his head.)

LIL LUTE

Man, the cat got your tongue with that one.

EMCEE

(Hits Lil Lute on the shoulder and winces, pointing to Lil Lute shaking his finger.)

NOTE

The witch queen goes near the stairs with a fountain leading to the dungeon and takes the hand of Narci as he escorts her to the deep.

END SCENE 2

ACT 7

SCENE 3

TITLE

JUSTUS TO ARCADIA

CHARACTERS

JUSTUS

FURY

BODIL

SETTING

A week before the Invasion of the Ivory Kingdom, the Hold of Arcadia now occupied a third of their population through the quiet exodus. The former toothless slaves were happy to find their trade and occupied the space for activity. One Company element of fine soldiers rebelled and fled on hearing of the coup on the king from their commander. The commander was Justus. A former Knight of the Meadow, A powerful man with a dark complexion, booming voice, and eyes likened to a seal. His teeth were shaped with platinum and crystals, decorating his glittery smile as it blinged in the sun.

Outside the Hold, a small militia of the new Arcadians set up barricades around the quarry entrance and lookout posts through the ground and trees in the forest. Arcas and Calisto retreat to their cave.

The water nymphs blow fountains from the springs that talk to the hunters in the forest. In the land where faeries tease the small children through the clearing by bouncing from the

pedals of the daises. The little ones pull flowers in their small grip and balance a bobble. To tumble and giggle from the tickle. On children's noses, soft fluttering wings of little faeries gently brush the eyelashes on their squinching faces.

Bodil talks with Fury near the quarry's edge as Commander Justus arrives.

BODIL

(Shaking hands with Fury softly smiling.)

Take care, and let me know how it goes with that Nymph! Sounds like quite the catch.

FURY

You as well, good friend, take care of nature for us, and find those bears!

BODIL

(Eating mushrooms from a stick.)

I have the flag right here too.

(Patting his back.)

Azrael’s orders, he probably wants me to get eaten or something. I don’t think showing the bears this flag means we are really on their side to them. And I don’t know how convincing I can be beyond food.

FURY

And you are coming right back, correct, in three days?

BODIL

Three days and a wake-up.

JUSTUS

Sir. Bodil, what is the meaning of this?

BODIL

(Eyes widen as the mushrooms he had been eating take effect.)

I’m going to plant the flag at the bear cave, Azrael’s orders. You all take care; I will be back.

(Turns towards the forest and smiles at the splendor.)

JUSTUS

Lest I find thee a turncoat as I see thy back now. Will thee then be best never to be seen again if thou wilt not return before the day of charging gates?

BODIL

(Turns, faces Justus once more, relaxed.)

Everything will be okay, and I’m going to be right back.

FURY

(To Justus, trying to make light of Bodil’s departure, tilts his head for Justus to accompany him.)

He does this all the time, and it’s his nature; he goes into the forests, makes mulch from the dead, and grows fruit. He has

healed many animals, and he and Gundar together have the power to resurect; the bears won’t eat him, I don’t think anyways, they hadn’t so far.

JUSTUS

(Accompanying Fury, walking with his hands clasped behind his back.)

Bodil has always been a bit rebellious, but now he seems strange. Sending scouts would be wise, but my moral is more important. He has three days.

FURY

(Walking away from the quarry’s edge facing the cube. He sighs, giving his most cordial of warnings.)

He can be a bit flighty around people but is fine once he hits the woods. We have practiced in combat together; he is quite the warrior as well; the techniques of abominations and angels are a shock when first witnessed.

JUSTUS

I knew him as he was a boy to me. I never witnessed him in combat, and many of the men with me are also loyal to Gundar; however, I see no management at this place, nor Gundar, King, or the Prince, only rumors all hath been slain or turned treasonous. However, the hold is as the bards in the Ivory Kingdoms described.

FURY

I was born in this place. (Pointing to the cube as they walk through the building community.)

Right there, by the hands of Gundar and Bodil, they are like fathers and friends to me. They are like fathers and friends to every creature in this forest. And the Bears are the true rulers of this place.

JUSTUS

So nothing of intelligence to hold my allegiance?

FURY

Angels were guarding a relic, but now they are all gone.

Of your being here, thou wish to report, I say to thee, triumph or treason is the line thou stand between in this place, Commander, lest thee desire to overthrow the weak, women, and children with your men.

JUSTUS

Well then, my men shall set up camp outside of the hold; I trust there are provisions as was propagated through the word, enough for my men at least? The message seemed embellished, however agreeable enough if even the slightest bit true.

FURY

Let us go in, allow me to show you your new home; your men are welcome as well; there are enough provisions, space, and armaments for all and much more.

NOTE

The two walk through the hidden door to the bustle of the hold below, glowing lights and clanging sounds with voices mingling soften to silence on the outside at the closing of the door.

END SCENE 3

ACT 7

SCENE 4

ACT 7

TITLE

BODIL AND THE GNOME

CHARACTERS

BODIL

DAVID (THE GNOME.)

SWIFT (THE FOX)

PIERS (the giant.)

WONDERING GIANTS

SETTING

Bodil walks a day from Arcadia in the forest and rests by a fire. Echoing through the mist at dawn, the call of a screaming fox awakens Bodil.

Rising from his blanket, he darts to the noise, moving as a half-wraith of mushrooms popped caps in the shadow of his feet over the dew.

Arriving at the site of the struggling fox, a Gnome has the fox tied to the ground.

DAVID

(Being thrashed about trying to control the fox.)

Stay Still! Reaching into the fox's nose, pulling green goo.)

Noticing Bodil.)

Oh, I am pleased to meet you. Would you be so kind as to help me with my fox here?

BODIL

(Bodil approaches the Gnome and fox and kneels.)

There is death blocking the fox’s breath, an intrusion.

DAVID

I know,

Since the desert blew in, we have been relocating, me and my wife Sara are heading to the tundra; Swift here tells me the Arctic is lovely this time of year.

Could you hold him still so that I may grab the bug inside him?

BODIL

(Bows to the Gnome, he holds the fox, and Swift faints.)

DAVID

Thank you, that will make this much more manageable.

(David digs into the fox’s nose with both hands pulling out a scarab by its leg that impossibly fit.)

BODIL

(Reaches out, pulling the death from the infected scarab; it flies to his shoulder.)

DAVID

Thank you kindly; I don’t see many of yours around these parts. Quite frankly, I haven’t seen anyone since the trolls turned to stone in the coming desert at the changing direction of the lens.

BODIL

I didn’t notice the black sun had arrived.

DAVID

Oh, indeed, you need to stare longer. See, the hole in the lens, behind the lens, is darkness. It's not a yellow sun anymore.

BODIL

(Looks up.)

I don’t see any difference. It doesn’t matter to me, and I need to get to the Calisto Mountain. Do you know about how far?

DAVID

Oh yes, you are heading in the right direction; it’s quite the distance, especially since the sands took over. Not an easy trek; here, take this as a token of my appreciation.

(Hands Bodil a Key of Aquamarine.)

This is the key to one of the mountains you are looking for the entrance to. The two mountains, the one of Arcas, the other of Calisto.

Happy hunting.

BODIL

Could you tell the people back at Arcadia that I may run late?

DAVID
That will be fine; take very good care of yourself, friend.

BODIL

Touches the beings, blessing them both with new life.

NOTE

The Gnome and Fox set off to Arcadia in the opposite direction of Bodil, to the mountainous southern edge behind the thick of trees. The lesser stones isolated the view of mountain Calisto that appeared as a mother bear and her

Cub. He gasped, for the mountain was more prominent and farther than he had imagined.

BODIL

(Drops his pack.)

Well, shit.

(Hands on his hips, he stares at the journey that will take far longer than he expects.)

Thank you, Azrael, this death of mine be thy wish.

NOTE

Staring at the beginning of the desert sun of spring consuming the forest, the mountain's edge blocks the cyclones on the rocks in the scatter of the last trees. The mountain of Calisto was engulfed at the base and swallowed in the sand. The scarabs tainted with the pitch crawled the dunes while swarms arose out of the ground, eating another for lack of food.

BODIL

Sign of the times (Reaching into his pocket), looking at the scarab alive and well, placing it back into his pocket. You're going to tell your friends not to eat us, alright? Ok, let's go.

NOTE

Bodil and the beetle walked twenty-three days, only stopping two. They drudged forward onward to the mountain of Calisto, removing the pitch in their shadow from the infected beetles and swarms of locusts; the pitch dripped a trail that turned to water behind him. The pitch was so plentiful an

oasis grew behind Bodil in his eyes as he was followed and engulfed by , the bugs. They cloak his body from the sun as they fly, a shadow overhead. The beetles became his armor, with the beetle from the gnome atop his head. The swarming winds of the flying insects guided the man through the dunes of the new desert. Bodil stumbled to the enshrined bears with the flag, catching his breath. Opening his bag, removing and unfolding the flag, he finds a note that he places in his pocket. The swarms bring him a pole from the desert the length of a tree. He ties the flag to the post, and the beetles climb the top of the mountainside across the stone bear's face and raise the flag by piling on one another, planting the flag in a metal post hole.

The mountain clicks.

BODIL

(Reads note from Azrael written in bear that translates.)

"By Offering and request of Ariel, Lion of God, to the celestial body of Calisto,

Bodil here stands before and under thee, appointed spokesman from the forest of Arcas, to be my offering to summon the bears to their rightful authority. Hear me now as the men share to the forest of Arcas through your slumber. Be (Paused) this man's blood offering enough to awaken the appointed caretaker of the balance. If you grant me this wish, I, Ariel, vow to keep the forest of Arcas well to its rightful abiding inhabitants and the people steadfast to the stone."

NOTE

He faints before the door under the sun while the beetles crawl under the crack, swarms flying, fanning the man in their shade through his snoring.

Bodil awakens to pounding from the inside of the door. Smashed beetle shells with seepage puddling under and through the cracks, snorts and grunts from bears sounded inside the mountain. He can hear the crushing mass of insects and the shaking of the ground. He is startled. The flying bugs swarm and press through the cracks to join the battle of bug and bear invading the stone.

The oasis he had envisioned had vanished; he swats at the insects smacking into his head as they rushed the door; while bugs pressed through the keyhole, they sifted themselves through the crackling gore of insects in tunnels. Reaching into his pocket, Bodil pulls out the Aquamarine key and turns it through the crunching squeeze. The door bursts open, the swelling smash of the insects like mince that is pressed, acidic and dripping, the overbearing scent of sour apples grips his throat dry.

The mountain rises and separates into two bears of stone. They begin slowly walking to the forest on all fours smashing the sands into pools that arose in their step. The bears defecated and sprayed, and the wash became fertile ground as they crawled the desert towards the forest edge to Arcadia. Bodil rides atop Arcas's head between the ears. Sitting, he reaches into a pouch and finds the beetle from the gnome alive and well. He places it on top of his head, and the remaining beetles cover his body with a tiny swarm, providing him shade and a breeze, his buzzing black cloud.

Off in the distance behind the mountain traveling from the farmlands, being invaded by the approaching dunes, aimlessly walk the giants. Piers among them through the desert with the blue criollo cattle that slowly fell, leaving

them and those left behind to nature. The herds who chose to ignore the giants heading south pushed north towards the tundra while the flocks took to the basins and climbed peaks away from the drought. Piers had surrendered his love to the care of Hel, for he could no longer provide for his holy herd and flocks.

Devastated, Piers aimlessly walked beyond his homeland, recounting a time before his journey with the Hermit, time spent with the Child King, and the charred remains of his farm. Leaving Piers without purpose, shelter, or accountability, with the parched and thinning giants, he roamed the dunes until he saw a shimmer of the stone bears from the flag that flipped snaps of light from its metallic paint. He took interest and called the giants to follow what he thought was the evening star.

END SCENE 4

ACT 7

SCENE 5

ACT 7

FATE OF THE IVORY KINGDOM

CHARACTERS

(WITH AUDIBLE DIALOGUE)

THE IVORY KING

MAN SHOUT

SETTING

Percei and Algol stay cozily in the castle while

Gundar and his army of Skeletons depart. The Legion had taken travels down the lower mountain and forest route to the edge of the field outside of the Ivory kingdom.

Narci listens in as the scouts report the activity at the Castle of Martha the Cannibal to the Ivory King in the palace dining hall. They proclaim to the Ivory King that Percei and the Dragon are in league with the living Gundar. They report a skeleton army of legion proportions under Gundars command, capable of foreign battle formations that appear exotic and mesmerizing. They also report the sounds and lights from the crystal and the burning wheels in the sky.

The scouts were rewarded with praise and the king's company before the grateful men were executed, where they dined. Swords pierced through their hearts from the velvet in which they sat, holding the men up to face one another. The Ivory King nods to his guard standing behind the slain scouts, and they depart to the shadows.

A siren blows.

The Witch, Tavi, and Narci sneak through the dungeon to an escape through the tunnels where the three travel to the bog northwestern corner of the Kingdom, leaving behind those who remain in the dungeon in shackles.

The guard forced together the peasants of the Ivory kingdom.

THE IVORY KING

(Standing above the crowd from the palace balcony overlooking the market.)

All hath been questioned by authority willingly all who abide in my walls. And I find disloyalty runs among thee. I judge my fate for thee as a whole and find for the doubting faith treasonous.

NOTE

The ivory king’s order surrounded those not in arms to a table with poison in a cup and bread to keep down. The two in masks offered poison.

THE IVORY KING

(Boomed above the crowd, the crying and yelling.)

Mothers silence your children; this is a good thing. You will die with your family. It is not a bad death. It is a peaceful, quiet death.

NOTE

The soldiers storm the homes, dragging families out to the street, corralling them together and into the huddling line that faced the table. As the people began to drink, they were allowed to exit the circle and return to their homes, as they collapsed in the street out of sight from the coral.

THE IVORY KING

(Booms above the bustle of inaudible shouts and crying.)

The armies of the living dead are preparing to invade; it’s too late. A dragon is flying overhead, coming to kill us from the unfaithful, disloyal many that remain among thee.

MAN SHOUT

Let us go and fend for ourselves. My daughter, she is only eight years old! You can’t force us to do this!

NOTE

The king motions the guard among the crowd to capture the man and muffle his words as they drag him nearly unnoticed outside the view of the herd and execute him in silence.

THE IVORY KING

This is a good thing, and this is the only way. The army of skeletons will tear your children apart and defile them. You will die separated and alone. This is the best option for the children, so please, settle down.

NOTE

The people began to drink in order, and as they exited the coral, they began to suffocate from the poison. Turning the people blue, they gasped, littering the streets, clinging to one another as the numbers grew. A group of small children managed to escape, encouraged by their parents, departed the herd sneaking through the legs of the guards. They went under the city into the tunnels infested with rats.

MOTHER SHOUT

(Attempting to plea.)

We can recover from this, my king. There must be another way.

THE IVORY KING

Silence, silence, please. There is no other way, and our lives are over. Dignity, dignity, please show some mothers and follow your men in silence. This is the only path to salvation, we have failed as a whole, and as a whole, we shall meet the reaper.

NOTE

The circle of the crowd shrinks to a line running the city square bunched at the end of the table where the two masked men serving the poison began to bleed under their coverings and were unable to drink.

Gundar and his skeletons begin beating against the gate to the Ivory Kingdom, bones splashing against the wall of soldiers and structures in a battlefield of three armies. It was the army from the dark kingdom and the legions of the ivory kingdom against the two companies of Arcadia and the legion of bones. The skeleton’s current churns the warriors in battle as they force the line to the kingdom walls; they pile against a ramp for the company of commander Justus’s men. With Thorn and Jarno at each other’s side, they follow behind Gundar and rush over the castle's wall. All the men halt in horror when the guards of the Ivory Kingdom turn their heads. As if casually revealing the taking event to the incoming invasion, while people of the Ivory Kingdom littered the streets like trash.

Gundar vomits, then stands in a rage, raising the legion of bones to crest a wave over him. They transform to stairs before his feet, carrying him down on the centipede of steps to the floor, undisturbing the dead and gasping.

The other men overtake the permitter of the wall as he isolates himself with the king's guards; the remaining

surviving peasants attempt to flee, pounding against the wall of bones.

On touching the ground, he walks towards the Ivory King exploding the guards in mid-strike as he walks, unmoving his eyes from the king. Looking down at a family clung together, the mother reaching up. Gundar shakes his head, knowing he cannot grant the air to the suffocating people. Death had already overtaken life's channel as the helpless beings held onto each other's fainting of life together. They attempt to fan the flame within like exhausted fish on the shore, furthering Gundars hate. The guards exploding red wrath through their separating armor from the pressure of the strings became more violent with each approaching blow until the last few surrendered their arms at his feet. The Ivory king raises his hands to remove his crown.

Gundar looks to the storming above, with no sign of the Sky King.

The Army of Arcadia, made from gathering peasants outside, is betrayed within. The loyal few to the Meadow find people they know personally on the battlefield and are surrounded. The loyal coup from the ivory kingdom joins the ranks of the grand legions from the Dark Kingdom against the few remaining misfits. A battalion size of farmers and blacksmiths remains, artists and teachers to huddle under the shields, taking up arms from the fallen soldiers in the shade of shields and arrows.

Together they held from being crushed under their cover by the trampling and thrashing bombardment of the swelling force. Spears and swords extend with every step, with every breath as they retract on the inhale, dropping rows of soldiers surrounding the formation. Men flattened to mud under the next push, stomping as they inch forward. Like a snail, they move across the battlefield, leaving a path of fallen men around and behind the tank. The men they walked down were stripped bare and left disfigured through

the wet crush of the marching formation, smearing a red stain in the mud behind its path. To the gate of the Ivory kingdom, they stepped.

Jarno and Thorn held the entrance with the Company of Justus. Where the Armies of the ivory kingdom piled both sides of the bridge and along the walls where the skeletons had broken the first lines.

Gundar reveals the bards, both tongues removed; they two flee, crying, running forward to join the smacking against the wall of skeletons with the frantic survivors. Scraping grips fall short in a panic as they dig to climb the falling bones.

GUNDAR

(Staring at the Ivory King, tears flowing. Raising his arms, the wall of bones quakes around him.)

For what?

NOTE
The king is beheaded by a masked guard from behind in full armor.

GUNDAR

(Cries out!)

NO!

NOTE

He drops to his knees in unison with the falling Ivory King; the wall of Skeletons crumbles, and the people that had not drunk of the offered cup flee to the field where they run

through the battle untouched by either warring side, yelling out aimlessly to their loved ones for protection.

The flag for Arcadia had risen above the Ivory kingdom’s gate, and the battle slowly ceased as the exhausted men, even without injury, began to collapse and crawl through the mud, staring on their backs in the light break through the rain that showed victory to Arcadia.

Percei had decided not to Join the battle, for she was enjoying her tea. With a flighty mind accompanied by the Indifference of Algol, they read together and rested cozily instead.

END SCENE

ENDING EXTRA

In the after-battle cleanup,

outside the kingdom walls, the armies consolidate the dead of their own while Gundar and Mason gather and pile the remains of the fallen into a fire until all those lost in the kingdom's streets are accounted for with the skeleton army underneath for the kindling. Mason looks to Gundar.

MASON

Please, may I now throw Marian into the fire?

Gundar

(Shrugs and nods his head to the scorch.)

Go ahead.

NOTE

Mason runs, flinging the bag as close as he can to the heat; it sets afire on the ground with the wilted grass around the light. He rushes back towards Gundar, pouring sweat and singed.

GUNDAR

(Smiles at Mason.)

Go ahead. (Lifting his chin to the crackling sizzle from the roasting of the deceased.) It’s your turn.

NOTE

Mason wipes his tears and walks toward the final resting place of the skeleton army and all who died at the orders of the Ivory King.

Mounds around the Ivory kingdom were burnt by the traditions of the military's old fashion and order, granting peace among kingdoms, each paying respect for all who fell that day.

Mason walks into the heat of the funeral and picks up the bag with the dehydrated remains of Marian. To the scalding wave from a distance, he stood facing the fire, his skin burning, his eyes unable to open. He begins to charge forward, reaching the source of heat. He climbs, gripping the hot glowing coals of the dead like stones, scrabbling up the embers to the top of the blasting light where the pinnacle of the mound’s fire rejects him from ascending. His ashes followed and were swallowed below as Mason fell into the hollow center from the surface of the inferno that became an open gateway to True Darkness.

THE END.

END SCENE 5

END ACT 9

END PART 1

WANDERING SPIRIT AND THE SWORD OF SORROW

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